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Hoskins

SPAIN AS IT IS.

BY G. A. HOSKINS.

AUTHOR OF "TRAVELS IN ENGLAND AND VISIT TO THE GREAT OCEAN."

1851.

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ETC. ETC.

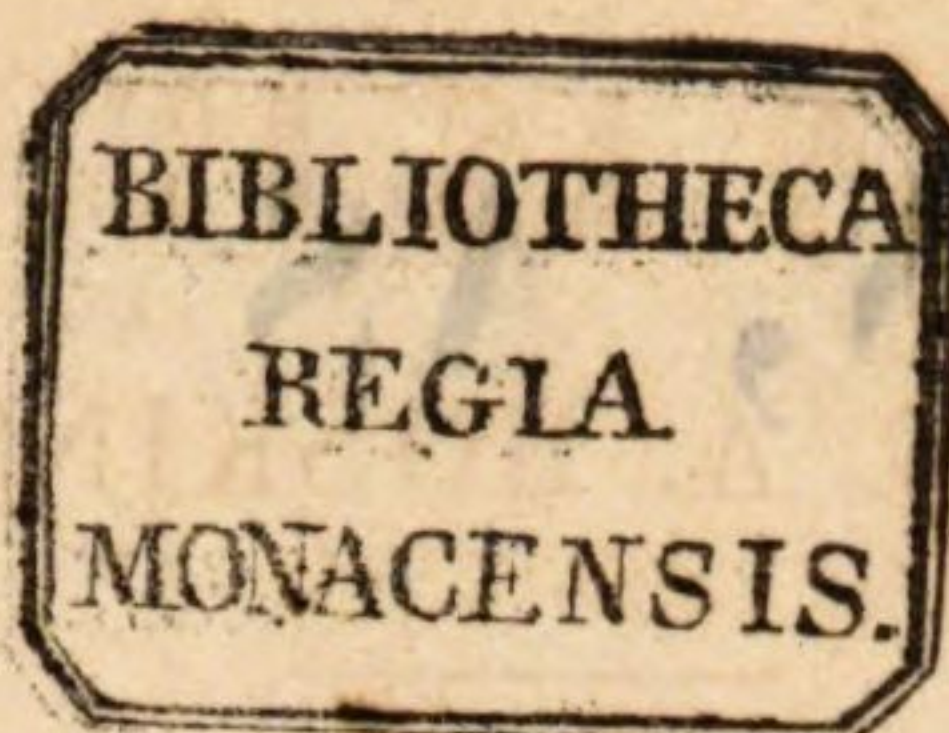


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SPAIN AS IT IS.

BY G. A. HOSKINS.

CHAPTER I.

Route to Spain.—Paris.—Lyons.—Avignon.—Montpellier.—Perpignan.—Passports.—Gerona.—Cathedral.—Industry of the Catalonians.

A JOURNEY to Madrid and through Andalusia is now frequently taken by Englishmen; but Spain is little visited by English ladies and families, notwithstanding the acknowledged attractions of the tour, beautiful scenery, interesting works of art, and historical associations. It is difficult to reach the Peninsula, for no one who has ever experienced the storms of the Bay of Biscay wishes to encounter them again. The dangers are not so great as in the time of the Armada, but still a voyage to Cadiz, or even to Vigo, if not in these days a perilous undertaking, is, to those who are bad sailors, certainly a disagreeable one. The Bay of Biscay is magnificent in a storm. I shall never forget what a splendid sight it was, after a violent tempest, to see the waves dashing over the rocks of the French coast; but few are sufficiently well to enjoy such views, or anything else, at sea.

To cross France, is always considered a fatigue, mental and physical, so little to see, so much to endure; but now, thanks to steam, the journey is shorter and infinitely less fatiguing. In one day we can go from Calais or Boulogne to Paris, in another day Lyons is reached, taking the railway to Châlons and the steam-boat on the Seine from there to Lyons. On the third day, starting at five, the traveller may go by diligence or the Rhone, to Avignon and Montpellier. The eleven o'clock steam-boat divides the journey, and in the winter, when the mornings are misty, it is a more prudent plan, as, in endeavouring to go through in one day, they often fail, and are obliged to anchor in the river, or at some village where there is no inn. We had a short day's sail to Valence, and the next day arrived in time to see Avignon, and proceed by railway to Nismes, and examine the antiquities there. Travelling by the diligence a night and a day from

Nismes to Perpignan, the journey across France may be finished on the fourth or fifth day.

To save fatigue and travelling by night, which is desirable when with ladies, even at the loss of a day, the railway may be taken from Montpellier to Cette, from which place a steam-boat sails every morning at half-past seven across the lake of Thaw to the great Canal du Midi, where you join the packet-boat, which arrives at Beziers at one, and an indifferent diligence starting from there at two is three hours in going to Narbonne. The diligence to Perpignan passes Narbonne at half-past eight in the morning, and arrives at Perpignan at four in the afternoon. The journey across France may thus be made comfortably in less than a week, and, except from Beziers to Perpignan, the whole journey is accomplished by railway and steam-boat, and therefore without fatigue, even to the most delicate.

Those who have only time for a short tour in Spain may arrive in three or four days at Marseilles, and there (if there is no quarantine) take the steamers which coast along the shores of the Mediterranean, and visit the principal towns. Delightful glimpses may thus be enjoyed of that interesting country, and certainly great fatigue and inconveniences avoided. Those, however, who have time and strength, should go by land, as little is to be seen of the agricultural districts sailing along the coast, and still less of the country peasants, the most interesting class of Spaniards.

The facilities for crossing this part of France are certainly very great, but the French regulations are bad. There is still the same difficulty about the passport at Calais; besides paying five shillings for one at Dover, they insist on your having a passport *provisoire* at Calais, which is given to you with your own, and can be of no earthly use except to the Jack-in-office, who requires, in no civil terms, a fee of two francs for granting it, and, what is worse, your attendance at the Hôtel-de-Ville in Calais, at

the risk of being too late for the train. The system of arranging all the luggage at the railway stations, before they deliver it, may be safer, but any one would prefer the risk we run in England, rather than wait an hour at the end of a long journey as we did at Paris amongst a crowd of all kinds of people, and not a seat to sit down upon.

The railway being now open from Paris to Châlons will save much fatigue. We had to take places in a diligence to Lyons, and so we drove first from the Hôtel Meurice to the Messageries Royales, and there we lost a great deal of time packing the luggage on the diligence; then, after a considerable delay, we had to drive to the railway station, and there encountered other delays; so that from the time we left the hotel, more than two hours were consumed before the immense diligence, weighing ten thousand pounds, was hoisted off its wheels upon a truck, on the railway carriage, and we started upon our journey. We were obliged to remain twenty-four hours cramped up in a very small *coupé*, when it would have been quite as easy to have provided carriages as well as wheels from Tonnerre to Dijon. The French are full of theoretical notions of liberty, but custom-house nuisances still exist. Our boxes were examined at Calais, again at Paris, at least one was opened for form's sake, and at Lyons they were carried to a custom-house, and would have been examined again if I had not told them we were going on to Avignon, and they had not been convinced we were foreigners. When we entered the towns, we were always asked if we had anything *à déclarer*. The system of octroi duties on articles entering from the country into the towns seems to exist in all its glory.

There is, however, much to interest the traveller on this route through France, and many temptations to linger. Few would pass through Paris without staying a day or two to revisit the Louvre, boulevards, and promenades; and after so many revolutions it was gratifying to see the metropolis so gay, and, to judge from the shop-windows, richer than ever. Never have I seen the shops there more brilliant, or the streets more crowded. The Faubourg St. Germain, which was but lately a desert, has been this winter more brilliant than ever; commerce has revived, but alas! no one has any confidence in the future!

The banks of the Saone are pleasant and sometimes pretty. Dijon, with its Gothic

churches, fine museum, containing some good paintings and most interesting tombs, and a beautiful promenade, is worth the delay of an hour or two. Lyons also is a handsome town, and the views from the Terrace de Fourvières are very fine. The Rhône is a noble and in many parts a beautiful river; the castles and towns, and vine-clad hills, almost as picturesque as the Rhine. Avignon is an interesting place; the palace and the beautiful crucifixion at the Hôpital des Fous should be visited, and the panoramic view from the promenade is magnificent. Most persons would like to linger there, some to visit Marseilles, one of the finest towns in France; others to make a pilgrimage to Vaucluse, and, with Petrarch in their hands, ramble along the wild river, and the still wilder rocks, immortalized in the verses of the most elegant of the Italian poets.

The splendid amphitheatre and the beautiful Maison Carrée at Nîmes are soon seen, but the antiquarian would wish to see them again and again. Montpellier is also a pleasant place, and the promenade delightful.

Perpignan was a Spanish town until the treaty of the Pyrenees united it with France in 1695; the public buildings, arcades, and streets, are anything but French, and the people are evidently of Spanish origin. At Perpignan we had our passport signed for Barcelona by the Spanish Consul, which was done for five francs, and without any delay. Travellers should always endeavour to get their passports signed for as distant a place as they can. There is little trouble given to Englishmen in Spain, but travellers may create a great deal for themselves if they do not give their passports to the valets at the inns to get signed for them whenever requisite. It is best to consider passports as a tax on the pocket and not on the time, and take no trouble about them, which can be avoided by paying the persons whose particular duty it is to get them arranged.

On the 4th of March, we left Perpignan at three in the morning, in a very decent diligence. The fares are moderate, but they charge high for luggage, thirty pounds only being allowed to each person. We arrived at Baulon, a wretched village, at half-past five, and soon after crossed the Col de Pertus. The road winds up rocky valleys full of strips of verdure and magnificent cork-trees. The fortress of Bellegarde is picturesquely situated on one of the hills, but the great feature of this pass is the magnificent mountain of Ca-

rigon, which soars like Mont Blanc above the other mountains that are near it, and is not unlike the giant of the Alps in form, and in its eternal covering of snow. We passed several masses of rubble walls, remains of very ancient forts, and, after driving through the poor village of Pertus, descended into Spain, when the views became less interesting. In a quarter of an hour we arrived at the Spanish barrier, where our luggage was examined, a delay of an hour bribes even could not protect us from. We foraged for breakfast, and after many inquiries succeeded in procuring a cup of chocolate and some excellent bread.

We left the frontier at nine, and at one arrived at Figueras, a clean-looking straggling town, celebrated for its fortress of San Fernando, which we had not time to visit, being obliged to superintend a second, but less rigid, examination of our luggage. We had then our first specimen of a Spanish dinner. —The soup was truly execrable, and Messieurs B. and L., two French gentlemen, leaving France for the first time, were greatly horrified, and seemed to regret not a little the flesh-pots of Toulouse. We had, however, an abundance of dishes, and though garlic, strong oil, and saffron made many unpalatable, there was boiled beef and boiled fowls, and roasted fowls to please the fastidious, and we all made tolerable dinners. We started again at half-past one, and arrived at Gerona at five; the country woody, and covered with cork-trees and olives.

All the fields are carefully cultivated, and a great deal is done by spade labour. The activity and industry of the Catalonians is very striking, even to the traveller leaving France. Everybody seemed to be busy in the little villages we passed; even the women were all engaged in some useful employment—knitting and sewing, but chiefly making lace. The climate is fine, and the soil, often rich, is everywhere made the most of; and wages are high—1s. 3d. to 1s. 6d. a-day; though provisions are cheap—meat only 3d. a-pound.

Gerona is celebrated for its gallant but unfortunate defences attempted against overwhelming forces. Charlemagne took it first in 785, and the Moors sacked it in 795. In the War of the Succession, with a garrison of only two thousand, they attempted to resist nineteen thousand men, under Philip V.

In 1809, Gerona was besieged by a French force of thirty-five thousand men; and such

was the gallant resistance of the Catalonians, women even assisting, that fifteen thousand Frenchmen are said to have perished before famine compelled the brave commander, Alvarez, to surrender.

Gerona is also celebrated for the heroic defence of the tower of the Cathedral, by Dona Juana Henriquez, the Queen of Juan II., a woman justly celebrated for her extraordinary talent and courage, and her ambition and affection for her own son, Ferdinand, which are supposed to have induced her to cause poison to be administered to her step-son, Charles, the idol of the Catalonians. At her instigation, he was thrown into prison; and when the entire nation rose in arms, and his father was compelled to restore him to liberty, he carried with him from the dungeons of Morella the germs of a disease, for which no antidote could be found.

The verdict of a whole nation pronounced Juana a murderess; and if a body of six thousand French had not come here to her assistance, the enraged Catalonians would have revenged on the Royal Lioness, as she was called, and her son, who was with her, her step-son's undoubted wrongs, and his supposed murder. (1)

Gerona is a well-built town, most of the houses appearing to be of stone; the streets are narrow, almost as much so as in Oriental towns. The cathedral is on a hill, and at a distance is very conspicuous. A handsome flight of eighty-six steps leads to the front, which is unfinished, except a portion of it, which is in the Italian style, with the addition of a wheel window. It has the appearance of being a pretty *façade* of a small church tacked on to an unfinished larger church, with which, however, it does not harmonize in the least.

What is really worth observing in this cathedral is the interior, which consists of a single nave, with a semi-circular apsis. We saw it too late in the day to judge of the detail, but the evening gloom enhanced the fine effect of the broad single nave, the fine arches, and the rich stained glass of the windows. There are some terra-cotta figures of the Apostles at a side door, but they were scarce worth noticing.

The tower of the collegiate of San Feliz looks picturesque from the front of the cathedral.

We had a scramble for chambers at the

(1) Calcott's Spain.

inn, so many diligences having arrived ; but a trifling bribe obtained us a good room, and our beds and supper were better than I have met with in many Italian inns. The supply of water is miserably small in Spanish bedrooms, but more can always be procured.

We left Gerona at seven o'clock, and soon afterwards entered a forest of pines and fine cork-trees, which are stripped of their bark every four or five years ; every tree of any growth showing traces of having been repeatedly peeled, but each time to a less height than the season before, so that the number of crops which have been taken from them may be counted. The form of the tree is frequently picturesque, but in this forest they are not so fine as in the mountains of the Pyrenees. The pines are rounder at the top, and less picturesque than the pines in Italy, but still they are very beautiful, and with a background of hills, the views were often wild and interesting.

We breakfasted at Kenale, at one o'clock, and soon after leaving there we arrived at St. Pol, a village on the coast, which we followed to Mataro. Some of the views were very picturesque ; rocks as splendid as on the Riviera, on the road to Genoa ; while in the plains we had thriving villages, gardens of orange-trees laden with their golden fruit, olive-trees, and every field cultivated with the spade, as much as the nature of the soil, often too sandy, would admit.

Nothing can exceed the industry of the Catalonians. Every patch of land, good or bad, is made the most of, and guarded often with its picturesque hedge of aloes, and sometimes the prickly pears. The background to these views consists of a line of hills, studded with villages, picturesque churches, little chapels, telegraphs, and other buildings.

The villages and little towns we passed through seemed well built ; the windows of some of the houses were adorned with architectural ornaments, which were curious and often elegant, and the fronts of the houses were frequently decorated with frescoes, in a pleasing and tasteful manner. Some of the houses seemed very good, and all appeared clean and comfortable. The people were well dressed ; not a beggar to be seen. The wheat is generally sown in clusters, allowing a space between each of about six or eight inches, to afford greater facility for weeding.

I observed a solitary palm-tree, but scarcely

one third of the height of my Egyptian friends still it looked pretty, waving with the breeze, and a young plant rising at its foot.

At Mataro, which is a large and well-built town, containing many excellent houses, we took the railway to Barcelona ; passing a crowded, busy, populous district ; observing, as we whirled along, several vessels building, and all the indications of wealth and prosperity, and at five o'clock arrived at Barcelona.

There is only one great drawback to this route—the road is execrable. Passing through the villages and towns (where indeed the other streets appeared to be much better), the great thoroughfares we drove through were so full of holes and ruts, and such a depth of mud even in this dry weather, that I frequently thought the diligence would have been upset. I had mounted on the top, into the *banquette*, in order to see the country better ; but the diligence rolled so fearfully, I had sometimes great difficulty in keeping my seat.

The roads in the country are rarely good, frequently as bad as in the towns, and often, near the coast, indifferently guarded from the precipices. They are, however, perfectly safe from brigands, though we heard rumours at Perpignan, and saw three robbers in the custody of some soldiers. The road is regularly patrolled. Every quarter, or at most half an hour, we met with two of the *guardia civile*, who are as fine a body of men, and as well equipped, as can be seen in any country.

CHAPTER II.

Barcelona. — Revolutionary Inclinations. — The Rambla. — Streets. — Ancient Houses. — Cathedral. — Santa Maria del Mar and other Churches. — Excursion to Monserrat. — Private Galleries. — Sacred Dramas. — Spanish Money.

COMMERCE is generally the source of order as well as of wealth. Men of any property are unwilling to risk their hard-earned gains by revolutions, which may procure them trifling advantages, but which, if unsuccessful, must diminish their trade, and may end in their ruin. Barcelona, however, seems to care more for liberty than wealth. Prosperity seems only to raise the proud independent spirit of the citizens, and perhaps there is not a commercial city in the world which has experienced more changes, sustained more sieges, and so frequently raised the standard of revolt. Romans, Goths, Moors, and French have in their turns been possessed of this originally Punic city, until they had princes of their own, from the ninth to the twelfth

century, when the twelfth Count of Barcelona ascended the throne of Arragon, having married Patronilla, the heiress of that kingdom. After this marriage they still retained their own assembly of nobles, clergy, and commons, where they originated laws, or sanctioned or refused such as the King of Arragon proposed.

This was the glorious period of the wealth and power of Barcelona. The trade to the Indies enriched her citizens, and for several centuries Barcelona was undoubtedly one of the wealthiest and most flourishing commercial ports of the Mediterranean. The municipal privileges were very extraordinary, and are a curious instance of the liberties then enjoyed by cities whose merchants were truly princes. Her municipal government consisted of a council of a hundred, selected from the merchants, tradesmen, and mechanics of the city, and a body of six councillors; the former entrusted with the legislative, the latter with the executive functions of government. They made treaties with foreign powers, superintended the defence of the city in time of war, granted letters of reprisal, raised funds for the construction of useful works and for commercial speculations too hazardous for private enterprise; in fact, their power was more that of sovereigns than that of a municipal body. (1)

They have left many substantial monuments of their wisdom.

In 1401, the first bank of exchange in Europe was established in Barcelona, and their commercial code *El Consulado del mar de Barcelona* not only became the law of Europe at that period, but is quoted now in our best treatises, (2) and frequently in our courts. The first few chapters are obsolete, but the rest of the book contains a great deal that is curious, and often useful to commercial lawyers. In 1239, they refused to follow their King, James the Conqueror, in his expedition against Valencia. In 1277 and again in 1283, they revolted against Pedro III. In the fifteenth century, the city was twice besieged by Juan II., King of Arragon, against whom they had rebelled, but were at last subdued.

Annexed to Castile, when Ferdinand married Isabella, the Castilian prejudices crippled the energies of Barcelona, and wars and sieges completed their ruin.

(1) See Prescott's *Ferdinand and Isabella*, vol. i., p. 82.

(2) Abbot on Shipping.

In 1640, they threw off the yoke of Philip IV., but in 1652, after fourteen months' siege, they were compelled to surrender. In 1689, they resisted unsuccessfully Charles II., and nine years afterwards they were obliged to surrender to a French army, under the Duc de Vendôme. They sided with Austria in the War of Succession, and in 1705, Lord Peterborough surprised the celebrated citadel of Monjuich, one of the most extraordinary feats of that war.

In May, 1714, Philip V. bombarded the city, and laid one-third of it in ruins, and in September following, whilst the English fleet blockaded the fort, Berwick, with forty thousand French, stormed the city, and though a white flag was hoisted, entered and set fire to the place and slaughtered a great number of the inhabitants.

Louis XIV., the real Sovereign of Spain, was the last to tolerate independent Princes for subjects. The municipal privileges of Barcelona were abolished, and have never been restored. The population was at this period miserably reduced, but revived rapidly, when peace allowed commerce and industry to prosper.

The Barcelonese have not, however, lost their taste for wars and revolutions. Whenever there is any *pronunciamiento* in Spain, it is always Barcelona which sets the example. There have been several during the present reign of seventeen years. In 1834, General Lauder opposed Christina. In 1840, Barcelona pronounced for Espartero, who, in his turn, in 1842, was compelled to bombard the city before another revolution was subdued. In 1843, they raised the standard of revolt against Espartero; and again the same year, and also in 1846, against Narvaez. Now they grumble at the taxes; one merchant complained bitterly that his friend at Marseilles only paid half what he did. They grumble also at the despotism of the Government; but the great grievance is the new tariff, showing a disposition (for it does little more) to throw down protection, and adopt the English principles of free trade.

A city so admirably situated for commerce, where everything is cheap, where the climate is propitious, and where the taxes are not very oppressive, in a province which seems to comprise within its limits all the industry and activity of the Spanish people, need not fear competition with any country. A more liberal tariff might destroy the immense smuggling carried on with France, and it is

doubtless the interest of the men engaged in that lucrative traffic to fill the papers with articles against all changes.

Great as certainly is the discontent created by these imaginary grievances, and the influence of the priests, almost all Carlists, there seems to be a general impression that the time is not very propitious for another revolution. The country is full of well-paid soldiers. Narvaez is a harder bit in their mouths than they have ever experienced before. Espartero did not treat them gently, and they cannot expect better treatment from such a determined man as the present Premier. Yet such is the rebellious ungovernable disposition of the mass of the people, it is not improbable that their grumbling may end in another revolution, though trade is flourishing, everybody is employed, and Barcelona has seldom enjoyed greater prosperity.

The entrance into Barcelona is very striking; a gateway, with a horse-shoe arch, leads to the Plaza del Re, which is ornamented on one side by the royal palace, a salmon-coloured stone building, which, with its balcony and painted cornice, has a very good effect, and in its general appearance reminded me some little of the Doge's Palace at Venice.

Opposite to it is the custom-house, a large building, with frightful windows. The Lonja, on the other side of the Plaza, is a noble edifice; and the street is fine leading from the Plaza to the Muralla del Mar, which commands a fine view of the sea. This promenade is fashionable in warm weather, and charming at all times.

The place of greatest resort is, however, the Rambla, a noble and very wide street, nearly one thousand yards long, with a broad promenade in the centre, planted with fine trees.

The Rambla is everything at Barcelona. In the Rambla are the best hotels—the Orient and the Quatre-Nations, both excellent; and it is better to write for rooms in one of them, to avoid driving about the town, as we did, for an hour, though we were glad at last to put up with a poor room in the Quatre-Nations, which we despised at first.

In the Rambla are the best theatres, open day and night to gratify the tastes of a pleasure-loving people. In the Rambla are the diligence offices, where there is generally a scramble for places, which had better be secured for departure as soon as possible.

In the Rambla is the post-office, where all the names are exposed alphabetically, according to the dates of the arrival of the letters; but it is just as well to look through all one's names, Christian as well as surnames, and also through the list of Spaniards as well as strangers. An hour's amusement of this kind must be expected by those who are really anxious to find their letters. In the Rambla, also, is the English Consul's, who was very civil, and lent me a good Spanish guide of Barcelona.

On each side of the Rambla are shops, but by no means the best in Barcelona. In the calle of San Fernando, and in the Plateria, where are curious ornaments, of an antique form, and jewellery and silver articles, chiefly from Paris, the shops are much better, and infinitely more attractive.

The first day of our arrival at Barcelona, the Rambla was very gay. Cordova had just arrived from Naples, and six thousand men were drawn up on the promenade and on the Muralla del Mar, and fine military-looking men they seemed, though they did not march with great precision. Their officers were generally good-looking, and many of them tall; their accoutrements excellent, and their bands not bad, but too noisy. Cordova himself is a fat though at the same time an energetic-looking man, with fine expressive eyes; but he seemed more taken up with acknowledging the homage he received from the admiring crowd than reviewing the troops.

He was accompanied by the Capitan-General of the province and a brilliant staff, and rode a splendid horse at such a rate through the ranks, that in a quarter of an hour the review was finished. The soldiers who had served in the Italian campaign had brown copper-coloured medals (*baicocchi*, the smallest coin in the Roman States, the Barcelonense called them satirically), but why they received any decoration for their services in Italy it is difficult to imagine, though most persons must regret that they were not more actively employed, instead of the French. The Papal Government restored and sustained by Spaniards would not have been surprising.

A grand entertainment was given at the Orient Hotel to the General; the court was decorated with arms, and the staircase with choice shrubs; and perhaps the Great Captain himself, when he returned from his splendid Italian campaign, was not more sumptuously feasted, and did not create a greater sensation.

The Plaza della Ciudad is small, as are all the plazas in Barcelona; it contains two handsome buildings, the town-hall and the Casa del Audiencia. The streets are generally very narrow, and twist in every direction, particularly in the old town, where it is difficult for a stranger to find his way without a guide. The fronts of some of the houses are decorated with fresco paintings, which have a pretty effect, and the entrances, courts, and staircases are often very handsome. Some of the old houses are worth visiting, and give a good idea of the taste and opulence which Barcelona enjoyed centuries ago. In the Casa Douar, there are three beautiful circular arches of the court of the ancient palace remaining, sustained by columns with Ionic capitals, and above these, forming the loggia on the first floor, are ten slight fluted columns with Corinthian capitals, extremely elegant in their forms and proportions. These columns rise from pedestals on which arms and trophies are admirably sculptured, the subject of each pedestal different from the others. This court is now turned into a dyer's yard, and one of the most interesting pieces of architecture in Barcelona is certainly rendered unpleasant to visit.

La Casa Cardonas is also worth visiting; three elegant pointed arches remain of the loggia, supported by very slight and graceful columns. The roof of the loggia is admirably carved; ascending the stairs there is a small door beautifully sculptured, and above it are the arms, I presume, of the family; the supporters on each side are very well executed. The Casa de Medonia Celi is also worthy of a visit. The entrance is richly sculptured, and the windows elaborately ornamented, but in the style called in Spain plateresque, which I cannot say I admire. In the court are pointed arches, supported by elegant fluted columns with composite capitals.

A drive round the churches of Barcelona is interesting, though they contain no works of art, or, at all events, their almost universal darkness did not permit me to distinguish any pictures of high merit. The first in rank and in attraction is the cathedral, which is in an unfinished state. The *façade* is painted and a fine pointed arch is certainly well executed; but for such an edifice, painting is paltry, and it is disgraceful to the rich city of Barcelona that their cathedral should remain in such an unfinished state. The

two towers are completed and have a good effect, ornamented with balconies on the top, supported by lancet arches. The entrance under one of the great towers is finished in the pointed style, and is very handsome. The interior is splendid, with its noble pointed arches, supported by lofty buttresses formed of clusters of columns and its semi-circular apsis ornamented with charming painted glass windows, spreading a rich and solemn gloom, which enhances wonderfully the fine effect of this really noble interior. I saw no works of art worthy of so fine a cathedral; the few silver reliques now remaining were locked up, and I could not see them. The cloisters are exquisitely beautiful, the pointed arches very noble, yet light and elegant in the extreme. In the centre of the court there are two fountains, and orange-trees laden with fruit; and as the sun was shining gloriously we felt almost reluctant to leave this delicious retreat.

The church of Santa Maria del Mar ranks next in importance. The principal entrance is in a fine pointed style, and the interior is very imposing, consisting of a fine broad nave with lofty pointed arches, supported by plain but light and elegant pentagonal columns; and the windows of the aisles of the cathedral are rich as usual with splendid stained glass. There is a tolerable picture behind the high altar by Antonio Viladomat, the only good artist Barcelona has ever produced. He was born in 1678, and his pictures appear to possess simplicity and beauty in their composition, and great richness of colouring; but it is only at Barcelona that they are to be seen, and but few there. The convents which contained scores of paintings by this master, are now destroyed, and the pictures have taken wings and flown nobody could tell me where, or I should have been glad to have purchased one.

The old church of San Miguel contains a curious mosaic pavement, representing dolphins and tritons, and supposed by some to be Grecian of the thirteenth century, but I conceive it may be Roman. The colours are blue and white, and the pieces of mosaic about an inch square. It is very much injured, a few precious fragments only remaining. The architecture of the principal entrance is very well worth observing, especially for the plateresque ornaments of the square pilasters on each side of the door, which are quite Raphaelesque.

The church of San Just y Pastor is not

worth visiting, and the same may be said of San Jaime. Santa Maria del Pi, which, like the last two churches, has only a single nave, is worth seeing. The *façade* is adorned with a handsome entrance and circular window, and the interior is very fine, with its noble nave and semicircular apsis, as usual richly decorated with stained glass. It was full of soldiers, and their band was playing remarkably well. The effect of a military mass is always grand, the kneeling and rising in a body, the grounding arms on the stone floor, have an imposing effect. Santa Anna, which they say is interesting for its architecture, was closed.

We visited these churches on a Sunday, and were surprised to find them all crowded to excess. The incomes of the clergy are greatly reduced, but their fortunes are gradually reviving. The interiors of the churches are well kept, and the dresses and services of the altar do not exhibit any lack of means.

The museum contains some antiquities, several inscriptions, and some heads of Roman Emperors, one of Domitian, which is very fine. There are also many sarcophagi. One I admired particularly, ornamented with chariots and horses, trampling down women and children, with baskets of flowers. The court of the museum is painted and filled with orange-trees, and has a very pleasing effect. This was the only portion of the museum I could get into, but I was told there were some few paintings, though none by good artists. We then visited a little garden behind the palace of the King, adorned with statues of little merit, and plants now in full flower, which we enjoy in May or June; auriculas, hyacinths, and roses in full bearing. The beautiful box borders and aviaries of this little garden were really pretty, and there were rare plants in white vases, which would have looked very well had the vases been of better form.

We then drove to the Muralla del Mar, where there were crowds of the Barcelonese enjoying the view of the sea and their vessels; and afterwards to the Rambla, which on festas is always full. The men, who were far more numerous than the other sex, were not good-looking, nor can I say more of the women. About one-third of the fair sex had bonnets, the others wore the becoming lace mantilla, the only production of Catalonia deserving of admiration.

None should visit Barcelona without making an excursion to Monserrat. We started

at six o'clock in the morning, and immediately on leaving the city we had a picturesque scene, which lasted for several miles: crowds of carts of all sizes, large heavy wagons laden with merchandise, small rude carts loaded with vegetables, tartanas full of peasants and farmers and their wives and daughters, and such a jingling of bells and screaming of drivers as never was heard, except perhaps at Naples. Then there were diligences starting to various places, and peasants on foot, bringing in poultry, vegetables, eggs, etc., to market, the women's heads and shoulders covered with white shawls, as large as blankets, and all the men were enveloped in much larger red-striped blankets, with gay tassels. It was a characteristic Catalonian scene, on a dusty road, with hedges of aloes on each side. On our left was the fine fortress of Monjuich, the pride of Barcelona; and afterwards, a rich plain, extending to the deep blue Mediterranean, and studded with farms and country boxes, the delight of her citizens; and on our right was a range of picturesque hills and numerous country-seats of the wealthier classes.

We passed the river Llobregat over a handsome bridge, and soon after arrived at Martorel, and there saw another bridge, which may be Moorish, but apparently not more ancient. The pointed centre arch, the span of which Mr. Ford says is one hundred and thirty-three feet wide, is very fine. Adjoining it are the remains of a triumphal arch, undoubtedly Roman. We had an agreeable drive to Colbato, where we arrived at half-past twelve; pleasing views of picturesque hills studded with villages and houses, and, for a long time before our arrival, Monserrat was almost continually in sight. The form is fine at a distance, and yet we had misgivings that it could not repay a sacrifice of two days and the discomforts of the journey. We passed several small villages, where we observed the women working different patterns of lace, and everybody engaged in some industrious pursuit. Whenever we met with a beggar, it was almost always a poor creature with some misfortune, which prevented his working.

We ought to have hired a private carriage from Barcelona to Colbato, for, though we started tolerably comfortable in a *coupé* to ourselves, our wretched diligence was soon changed for a worse without a *coupé*; and though the groups which crowded our om-

nibus were picturesque, the odour of garlic was very offensive. From Esparraguera we went to Colbato in nothing better than a small open cart, a caratella with a rope bottom, covered with matting. We gave a doctor a ride in our machine, as the day was hot and he was going to walk to the convent of Monserrat, to visit a monk who was dying; and in return, when we arrived at the inn, he offered me some of his soup, which he took great pains in concocting himself. As several eggs were floating at the top, and it did not look bad, I ventured to taste it, but sincerely hope the poor monk will not have to swallow doses of physic half so nauseous. The doctor said he was going to the convent "to bleed the monk," having wisely come to that resolution before he had seen his patient. I fear, from all accounts, Dr. Sangrados still exist in Spain, and I made a little resolution never to call in a Spanish doctor, however ill I might be.

At Colbato we obtained excellent mules, and began the ascent of the mountain. The first part of the road is through olive-groves, and passes the village church, which, with its almost Italian campanile, is pretty. The ascent soon begins to be rough and difficult, but not dangerous, for there are few loose stones, and when the mule has a firm footing, especially if it is not a slippery one, there is little to apprehend. The views gradually improve, splendid masses of pudding-stone, of most picturesque forms, and all the crevices and lines of the rocks, are filled with box-trees and other more rare odoriferous shrubs, which seem to spring out of the bare rocks, and require neither earth nor water for their support.

There was a charming view when we came in sight of the village of Colbato, of the magnificent plain which surrounds it, and in the distance a fine range of hills. Some of the gorges or glens of the mountain are very striking, and there is, indeed, a continual succession of these fine views, which astonished me, as, from what I saw of the mountain at a distance, I did not expect such scenery. We passed the remains of an ancient fountain, a great desideratum, no doubt, in the palmy days of the pilgrimages to the Virgin.

Before arriving at the convent, the views become rather less interesting; but when a point is turned, and the convent bursts upon you, it is very fine. The cluster of buildings is picturesque, some of them eight stories

high; their situation is magnificent, the rocks, fine conical masses, rising precipitately behind, towering three thousand three hundred feet above the plain, and their beautiful grey colour contrasting vividly with the green shrubs which fill every crevice and line of their surface. Beneath the convent is a splendid gorge, with rocks almost bolder and more picturesque than above, reaching to a plain, not remarkable for its verdure or richness, but infinitely more striking from its singular formation, frequently appearing like the waves of an agitated sea. Under a Catalonian midday sun, the colouring of the plain was of a greyish yellow; the morning tint was a more picturesque red, and here and there were several dark forests and shadows formed by slight hills, producing splendid effects.

The Llobregat winds beautifully through this plain, and from every point adds greatly to the scene. It is, however, the peculiar formation of the surface of this immense plain which is so striking. One would almost imagine it to have been a vast mass of liquid lava, which had rolled down from the mighty Pyrenees, and, covering the verdure of the plain, had assumed the tints I have described. And what a background to this splendid view—the magnificent mountains of the Pyrenees, strikingly picturesque in form, and hiding their snow-clad summits in the clouds.

The convent of Monserrat once contained one hundred and twenty monks, with servants, about two hundred and fifty persons; but war, horrid war, reached even this peaceful abode. Circular and pointed arches still existing, of excellent masonry and elegant in their design, attest the splendour of the edifice the French destroyed; and they say it was rich in pictures and other works of art. Now, there are only ten monks and three servants residing in the monastery. The church is large, and consists of one fine nave, and the sides are ornamented with circular arches. I observed a good painting of a Holy Family and St. Ann, altar size, which appeared to me a Viladomat. It is the gift of a Capitan-General, and the monks value it highly. There is here also a miraculous image of the Virgin, and wonderful stories are told of her efficacy; of how a holy man, almost a century old, fell a victim to a sudden temptation, and violated and murdered a noble maiden; how he wandered for years as a beast of the field; and how the lady re-

covered her life and her virginity, and became the first Abbess of the convent.

Mr. Ford, whose book is full of quaint lore, says, "The image is believed to have been made by St. Luke, and brought to Barcelona in the year 50 by St. Peter. In 717, the Goths hid it away from the invading Moors in a hill, where it remained until 880, when some shepherds were attracted to the spot by heavenly lights and singing angels; thereupon, the Bishop of Vique came in person, and, being guided by a sweet smell, found the image in a cave, but it refused to be moved; whereupon a small chapel was built on the spot, in which it remained one hundred and sixty years. A nunnery was then founded, which in 976 was converted into a Benedictine convent. It rested on the primitive altar 700 years, until a new chapel was built in 1592, to which it was removed by Philip II. in person."

I was surprised to see that the Virgin is black in the face, which certainly has the effect of making her more conspicuous at her present elevation, and contrasts well with her rich habiliments of purple and gold, but the colour does not say much for their geographical knowledge. Different nations generally represent Satan of a different colour to themselves. "God preserve me from the devil!" said the Dongolah girl, when she saw Burkhardt's white head; but it is a strange thing for a European Catholic people to represent the chief object of their worship of the same complexion as they paint his Satanic Majesty.

There are still many pilgrims to this celebrated shrine, and in September there is a great *fête*, when the mountain is covered with thousands winding their way up this steep ascent; and assuredly great is their merit, if they have no taste for the beauties of nature. A pilgrim was there to-day with a picturesque broad-brimmed hat, strangely decorated with shells, and the rest of his dress a russet brown. He had a staff in his hand, and a wildness in his demeanour, reminding me of the santons I have seen in the East. I saw him entering a second time with his hands full of wild flowers, as if he thought it better to make such an offering, rather than appear empty-handed before the shrine of the Virgin. In the evening we went into the church to hear the monks sing the vespers. Their organ was not good, but many of their voices were fine; and whether it was the darkness of the large church, a dozen small

candles barely lighting the altar, and making only the darkness visible, or the solitude of the place, no one being present but the poor pilgrim, or whether one of their brethren being on a bed of sickness, which must in a day or two end fatally, gave an unusual fervour and earnestness to their chants, certain it is, their singing was very impressive, and I listened to it with great delight, with feelings of awe and reverence; I forgot I was of a different creed, and assuredly I shall leave the mountain with respect for the men who are not rolling here in Benedictine idleness and luxury, their pay for the masses they recite being barely an existence; but living away from the pleasures, though not I fear from the cares, of life, and serving God in the way they have been taught to consider most acceptable, praising Him morning, noon, and night.

There is a posada near the convent, and, as we had nearly consumed a chicken we had brought from Barcelona, we were not well pleased to find on our arrival that the landlord had nothing but eggs and potatoes, and were agreeably surprised to see served up for dinner some excellent pork and a partridge. There was a servant of the convent present when we arrived, and, being Friday, the landlord dare not say he would let us have meat and game. The chambers in the posada looking wretched, we asked if they had no better, and they took us to an excellent room adjoining the chapel; and as it appeared quite clean and had good beds, we rejoiced in our good-fortune; but the floor was literally swarming with fleas.

In the wildest parts of the mountain are several hermitages, but, as they are not tenanted now, we regretted less not having time to visit them, especially as the ascent is difficult for ladies; a few winter storms having probably destroyed the paths the hermits formerly kept in some order. Many of these recluses were of good family, and even of rank. They lived on bread, fruit, and water; and each hermitage was provided with a bell, in case of sickness, otherwise they seldom visited the convent, and did not associate with each other, though, according to Sir John Car's account (who surprised a pretty girl alone with one of them), they were not very strict.

We were two hours and a half descending to Colbato, about the same time we took to ascend the mountain, making no use of the mules we had ordered. We there found a

tartana waiting to take us to Esparraguera. This conveyance had a rope-bottom, covered with mats, like the caratella we rode in yesterday, but is much more showy in appearance, having a gaily-painted roof, in form exactly like the cabin of a gondola, and inside the vehicle is a seat covered with cloth; neither conveyance was on springs, and therefore their motion may be imagined on bad Spanish roads, especially when the driver goes at a gallop, which he sometimes does if allowed.

Having arrived at Esparraguera too soon for the diligence to Barcelona, we rambled through the parish church, which is a very respectable one for so small a town; and afterwards, a shower of rain coming on, we took refuge in the porch of a priest's house. He came to the door, and insisted on our entering his clean little habitation; and producing a bottle, would have me take a glass. As I saw it would vex him if I declined, I consented, expecting such a jolly-looking priest would have some of the fine old wine of the country, but it proved to be a vile spirit, stronger than Greek arrack, with a detestable flavour of aniseed.

There are few paintings at Barcelona, and apparently no taste for them. It was only after repeated inquiries and several fruitless journeys that I accidentally heard of two galleries. One is in the house of D. Tose Carreras en la Rambla de S. Tose en casa de la Verreyna. Unfortunately the owner was out, and there was no catalogue; but amongst many indifferent paintings there were several good ones: a Holy Family of Viladomat, of considerable merit; a Christ bearing His Cross, I think by Luis de Morales, who was born at Badajoz in 1509, and died in 1596, or about the beginning of the sixteenth century, according to Bermudez, and is the only artist of great merit Estremadura has produced. His pictures are always on panel, covered with a composition of plaster. His drawing is often hard and deficient in boldness, and sometimes incorrect; but his colouring is generally rich and harmonious, though often too brown and hard, apparently of the fifteenth, not the sixteenth century. Some of his heads remind one of Leonardo da Vinci. The accessories of his paintings, such as crosses and ropes, are sometimes so elaborately and truthfully painted, that anything more real cannot be conceived. Bermudez mentions with great truth his laborious manner of painting the hair and beards. His

great merit, which gains him to this day the name of "El Divino"—the divine Morales—is the noble expression and deep feeling exhibited in his countenances. He always painted sacred subjects, which was doubtless the reason at first of his being called "El Divino." He was poor all his life, though well deserving the patronage Philip II. showered on far inferior artists. The King, passing Badajoz, on his return from Portugal, and seeing him so poor, said: "Morales, you are very old." "Yes, Sire, and very poor," said the artist. The King ordered him a pension of three hundred ducats, says Bermudez, or, as others say, of two hundred ducats for his dinner. "And for supper, Sire?" said the artist. Philip relished the joke, and ordered him another hundred.

There were also some paintings by Orrente, the Spanish Bassano, and an exquisite painting, a Magdalen, by Alonso Cano. In one of the rooms there is a beautiful group of three figures in coloured carved wood, representing St. James destroying the Moors. The name of Alonso Cano is written underneath, and though the colouring has been restored, and not with the brushes and taste of Alonso, it is an exquisite group; the figure of the prostrate Moor is admirable.

This distinguished artist was born in Granada, according to Bermudez, in 1601, and after studying sculpture under Montanes, and painting under Pacheco and Castello, he settled at Granada as a carver of altar-pieces, called in Spain retablos. He is supposed by some to have murdered his wife, who was found pierced with fifteen wounds; but, as her jewels and Italian servant were missing, poor Alonso was probably put to the torture without any cause. He was on bad terms with his wife, and unfaithful to her, and foolishly fled to Valencia, which was quite sufficient to make him suspected. Bermudez disbelieves the tale, as he could find no record of the prosecution.

He was a man of wild and uncontrollable passions, but at times gentle and melancholy; and to these moments of deep feeling we are probably indebted for the softness and exquisite beauty which distinguish his best works, and especially for his little coloured statues of Saints and our Saviour, which surpass his paintings, and are truly exquisite.

His drawing and compositions are always admirable. His colouring varies, sometimes resembling Guido, but with more red tints and less blue; often it is wild and sombre,

and frequently his little St. Johns and the Lamb are almost difficult to distinguish from one of the styles of Murillo.

This gallery is on the first floor of a handsome palace, beautifully furnished with expensive furniture, marbles and prints, as well as pictures. The lady of the house was at the door when we entered, and with great politeness accompanied us through the gallery, and invited us to come again when her husband was at home. She spoke no other language but Spanish, and I have not been long enough in Spain to sustain without difficulty a conversation in that language; yet nothing could exceed her good-humour and politeness. The other gallery is that of D. Antonio Sebastian Pasqual en la Calle del Chuela à las Cipaldas del Colegio del Obispo Senario; but I did not succeed in seeing it.

We went one evening to the great theatre of the Liceo, to see a representation of the passion of our Saviour, a subject which makes one's blood almost run cold to think that it should be made a spectacle of in a theatre; though, perhaps, to many of the spectators such a representation may be more improving than what they see and hear in their churches. The best scene was the entering of our Saviour on an ass into Jerusalem; the crowds with palm-trees and olive-branches, strewing their garments in the way, were picturesque, though the dresses were not good, nor the scenery first-rate. The grief of the Virgin at parting with her son, and our Saviour taking leave of his disciples, were well acted. I must confess there was a certain degree of decorum, and not a laugh during the representation, except one, caused by an expression of the avaricious Judas, and again at his refusing one of the thirty pieces because it was not good. Judas indeed, in voice and manner, seemed the buffoon of the representation. At the Last Supper, the disciples advanced two and two and bowed to each other, as is the custom with the cardinals and priests at high mass, and perhaps this custom is introduced to impress upon the people, that such was the ceremony amongst the simple followers of our Lord. I saw half the representation, to have an idea of the sacred dramas which have always been so popular in Spain, but had no wish to see the remainder. The theatre is particularly handsome, the balcon has a pretty effect. The pit and boxes were crowded to excess, and also the galleries with a very noisy and unruly mob.

My last visit at Barcelona was to my

banker. On entering a new country, it is always a trouble to learn the money; but the coinage in Spain is so magnificent and so simple, the trouble is a pleasure. The onza, worth 3*l.* 7*s.*, or sixteen duros (dollars), is the finest coin in Europe, but inconvenient to change in the small villages; the media onza is better, but the smaller gold coins, the doubloon, worth four dollars, and the pieces of two and one duro are very pretty and most convenient. The old Spanish dollar, worth twenty reals, is almost superseded by the French five-franc piece, which is worth only nineteen reals. The bankers generally give about ninety-five reals for the pound sterling. The other silver coins are the real, the piece of two reals, the half-duro, and the peseta, the fifth of a duro. It is best to travel both with Herries' notes, and a letter of credit from Barings on merchants in the principal towns; but I could not procure from them or their agents here a credit on a banker at Granada or Murcia, so little communication exists between the capitals or principal towns of extensive districts.

CHAPTER III.

Tarragona.—Roman Walls and Aqueduct.—The Cathedral.—Beautiful Cloisters.—San Pablo.—Character of the Catalonians.—Kingdom of Valencia.—Ancient Towers.—Seguntum.

WE left Barcelona at ten o'clock, in the Courier, for Tarragona. The first part of the road, as far as Molins del Rey, was the same we passed on our way to Monserrat. Crossing the Llobregat again, over the fine stone bridge, we had a pleasant drive until one o'clock, through hills covered with pines and other trees, but sometimes barren and rocky. All the little valleys and strips of tolerable land are carefully cultivated by the industrious Catalonians. On leaving this hilly district, we descended into a richer country, where the views were more extensive. At half-past two we dined at Villafranca, on certainly the worst dinner I have yet seen in Spain; but a leg of lamb for the last dish was good, and each person had a glass of rancio wine, so rich and strong, though rather sweet, that a glass did not satisfy me.

The Spanish posadas we have yet met with are certainly better than the worst class of Italian inns; the floors look clean, and altogether there is more cleanliness and comfort about them. The ride from Villafranca is through a rich and well-cultivated country, and the views very extensive, over plains

bounded by ranges of hills. We passed through the industrious little town of Arbos, situated on an eminence, in a large plain, bounded by hills, and soon after reached the blue Mediterranean and a still richer plain, covered with a few olives and a great many fine carobs. The leaf of this tree is darker but not unlike the olive; and the trunks being very picturesque and of considerable growth, they formed a beautiful foreground and a charming contrast of colour to the deep blue sea and the lapis-lazuli sky above.

We passed through several little villages and towns, but did not think it worth while to record their names, as they all presented the same active comfortable appearance; women working lace at their doors, gaining their one or two shillings a-day, shops in abundance, and well supplied with the necessities and many of the comforts of life. One of the towns, Vandrell, we passed after Arbos, is more considerable than the others, and has a church with a good tower, which looks well at a distance. About three hours and a half before arriving at Tarragona, we drove under a Roman arch, ornamented with pilasters of the Corinthian order. It looked well in the rich plain, with a background of fine carobs and the sea in the distance.

Tarragona, originally a Phœnician city, the splendid capital of the Romans, and celebrated as the abode of Augustus, the Scipios, and Adrian, is finely situated on a rock nearly eight hundred feet high, sloping to the sea. The imperial capital is now sadly changed. Goths under Euric, Moors under Taric, and French under Suchet, seem to have rivalled each other in the horrors they committed in storming this unfortunate city. Its population, which exceeded a million in the time of the Romans, is diminished to eleven thousand, and commerce has fled to other places. It is difficult to believe, that a capital, which might be compared to Paris or London, existed here, but monumental evidence still remains of its former magnificence. The walls are splendid, and are all Roman, and not Ciclopian, as they have been described. The stones are sometimes very large, but are all hewn regularly, not having at all the character of Ciclopian walls.

Outside the gate of the Rambla, and also within it, are remains of ancient Roman forts, which give a good idea of their fortifications. The form of the amphitheatre, elegant as usual, may still be clearly traced, though there is little remaining, war, and

especially modern war, having destroyed these interesting monuments of the mighty people who conquered Spain, and by their conquest made the country more flourishing than it has ever been before or since, except perhaps under the Umeyyah dynasty. A few of the steps of the amphitheatre still exist, and a portion of one solitary arch of the exterior walls. It is situated close to the sea, and the enjoyment of the breezes, a great luxury in this hot climate, would be added to the excitement of the games.

Under a broiling sun, though only the 11th of March, we toiled up an old Roman road to the modern city. Several inscriptions and fragments of sculpture and Roman stones may be traced and seen in various parts of Tarragona. It is surprising so little remains; but antiquities in every country have ever been considered as a mine of hewn stone, ready for every necessity, and made use of as such, except where appreciated as works of art.

We hired a tartana, the best vehicle Tarragona possesses, and went to the Roman aqueduct, called, *Il perle del diavolo*. The situation of this ruin is wild and desolate, surrounded by bleak rocky hills, uncultivated, and without a tree to relieve their barrenness. Between the hills is a narrow strip of land, which the ever industrious Catalans have cultivated and planted with vines. This aqueduct was constructed to lead the water across this narrow valley, and is a proud memorial of the useful and splendid works Rome erected in her colonies. Mr. Ford says, the length of the aqueduct is seven hundred feet, and the loftiest arches rise ninety-six feet high. There are two ranges of arches; the lower range consists of eleven arches, the receding hills on each side reaching now almost the summit of the side arch. Besides the eleven arches above these, there are four more on one side and ten on the left, making twenty-five on the upper tier. The buttresses between the arches of the lower tier increase in width towards their base, and one course of stones projecting beyond the others gives the appearance of capitals. The masonry is admirable, but the stones are not so large as those of the walls of the ancient city.

The cathedral of Tarragona is very interesting. An inclined approach leads up from out of the market-place to the principal entrance, which is very fine, consisting of a noble pointed arched doorway, ornamented

on each side with colossal statues of the apostles under canopies, and, beneath the apostles, small lancet arches. Between two small doorways, comprised within the arch, is an image of the Virgin, standing on an animal quite Lombardesque. Above this noble arch is a remarkably fine rose window, but the *façade* and towers are unfinished. Besides the principal doorway there are two smaller entrances with circular arches. The effect of the interior is fine, though certainly of a heavy style, but the solidity of the Norman buttresses sustaining the pointed arches is very striking. The capitals of the columns of the buttresses consist of beautiful fret-work.

The chapel of Santa Tecla is modern, but worth observing for the rich marbles of which it is entirely constructed, except some carved altar-pieces in stone representing the history of the Saint. Adjoining this chapel, I think the next to it, are two very large pictures, one representing the Massacre of the Innocents, the other, the Adoration of the Magi. They have their faults, especially in the drawing, but are not badly painted. The baptismal font is a Roman bath, of one plain piece of grey marble. The stained glass of the windows in the transept is extremely rich, and the retablo of the grand altar is also very imposing at a distance, the pinnacles being very elegant; but the elaborate sculpture representing the life and miracles of Santa Tecla is indifferently executed.

Santa Tecla is the tutelar of Tarragona, and her festival, on the 23rd of September, is a gay affair. Mr. Ford says she is reckoned the first of female martyrs, and was converted by St. Paul, to whom she consecrated her virginity; thereupon Thamiro, to whom she was to have been married, brought an action for the breach of promise, and the judges ordered her to be burnt alive. She came unburnt from the furnace, and was then exposed to lions, who only licked her feet; and next to the rage of bulls; and, lastly, to the lust of soldiers, who resisted a temptation difficult to their habits.

The entrance into the Capilla del Sacramento is Corinthian, and very good; but there is little to remark inside but the tomb of Archbishop Augustin, and some paintings in the retablo, by Isaac Hermes, of very little merit. Nothing can be more striking, more magical I may say, than passing from this gloomy and massive interior to the light, elegant, and exquisitely beautiful cloisters.

They are constructed of pointed arches, supported by clusters of columns, the capitals of which are all different; some are quite plain, others of the lotus form, and many are decorated with rudely executed figures, representing the life of Adam, and other biblical histories.

Beneath each of the large pointed arches there are three circular Norman arches, richly ornamented with the zig-zag ornament, and supported by two light elegant columns. Above the small arches, and still within the large pointed arches, are two circular windows, ornamented with zig-zag lines, and some with stars. Notwithstanding this rich architectural detail, the interior of the court is only veiled, and the views through the arches exhibit cypresses cut into quaint forms, with a fountain in the centre of the court, and still more beautiful trees, untouched by the deforming shears, in full blossom, and orange and lemon trees laden with flowers and golden fruit.

I lingered there two hours with my pencil, less for the sake of carrying away some memorial of its architecture than to enjoy the enchantment of the scene, and the cool and quiet of this retired spot, where nothing disturbed the silence that reigned but occasionally some delicious chanting from an adjoining chapel.

The little church of San Pablo is of very great antiquity. The *façade* is plain, with a lofty column at each angle; and the small chapel of San Miguel is similar in style and antiquity, and more curious than the other.

Tarragona has its Rambla and pretty little garden, near which is a lofty carved stone cross of a single piece, and worth observing. The port is but indifferent, and it does not now contain a dozen vessels, all of small size.

There is only one public conveyance from Barcelona to Valencia, and as it passes through Tarragona at nine o'clock in the evening, we were obliged to start at that inconvenient hour, or ride, as there is no posting in Spain. At daylight we were in view of the sea, with a foreground of fine carob-trees; and at eight o'clock arrived at the muddy Ebro, which has very much the appearance of the Tiber.

Amposta, on the Valencia side, is a poor-looking place; but the range of mountains which is behind the town, and forms the background to the picture from the Catalan side, is picturesque. There we breakfasted, and then went through the same kind of scenery, which would certainly be wearisome,

if it were not for the carob-trees, which give the plains a very park-like appearance.

Soon after leaving Amposta, we passed two stone crosses, with inscriptions on them. "In Oct. 30, 1826, the mayoral and zagal of the diligence were barbarously murdered by three footpads, not regular banditti." All who have read "Spain," by an American, who was in the diligence, will recollect the story of poor Pepé, and the distress of his mother.

Soon after, we crossed a good bridge, which spans the deep rocky bed of the Cenia, and entered the kingdom of Valencia.

The Catalonians are generally described as a rude, barbarous people, coarse and even brutal in their manners, and violent in their passions; but if it were not presumption for one who has been so short a time in the country, I should doubt if they really deserve so much abuse as has been poured upon them. The lower orders have certainly not much of the *suaviter in modo*, and their Limousin dialect grates harshly on the ear; but they seem always inclined to do civil things, and are good-hearted and honest.

In travelling through the country, I have been amongst all classes, and invariably found them anxious to oblige, and, although they quarrel with every Government that is set over them, they do not appear to deserve the character of being quarrelsome among themselves. Every traveller admits their unwearied industry. Never have I seen a people apparently more deserving of the prosperity they enjoy; but the Catalonians are never content with any Government, be it weak or strong. As leaders of every revolution, they have indeed been a thorn in Isabella's throne, and now they are discontented, and ready to raise the standard of revolt whenever there is a chance of success. They complain bitterly in the country, as well as in the capital, that the taxes are unequal and heavy, land paying about 13 per cent.; but, with all this grumbling and hostility to their rulers, there is a sincerity, patriotism, and honesty about them, which, combined with their enterprise and activity, command respect, and promise advancement and increased prosperity.

On crossing the Cenia, we immediately perceived the difference of dress and feature. The red or brown long cap is changed for the gay handkerchief, tied like a turban round the head. Instead of the dark trousers of the Catalonians, the Valencians have a kind

of wide loose drawers, which reach to about the knee, exactly similar to what many of the Arab tribes wear. A portion of a stocking fits tight on the leg from the knee to the ankle, and a picturesque sandal, with its cord, is the only shoe used by the Valencian peasant. When their gay picturesque blanket of many colours is gracefully thrown around their shoulders, a more Oriental dress, to set off their light figures and Moorish features, cannot well be conceived. On both sides of the Ebro we observed towers, formerly used as defences, they say, against corsairs. Probably these are some of the fortifications which were erected when the kingdom of Valencia was in great alarm at a meditated invasion of the Turks, under the redoubtable Barbarossa. Fears were entertained also of a rising of the Morisco population, and amidst the general panic one man alone was calm and self-possessed—the priest Gasca, the good Bishop of Palencia, who happened to be there, and advised them to erect these fortifications, which baffled the efforts of Barbarossa. (1)

We passed through the little towns of Villaray, Morella, Benicarle, and other smaller villages, all prosperous-looking places; the scenery of the same character, extensive plains, generally cultivated, and invariably covered with the beautiful carob-trees with their old trunks, often extremely picturesque. The towns and villages which we passed, and others we saw in the distance, with the lofty towers of the churches, and the white tint of the houses, had a very pleasing effect. The large plains were generally bounded on our right by a high range of hills, rocky and wild, and often picturesque in their form, and on our left by the Mediterranean.

At eight we arrived at Castellon de la Plana, the birthplace of Ribalta, where we left the Valencian courier, not liking to encounter two nights on the road when it could be avoided, especially as we heard that the Posada del Leon was a good inn, which it turned out to be.

We left Castellon at six, in the *coupé* of a diligence which runs from there to Valencia. Near the village of Almenara, we had a delightful view of the sea, the magnificent outlines of the hills, and the rich plain covered with carob-trees, aloes, prickly pears, and a few palm-trees, and several villages with towers rather similar to the

(1) See Prescott's Peru, vol. ii., p. 201.

Italian campaniles, and not less picturesque. In three hours we came to Murviedro, a name derived from Muros viejos (ancient walls), being in truth built from the ruins of Saguntum, celebrated for its siege and capture by Hannibal. According to Mariana, this city was founded two hundred years before the Trojan War, by a colony from Zacynthus (Zante), hence the name in time became Saguntum, and the castle there is said to have been built to contain the treasures of gold and silver obtained from the simple Spaniards, who knew not the value of those precious metals.

The situation of that once famous city on a large, steep, and rocky hill, commanding extensive views over the plain, the mountains, and the sea, is remarkably fine, and admirably calculated for defence. A line of fortifications, consisting of walls and towers, rises up picturesquely from the modern town to the citadel on the hill under which the rambling modern town is built. I had an admirable view of the site from outside the diligence, and did my best to bribe the mayoral to wait half an hour whilst I visited the scanty remains of the theatre; but, as it appears from the handbook, little is now remaining of the ancient grandeur of the Romans, and the posada is bad, and our anxiety to get to Valencia was very great, we were satisfied with seeing the site of this interesting city.

In three hours we arrived at Valencia, passing through rich plains well cultivated, but here, I observe, they use the plough and not the spade, as in Catalonia. The aloes, prickly pears, palm-trees, and roads covered with dust as in summer, and a glowing sun above, make one almost doubt whether it is possible that it can now be only the middle of March.

CHAPTER IV.

Valencia.—View from the Tower.—Distinguished Artists.—The Cathedral.—Nuestra Senora de Los Desamparados.—Church of San Andrés.—The Academia.—The Virgin del Milagro.

VALENCIA has experienced the fate of her neighbours; Romans, Goths, Moors, and Spaniards, have in succession possessed this beautiful city. Though founded by the Romans, it is not probable she derived much benefit from their dominion, the neighbouring city of Saguntum being their favourite residence. No Roman monuments are now existing. To the Moors she owes her useful

aqueducts, portions of the walls and towers, and the Oriental customs which still prevail. Abdu-l-Aziz, the son of Musa, conquered Valencia from the Goths in 712, and the reigns of the Abdu-r-rahmans and the Alhakems, the wise kings of Cordova, probably developed here, as in other places, the great resources of this rich kingdom. When divisions arose amongst the Moors, Valencia had often her own kings, until the Cid, Ruy Diaz de Vibar, conquered the city in 1094, after a siege of twenty months, nominally for the King of Castile, but he reigned there despotically until his death in 1099, when the renowned Ximena, his widow, following the last advice of her husband, abandoned the place to the Almoravides, under the King of Cordova. In 1144, the Moors of Valencia availed themselves of the divisions in Andalusia, and again formed a separate kingdom, until subdued by Don Jaime the Conqueror, King of Arragon.

Don Jaime was trained to arms when quite an infant in the camp of Simon de Montfort, the leader of the crusade against the Albigenses, and his life was spent in a series of battles against his turbulent nobles, who refused to be governed by a child, and in continual crusades against the Moors, which gained him the title of "The Conqueror." French and even English joined his standard. In 1236, the kingdom of Valencia, the strong capital, and its delicious Huerta, the paradise of the Moors, were conquered by the invincible Don Jaime, and as Condé says, "The Moslems left that beautiful city in five days, and passed the Xucar, not considering themselves safe among the Christians, and thus ended the empire of the Moors in Valencia." (1)

After gaining thirty victories over the Moors, the Conqueror died at the age of seventy-four, beloved and respected by his subjects, as a just and merciful as well as valiant prince, and liberal promoter of science and learning.

When Ferdinand married Isabella, Valencia became a portion of the Spanish kingdom, and must have declined greatly when the Moors were driven from the kingdom. Having acknowledged Philip V., and subsequently rebelling against him, they were obliged, after the battle of Almanza, to throw themselves on his mercy, and all their privileges were abolished, the states suppressed,

(1) Condé, vol. iv., p. 23,

and the laws and customs of Castile substituted for their own. The inhabitants are said to have wept, but

“Mas eran lacrymas de rabia que de dolor.”

In 1808, the Valencians massacred the French residents, and Suchet revenged their deaths.

Valencia was called by the Arabs *Medinatut-tarab*, the city of mirth; and one of its Arab kings said of it, “I may compare Valencia to a beautiful maiden, dressed in a green robe of delicate texture. If I approach her she conceals under her green garments her white and transparent bosom.” (1)

The Tower del Miguelete should be ascended to acquire a general knowledge of the localities; and it is only there that the City of the Cid can be duly appreciated. There are two hundred and eight steps to the summit, the height being one hundred and sixty-two feet; and richly will the traveller be compensated for the fatigue of the ascent, which is not great, as the staircase is good, and generally well lighted. It was truly a splendid view. The blue Mediterranean, bounded by the horizon, was sprinkled with vessels ploughing their way to distant lands, and the large Lake of Albufera stretches in the distance along the coast apparently placid and without a ripple on its waters, her angry mood having calmed down more rapidly than her neighbour, the still ruffled sea.

The magnificent Huerta, which surrounds the city, is bounded almost on all sides, except towards the sea, by picturesque ranges of mountains, and studded with villages with their churches and towers; such a number of farms and thatched cottages, white and glittering in the sun, that the whole plain seems one vast village planted with carob-trees, poplars, mulberries, prickly pears, olives, and some few palm-trees. Sometimes more imposing edifices are distinguishable, such as *Il Convento de los Reyes*; but generally the buildings are cottages, myriads of little white specks in a field of verdure, as countless in numbers as the stars which in these cloudless skies are visible at night.

The foreground to this splendid view is the City of the Cid, glittering with its numerous towers, as picturesque as the Italian campaniles, domes of various coloured tiles, and the magnificent Moorish-looking gates, the

splendid building now the tobacco-manufactory, the immense faubourgs of the city, and houses which, from the extreme narrowness of the streets, seem to be one mighty conglomerated mass of habitations. The towers appear to be generally of the same style of architecture, square or octagonal, with flat balconies on the summits surrounded by balustrades; beneath the latter are arched windows, lighting the chambers where the bells are suspended, and on the flat balconies there are generally lanterns.

The domes of the *Escuela Pia*, and of the Governor's house, formerly a convent, with its gay roof, are very conspicuous. The two splendid lofty towers, *Puerta de Cuale*, and the *Puerta de Serrano*, with their battlements, appear to be Moorish.

The lantern of the tower of the church of *San Nicolas* rests on arches erected on the balcony, and is very elegant, and the tower of *St. Louis* is also good. The unfinished centre tower of the cathedral is best seen from here. The whole of the exterior is decorated with pointed arches, filled with tracery. The houses with their flat roofs, the *Flora* and the agriculture, and still more the swarthy peasants of Valencia, with their Oriental costumes, reminded us continually of the dominion of the Moors, the most fascinating period of Spanish history.

The scene before us was one immense hive of industry; the roads and fields were crowded with labourers, carts, and oxen. The hydraulic art of the East is the useful legacy which the Moors left to the Valencians, and this mighty plain is covered with a net-work of canals and aqueducts. The Arab *shadoof* is there; and my old friends, the Egyptian *sakeeas*, creak on the plain as the oxen drag round the stiff wheels which raise the strings of water-jars from the wells. It is unfortunate that the peasants do not rely on their own resources, sink wells, and erect more of these wheels, rather than depend on their nets of conduits when there is no fish to catch. The *Guadalaviar*, spanned with noble bridges, which may be presumed to be no longer and stronger than at times may be required, now scarcely contains sufficient water to supply the washerwomen busy at their work.

It is bold to attempt to draw the outline of this beautiful and interesting view, but impossible to colour such a picture, and do justice to the splendid gleams of light on the surface of the sea and on the distant hills, the gorgeous tints of the immense plains,

(1) Gayangos' *Mohammedan Dynasties*, vol. i., p. 64.

exhibiting all the hues of the richest carpet, and then, such a lapis-lazuli heaven above, as in Italy or in Eastern lands could alone be equalled.

Valencia is as interesting to the mere utilitarian as Barcelona, for this city has also her manufactures, her agriculture, and an industry scarcely inferior; but Valencia had also her literary and scientific men, a noble school of painters, and no wonder they were splendid colourists. Mr. Sterling and Sir Francis Head have published admirable works on the Spanish artists, and these pages will often exhibit the use I made of their volumes. I formed, indeed, a little dictionary, more convenient for the pocket than that of Bermudez, which is not to be bought in London.

As even the names of Spanish painters are little known in England, a short notice of the principal Valencian artists is requisite before commencing the tour of the cathedral, churches, museums, and private galleries, where I shall briefly notice their principal works, as no catalogues exist, and since Mr. Ford's visit many changes have been made.

The first great painter Valencia produced was Vicente Joanes, who was born at Fuente de la Higuera, in 1523, and died in 1579, and was justly called the Spanish Raphael. Bermudez says there is no doubt that he studied in Italy, and it is not surprising that the magnificent works of Raphael should have induced him to select that great painter for his model. Joanes's earliest paintings are often extremely Raphaelesque; rich and warm in colouring, and graceful in their composition; but less elaborately finished than his later productions, in which he seems to imitate the minuteness of Leonardo da Vinci, without combining that great master's exquisite softness. In many of his works, distinguished for richness of colouring and deep feeling, excellent drawing, and fine composition, there is a hardness resembling Bellini's, and an elaborate finishing rivalling Denners. Bermudez says truly, that he was distinguished "for the delicacy of the hair and beard of his figures, and the sweet expression of his Christs." Like Fra Angelico, he never undertook any sacred subject without confessing and praying for assistance; and certainly his paintings of our Saviour seem almost the results of inspiration—more divine representations of love and holiness, and at the same time dignity, cannot be conceived.

Fra Nicholas Borrás, the son of a tailor, was born at Cocentayna, in this kingdom, in the year 1530. He became a monk, and, though not much younger than Joanes, was supposed to have been his pupil. His paintings are often distinguished for their fine expression, and are well drawn and elaborately finished, though sometimes hard, and generally very inferior to his master's.

Francisco de Ribalta, one of the finest painters of the Valencian school, was born at Castellon de la Plana, in 1551. Love aided his natural genius, and supplied a stimulus, which, in this warm climate, must often be requisite to strive against idleness. Enamoured of his master's daughter, and refused as unworthy of her, he induced her to engage herself to him for three or four years, while he visited Italy and studied the best painters, "especially," says Bermudez, "Raphael, the Carraccis, and Sebastiano del Piombo." On his return he entered his master's study, and, finding a painting on an easel, finished it so admirably, that his master, delighted with the performance, said to his daughter, "This is the man I would marry you to, and not to that bungler, Ribalta." This artist seems to have gained perfection by being an elaborate copier of those great Italian masters. Sebastiano del Piombo seems, however, to have been his favourite. Ribalta's colouring, though dark, is very fine, and his drawing is generally correct and full of dignity. His paintings are almost always distinguished by a grand expression, and often, indeed, the deepest feeling.

Juan de Ribalta, his son, was born in 1597, and died in 1628. The work he accomplished at the early age of eighteen is quite extraordinary, and will be noticed in the account of the museum. Two of the best judges of paintings at Valencia, who were with me in the Carmen, could not agree as to whether some paintings were by the father or the son, so similar are their styles, and, according to Bermudez, the professors in his day were equally puzzled. The son's paintings appeared to me more vividly coloured than his father's, and more poetical in their composition, which is not surprising, as Bermudez says he was a poet.

Josef de Ribera, called Spagnoletto, was born at Xativa, in 1589, and died at Naples, in 1656. He went to Rome at an early age, and there, oppressed with poverty, availed himself of the liberality of a cardinal, and

lived in his house. Finding that his genius required the spur of necessity, he left his patron, and soon earned fame and wealth. At Naples, basking in the sunshine of Court favour, he gave way to a mean and brutal jealousy of Italian artists, among others, Guido and Domenichino, causing the death of the latter, which has left a deep stain on his memory. His own death is supposed to have been caused by his distress at the seduction of his daughter by Don Juan of Austria. Ribera is better known in England than any other Spanish painter, except perhaps Murillo. Having lived so long in Italy, many of his paintings have found their way to England, and in Italy they are still numerous. All admire his admirable effects of light and shadow, and his splendid colouring, though too dark; but few like his style. The subjects of his paintings are seldom pleasing, and often painful in the extreme. I have seen, however, some of his works which are really charming, without losing that grandeur for which they are generally distinguished.

Esteban March was born in Valencia at the end of the 16th century, and died there in 1660. He was a pupil of Orrente, the Spanish Bassano, and is famous for his battle-scenes, which always exhibit great spirit, though they are occasionally incorrect in drawing. It is said he used to excite his imagination to the proper pitch by beating a drum or blowing a trumpet, and then, like Don Quixote, fighting the walls with his sword. Some of his domestic subjects are very beautiful, and sometimes he painted very noble works, resembling the best style of Ribera.

Jacinto Geronimo de Espinosa was born in Valencia, in 1600, and died there in 1680, and has left an immense number of works. He is called the Spanish Michael Angelo, and his drawing is bold and powerful, much more so than Ribalta's. His colouring, though good, is not equal to that artist's, and his paintings appeared to me sometimes deficient in feeling, though Bermudez praises the graceful expression and attitudes of his figures. Their correct drawing and noble composition certainly entitle him to a high rank amongst the Valencian painters.

There are other artists of considerable merit belonging to this school, but these are the principal masters whose works are now to be seen in Valencia. It will be sufficient to notice the others when their names occur.

The cathedral is said to stand on the site of a Roman temple. It has twice been converted into a mosque by the conquering Moors, and twice changed into a Christian temple, and in every important part (except the interior of the tower) is of the Italian style of architecture, all the arches circular, and the columns Corinthian. The *façade* is in the extraordinary form of a receding semicircle, frightful to look at, and decorated without the least taste. Though externally there is little to admire in this cathedral, with its concave *façade*, and (except, perhaps, the tower) the exterior is altogether unworthy of Valencia, one of the entrances, with its circular arch, is handsome, and the interior is rather fine. About a century ago, considerable repairs being requisite, the style of the architecture was changed, having previously been Gothic, and not the best. The interior is divided into three aisles, and except for the incongruity of the centre tower being richly ornamented in the Gothic style, which, however, is not seen until beneath it, the effect is imposing. The choir is decorated with beautiful carving of walnut-tree, consisting of figures and decorations; and two fine organs, opposite to each other. The elaborate alabaster west end of the choir, with the indifferent sculpture and twisted marble columns, with white Corinthian capitals, is less deserving attention than the beautiful paintings which adorn the lofty door panels behind the grand altar. There are six on each side, in three rows of two each, and when the door is opened fresher and more beautiful paintings are seen. The Presentation at the Temple is admirable—the boys in the foreground charmingly painted—the large figure is good, and the composition, and the colouring excellent. The painting above this is very fine, representing four women sitting round a brazier of fire, such as is now used in Spain. One of them, the Madonna with her Child; in the background, St. Ann reclining on a couch. The painting above is the meeting of St. Elizabeth. On the opposite side is the Flight into Egypt. The Madonna is a little in Luini's style, but these paintings are not by Leonardo da Vinci, probably by his pupils, Pablo de Aregio and Francisco Neapoli, but, as they are so little in the style of Leonardo, Villanueva may be right in attributing them to Felipe Paolo of St. Leucadia, a Burgundian artist. A great painter the artist certainly was who did them, whoever he may have been.

The painting above the Flight into Egypt represents the Presentation of our Saviour to St. Simeon; the female figure with a basket on her head is very graceful. Of the six on the other side, the Nativity, and the Death of the Virgin, are the most beautiful, especially the latter, which exhibits wonderful strength of colouring. The drawing and composition of all these paintings are admirable, and Philip II. might well say that, if the altar was of silver, they were of gold.

On a gay shield close adjoining are exhibited the spurs and boots of St. Jaime the Conqueror. The ceiling is richly and heavily gilt, but altogether the effect is imposing. In the first room of the sacristy is a good painting of Christ bearing the Cross, copied by Ribalta, from a painting now in the Madrid Gallery, by Sebastiano del Piombo. A large painting, a Deposition from the Cross, is called of the school of Murillo. The expression of the Virgin is fine, and Christ and the Angels well drawn. In the second room, an *Ecce Homo*, said to be by Joanes, rather stiff and hard, but the expression is fine, and the mantle well coloured. Our Saviour, with a Lamb behind his head, and its feet on each shoulder, by Joanes. The upper part of this little painting is full of expression, the head inimitable in every respect; the lower part not equal, and not done by the same master, or probably injured by restoring. The large painting representing Abraham sacrificing Isaac, by Espinosa, might have been painted by Michael Angelo, the drawing is so bold and powerful. The expression of Isaac is all submission, but there is not that deep feeling in Abraham's face the subject requires, nor has the Angel arresting Abraham's hand aught of celestial beauty. There is a small crucifix of ivory in this room, which is fine, but it exhibits too great a knowledge of anatomy.

The third room contains a Holy Family, said to be by Joanes, but, except the St. Ann, the other figures, though well drawn, are not pleasing, and anything but Raphaelesque, and I do not think it is painted by that master. There is also a Last Supper, by Joanes, exquisitely finished; but, with a recollection of Leonardo's, there seems to be a want of dignity and grandeur in this painting, though undoubtedly great beauty in the expression of our Saviour, and the colouring is good. In the same room are two single figures by Joanes, and underneath the Last Supper a Deposition from the Cross, very well painted

in a stiff style, much resembling Bellini's. Opposite to these is a small painting, representing the Conversion of St. Paul, by Joanes, a great gem, the colouring admirable; the horse beautifully drawn, and certainly the painting I coveted most in the cathedral. On each side of it are two fine portraits of St. Thomas de Villaneuva, and il Beato Ribera, two noble specimens of the power of the great Valencian portrait-painters; the former is by Joanes, the latter by Ribalta. St. John and the Lamb is a good painting, with a fine sky, by Antolinez, who was born at Seville in 1639; and near it is an excellent St. Francis, by the same master.

In the Relicario there is now little left; a tooth of San Cristobal, a hand of St. Luke, and one of the Innocents murdered by Herod, will perhaps be sufficient to satisfy the credulous. There is literally nothing remaining of the beautiful silver-work which formerly enriched this cathedral. There is, however, a very rich pulpit-covering, and the three altar-coverings, purchased in London by two Valencian merchants at Henry VIII.'s sale of the Romish decorations of St. Paul's. They are exquisitely worked in gold and silver, representing various subjects of the life of Christ, especially the Crucifixion, which is the best. Among the subjects are turrets, which may easily be recognised as taken from the Tower of London.

There are also there three paintings, I think by Pontons, but not well done. There are other interesting works of art in the cathedral. An angel defending St. Barbara from the devil, by Joanes; the St. Barbara well painted. An Adoration of the Magi, by Lopez, of considerable merit, though a copy of Meng's, for the fine effect of light and the beauty of the Virgin and Child. A Virgin and Child, by Ribera. In the old sacristy is a finely carved Crucifixion, by Alonso Cano, the expression of our Saviour admirable. It is larger than life, and the wood it is carved on is attached to a painting on panel, by Joanes, representing the Madonna and other figures gazing at our Saviour on the Cross. The drawing and colouring are very Raphaelesque, but there is no beauty in the expression of the figures.

In the chapel of San Miguel is a beautiful small head of the Madonna, by Sasso Ferrato, done in his soft style and usual attitude. In the chapel of San Pedro there is a fine head of our Saviour, by Joanes, in his best manner, quite Raphaelesque, and exquisitely

finished. In the chapel of the Borgia family, distinguished for their crimes and power, there is a painting, which is considered one of the best of Francisco Goya, who was born in the kingdom of Arragon, in 1746, and died in 1828. This picture represents the departure of one of the Borgias, his taking leave of his relations, and is very well painted; but though I admire this artist, who has a great reputation in Valencia, I think his style is very inferior to the old masters.

The tombs in the cathedral are some of them curious, and also the retablos; but I noticed no sculpture worthy of particular notice. The traveller must trust to his own knowledge for finding out the paintings. The person who shows them is about as ignorant as the *valets-de-place*, except that the latter do not pretend to know anything about them, and, like the sacristan, call them all Joanes or Ribalta.

Nuestra Senora de los Desamparados is close adjoining the cathedral, and the interior, which is oval in form, is rather good. The roof is painted by Palomino, and looks very gay; but the figures, though somewhat graceful, are wanting in force. The yellow background has a light and pleasant effect. Don Antonio Palomino was born at Bujalance, in 1653, and was a pupil of Juan Valdes Leal, and died at Madrid in 1726. He has left many large works, but no great ones. Some of his smaller compositions are sometimes graceful, though Spanish art is more indebted to his prosy pen than to his weak pencil.

The church of San Andrés consists of one nave, and is decorated with stucco ornaments and gilding, but not in the best taste. In a chapel, to the left on entering, is a most charming painting, by Joanes, of the Madonna giving the breast to the Infant Jesus, with a Saint on each side. The St. John with the Lamb is a fine Raphaelesque figure, and the Madonna and the Child are beautifully drawn, the expression admirable; and certainly this is one of the most beautiful works of the great Valencian painter. On the opposite side is an *Ecce Homo*, by Vergara, which resembles and seems a copy of the *Ecce Homo* by Joanes, in the cathedral. In the next chapel to it is a Deposition from the Cross, by Joanes; the Saviour and the Angels supporting him well drawn, and the expression of the latter good.

Close to this church is the Academia, which was richly endowed by Charles III., and con-

tains some good paintings. St. Teresa and the Doves, badly restored; but the head of the Saint is fine, and the hands are also well painted. A small copy of the Transfiguration, by Ribalta, is very good, though the colours are darker than the original. There is a magnificent Ribera, representing the drawing the arrows from St. Sebastian. I never saw a finer painting by this master. The light on the body of the Saint is truly admirable, but it is a pity that the other figures in the painting are not equally fine. There are three Espinosas together; that of Pedro Pasqual is the best. The figure of the boy in this painting is beautifully painted. There are two Battles, by Esteban March; the heads of the horses are quite out of proportion to the rest of their bodies, but there is considerable spirit in the composition.

Nos. 73 and 74, by Padro Borrás. The Death of St. Jerome is very fine. The monks weeping around the body and the angels hovering above are extremely beautiful. The other painting represents two angels flogging the Saint, who looks up to a figure of our Saviour for divine support. 19 and 56. Two fine seated figures of St. Jerome and St. Paul in the desert, by March, very much resembling Ribera in style. A fine painting representing the Sacrifice of Isaac, by Ribalta, but unfortunately much injured in the restoration. Christ as a boy sleeping on a cushion. Some of the heads are good, particularly the female to the left; but this, like most in this collection, is injured in restoring.

The room containing these pictures is nicely fitted up with chandeliers and arm-chairs for the members of the Academy, and at the end of it is a painting of the Queen, a copy of one by Lopez. In another room we saw nothing but paintings of flowers, all modern, except two by Espinosa, one a bunch of exquisite flowers in an elegant vase, very good. We afterwards went into a room where there were a great number of boys copying studies of different parts of the body. They say there are three hundred pupils, who are allowed to study gratis, but they did not appear any of them to be copying from good subjects. We then went into a room where there were a quantity of busts and statues in plaster, casts from well-known antiques, but the collection did not appear to be very rich. There were a number of seats with candles to each, for the students who draw there regularly every day. There

was another room, where I observed two good drawings by Mengs, and a student copying a copy of a head by the same painter, whose popularity, so great in the time of his royal patron, Charles III., seems to have survived to this day.

I entered into conversation with the artist, and could not help advising him to copy the great Valencian masters; but, admitting that they were great painters, he contended that their schools were bad, and that Mengs was one of the best of painters and perfection itself. He seemed astonished and incredulous when I told him how little he was esteemed in every other country. There was another room for studying perspective, and there again I observed the subjects were very bad.

I could only glance into the large room appropriated to architecture, as the Professor was lecturing. It is very creditable to Valencia that there should be such a liberal and praiseworthy institution as this, but I fear little is to be expected from an academy where Mengs is made the tutelar divinity, where the great Valencian masters are neglected, and the best students occupied in copying a poor copy of the work of such a painter as Mengs. The building is large and spacious, affording ample accommodation for paintings and students.

In the little Church of the Virgin del Milagro, the retablo of the grand altar is beautifully carved and richly gilt. There is a good painting of a Head of a Madonna, by Lopez, almost like Carlo Maratta in style and composition.

CHAPTER V.

Museum.—San Martin.—Santa Catalina.—San Juan.—San Nicolas.—Colegio de Corpus.—Fine Ribaltas.—San Salvador.—San Thomas.—The Carmen.—Private Galleries.

THE Museum del Carmen, formerly a convent, is a large building with handsome courts, and contains spacious rooms filled with about eight hundred paintings, all of them of the Valencian school, and some really splendid; but by far the greatest proportion are bad copies and daubs. Not to weary the reader with an account of the paintings most deserving of notice in this gallery, I will describe them in Appendix A. As no catalogue exists, a short notice of them may, I trust, be of some use to future travellers. Those, indeed, who have already had enough of paintings, had better pass on to the next chapter.

In the Church of San Martin there is a fine Dead Christ, by Ribalta; the figure of the weeping Mary exquisite, the drapery on her head very beautifully painted. Over the entrance of this church is a bronze group of the Saint on horseback, giving his cloak to the beggar. The figures are much better done than the horse, which is really detestable.

In the Church of Santa Catalina is a painting of the Coronation of the Virgin by Ribalta; the faces are large, the effect grand of the *chiaro-scuro*, but no great beauty in the figures; the figure of St. Joseph in the corner is, however, good.

The Church of San Juan has a plateresque interior; but the effect is not bad of the old statues which adorn the centre aisle and the altar with its statues and rich gilding. The roof is painted by Palomino, and perhaps his best work, as it is certainly much superior to his fresco in the Chapel de la Virgen de los Desamparados. The light is very bad, but sufficient to distinguish several female heads, painted with considerable grace, though not with much force; the back-ground of the fresco is a pale yellow, which throws a pleasing light on the different groups. In the chapel of the communion of this church is the Purissima Concepcion, considered the most exquisite painting in Valencia, which Joanes produced after previously preparing himself by a course of religious exercises. The Virgin is colossal, in a white dress, with a blue cloak extending to her feet; her hands are clasped in the attitude of praying; the Holy Spirit is descending upon her, and Christ and the Eternal rewarding her with a crown of glory. On each side of the Virgin are representations of palms, wells, a city, and other landscapes, allegorical of her manifold perfections; and in the service of the church there is a prayer for each of these representations. The ground is coloured a light yellow, and anything more beautiful than this painting cannot be imagined. The style is not so elevated as many of the paintings of Raphael and Correggio; it is natural, but nature so chastened, and so exalted, by apparently religious enthusiasm, that it is truly exquisite; such meekness and softness are worthy of the mother of Jesus. The two heads of our Saviour and the Creator are good, though not so fine as the Virgin's; but unfortunately the chapel containing the finest picture in Valencia is so dark we could only see it by the light of candles.

The Church of San Nicolas is churrigueresque (1) in its ornaments. There are some small paintings by Joanes, representing the Flagellation of Christ; Christ bearing his Cross; Betrayal of Christ in the Garden, Peter in the foreground striking off the ear of the high priest's servant; and St. Michael destroying the Devil; but these are inferior to his best style. There is also a Holy Family, by Joanes; the St. Joseph good. The chief attraction of this church is, however, an exquisite small painting, by Joanes, of the Last Supper. Our Saviour and John leaning on his bosom, and almost feminine in appearance, are extremely beautiful. Every head in this little painting, only about two to three feet broad, and less in height, is wonderfully executed; the very hairs in their beards and heads are finished like a Denners, and all the figures are admirably coloured. The composition is in every respect excellent, better than any other painting I have seen by Joanes. The wine and cups on the table are well drawn, and also the white table-cloth, tied in a knot on one side, and the lights and shadows are very fine; altogether this is truly a charming picture, and, if inferior to the Conception in beauty, certainly excels that painting and every other in Valencia for composition. There are at this altar several other paintings by Joanes, which would be much admired elsewhere; but there the Last Supper rivets the attention. The paintings above seemed to be less interesting than several near the altar, representing the Eternal, and Adam and Eve; and Adam naming the Birds; and Adam naming the Animals—the latter the best. Behind the high altar is a splendid Head of Christ in the best style of Joanes.

The Church of the Colegio de Corpus is a gallery of Ribaltas. In the first chapel, to the left on entering, is an excellent painting by that master, representing our Saviour accompanied with Saints visiting San Vicente de Ferrer, in order to restore his health. The Saint is pale, rising from the bed of sickness, contrasting finely with the Messiah, well drawn and richly coloured; indeed, better coloured than any Ribalta I have seen in Valencia. The Last Supper in this church, by Ribalta, behind the high altar, is an extremely beautiful painting; the Christ very fine, and the second and third figures on his

left, particularly the third Apostle with a white beard, are admirable. The Judas in the foreground is remarkably well drawn; but the colouring of the face dark and bad. The effect of light and shadow on the white table-cloth is wonderful. There is a Holy Family, by Ribalta, above this, but too high to distinguish more than the Child reposing on a white cloth. Some large frescoes cover the walls of this church, but they are much injured, and it is difficult to distinguish the subjects. One of them, the preaching of St. Vicente, seems to have been well drawn. In the sanctuary is a good painting representing the Martyrdom of St. Peter, by Espinosa.

Leaving the chapel, gentlemen, but not ladies, may enter the colegio. The court is very simple and handsome; the corridor round it is ornamented with Doric columns, and the loggia above with Ionic columns, all of whitish marble. In the Rector's room is a fine half-figure of Christ, at the pillar, by Ribalta, but unlike his usual colouring, being much lighter, almost like the darker style of Guido; a red drapery hangs over the shoulders, and the expression of the painting is very fine. In the same room is another good Ribalta, the subject similar; but this picture is full-length, and has no other drapery than a cloth around the waist. It is admirably drawn, and the expression full of feeling. In another room there is a fine portrait (by Juan Zarenena, says the hand-book and Mr. Sterling; by Ribalta, says the keeper of the convent) of the good Archbishop Ribera, who built this institution. Juan Zarenena was the son of a painter of the same name, who was a pupil of the elder Ribalta, and he and his brother Cristobal painted at Valencia in the beginning of the seventeenth century. The Rector, who now superintends the education of the youths in this college, has not, to judge from his countenance, a tenth part of the intelligence of the founder. The ceremony on a Friday in this church will be described elsewhere. I went to the new church of San Salvador, but not succeeding in seeing the miraculous cross which found its way from Judea, without human assistance, and which is said to have worked so many conversions, I did not think it worth a second visit.

In the Church of San Thomas de la Congregacion, as it is generally called, there is a beautiful Madonna and Child, said to be by Leonardo da Vinci, and Ponz they say describes it as such. If not a Leonardo, which

(1) A term commonly used in Spain for all tasteless rococo monstrosities, in compliment to a certain Josef Churriguera, who in the seventeenth century did his best to corrupt the national taste.

I am inclined to think it is—though it is difficult to say, the light is so bad—there is no doubt of its being an excellent painting, and one of the best of Luini's. The Child is in rather an affected attitude, looking up to the Madonna, who is somewhat insipid, but the finishing and colouring of the painting are admirable.

I visited also the Church of the Carmen, where there is a beautiful Head of our Saviour. Those who are determined to see all the good pictures of this school may, I am told, find many in the villages at some distance from here, where they are often to be purchased very cheap. I did not hear of them until my arrangements were all made for my departure.

The gallery of Signor La Quadra contains some good paintings, a St. Francis by Zurbaran very good. Christ with Mary at his feet, very like Murillo. Two small paintings by Joanes, of Saints with pretty blue landscapes behind, executed with his usual care. St. John and the Lamb, by Carreno, an extremely beautiful and graceful painting. Don Juan de Miranda Carreno was born in the town of Aviles in the Asturias, in 1614, and died in 1685; an admirable portrait-painter patronised by Velasquez.

The Death of St. Joseph, admirable for the Christ and the Angels, is by Francesco Herrera, the father, who was born at Seville in 1576, and has the merit of introducing the bold style adopted by Velasquez. His paintings often exhibit the roughness of his character, which was so brutal that his pupils would not stay with him. Charged with coining, he took refuge in a sanctuary, but Philip IV. granted him a pardon in admiration of his great talents. His son, a bad artist, corrupted by such an example, robbed his father, and fled to Rome; and his daughter became a nun.

A fine painting representing Gamblers, which the Signor called Italian, and it may be by Caravaggio, but it is not like his colouring; the old man to the right is admirable. A Priest well drawn, but not well coloured or pleasing, by Luis Tristan, who was born in 1586, near Toledo, and was a pupil of El Greco. A very good Christ, by Vincenzo Carducci, who was born at Florence in 1585, and brought to Madrid by his brother Bartolomeo at an early age, and died there in 1658.

There is also a good painting of Coello, who was born at Valencia, and was the Velasquez of Philip II.; and a painting which I

did not like, by El Mudo, whose real name was Juan Fernandez Navarrete. He was born at Legrono in 1526, studied in Italy, and became an admirable painter.

A nice painting of Christ, at the column, by Alonso Cano; the figure kneeling before our Saviour very exquisite, and the composition of this little picture is very good. There are there two landscapes by Murillo, with flocks of sheep, beautifully painted. The paintings bear the name of Murillo, otherwise I should have doubted whether they were the works of the great Sevilian painter, though they are much better executed than any paintings I have yet seen by the Spanish Bassanos, and the light was bad for seeing them.

The master of this collection appeared to take a great pleasure in showing his paintings, and, what is seldom the case in Spain, seemed to understand them. On returning from this gallery, we observed erected in several of the little squares and places wooden pedestals, six or twelve feet square, covered with linen or cloth, and on these pedestals groups of figures, sometimes whole families, only one instance of a single figure representing a countryman. There was no fun in the compositions except in one well-dressed group, representing a cavalier fanning a lady who was seated on a chair, and by some mechanism the fan was always at work. At the close of the day a bonfire was made of each of these representations. They are the Valencian Falæ, erected by the carpenters of Valencia in honour of their saint, St. Joseph, the husband of the Virgin.

At the Presidio, and in the private residence of the Governor of the Presidio, are some good paintings. At his house there is a painting by Ribalta the younger, of St. Christopher carrying our Saviour as a child across the river, which is very clever. A Crucifixion, by Espinosa; and a good Deposition, by Ribalta. There is also there an excellent March, the figures somewhat in the style of Jordaens. Four Saints, by Joanes, St. Jerome, Santa Armonica, St. Francis Assis, and Santa Clara; all small, and exquisitely finished. In the centre of the group, a Holy Family, very beautiful; the three children, St. John, our Saviour, and St. John the Baptist, admirably painted, and the head of the Eternal above the Holy Family is very good. Perhaps the most interesting painting in this gallery is the Crucifixion, by Juan de Ribalta. It is a small study from the large painting in

the museum, and is truly astonishing for any artist to have painted at the early age of eighteen. The drawing is admirable, and the soldiers and other figures well grouped.

There are some good paintings in the Presidio, several by Orrente; a Conception by Joanes, not good, if original; three ancient paintings very curious, and a great many copies. The Comandante will dispose of them if required.

In the palace of the Count de Villareal is a beautiful Joanes, containing three subjects: a Madonna and Child, with St. John the Baptist and the Evangelist and another child and goat, with St. Joseph and St. Catherine on one side, and on the other two saints. These figures are admirably painted, and also the landscape in the distance. The child is very beautiful, and also St. Joseph on the right of the Virgin. Certainly it is an excellent Joanes, and well worth visiting.

The palace of the Count de Parsent is an immense building, with little to admire externally. As the Count lives at Bordeaux, where he has large possessions, the interior is neglected. The suite of rooms is very fine, consisting of splendid saloons and ball-rooms, decorated simply, but now almost unfurnished.

This palace contains few good paintings. A deposition from the Cross, in the style of Alonso Cano, by Espinosa. Four interesting paintings, representing an arrival of troops, a battle, and two sea-fights; Battles of the Moors and Christians, executed with considerable spirit, by Juan de Toledo. This painter was born at Lorca in 1611, entered the army, made several campaigns in Italy, and is famous for his battle-pieces.

There is also a Supper at Emmaus by Ribalta, the Christ well drawn, and the colouring good. All these palaces and most of the good houses in Valencia have, like this, little gardens fragrant with orange-trees. The palace of the Marquis de la Romana is in better taste, and contains six pretty paintings by Camaron, who was born in Segovia, 1730, and died here in 1803. The colouring is pale, and some little in the Watteau style; the figures dancing the fandango are graceful. There are also in this collection two Joanes, and some landscapes and figures by Goya, whose style is often sketchy, and reminded me rather of Taylor's water-colour drawings; but some of them are more carefully finished, and very clever. I cannot enumerate all the private houses I was taken to in search of paintings; in many of them I saw nothing;

sometimes a doubtful Ribalta or Espinosa, several paintings by Orrente, but not in his best style. I saw some also by El Greco, in his bad pale style; they seemed to be the efforts of his mad fits, as the subjects were generally disagreeable. This painter, whose real name was Dominico Theotocopuli, was born in 1558, and died in 1625. He was believed to be a pupil of Titian, and his best paintings are in his style, with paler colours; but sometimes his genius seems to have been quite perverted, and his productions are frightful.

The collection of Signor Campo contains, they say, some good paintings, but we could not see them as the house was in confusion.

CHAPTER VI.

Private Houses.—El Peluquero.—Bridges.—Walls.—The Alameda.—Streets.—Shops.—The Lonja.—La Sala de la Audiencia.—The Limousin Dialect.—Ceremony at the Patriarca.—Confession.—Crimes of the Valencians.

ALTHOUGH the private galleries are not very numerous, and few paintings are on sale, I managed to make some cheap purchases. It is worth while making a search for paintings, if it is only for the sake of penetrating into the dwellings of the Valencians. It is impossible to judge of the domestic arrangements and habits of a people from the life at an inn, kept perhaps by a foreigner. Having visited with a Spaniard more than a score of houses of all ranks, most of them not in the habit of receiving strangers, but all civil and polite in the extreme, I have remarked invariably the greatest cleanliness and comfort, I might almost say Dutch cleanliness. The floors of the ante-rooms and halls often consisted of beautiful azulejos, and the saloons were generally covered with mats, except in the best rooms of rich houses, where there was always a carpet, often skins of wild animals, tigers and panthers; and near a comfortable sofa there was always a circle of chairs for the evening tertulia; some of them were covered with damask, and others commoner than we would use in our kitchens. Alabaster clocks, cabinets, and marbles, ornament the saloons of even the tradesmen, and often the walls of the rooms I saw were covered with paintings with great names, but not a tolerable one amongst them.

The house Del Peluquero, or barber, who is now dead and has left his pictures to a female servant, will be always visited, being

almost the only gallery mentioned in the hand-book, now remaining open; but it contains a vast quantity of rubbish, and a very few good paintings, many called Murillos which Murillo never saw, and not the least resembling his style; some very inferior Joanes, one good Holy Family said to be by that master, but I do not think it is; and one or two good Ribaltas.

The Peluquero had some taste for art, and living at the time that the convents were breaking up, he had great opportunities of acquiring good paintings. When he got anything valuable it was a difficult matter, they say, to purchase from him at a reasonable price; and when he became attached to a painting, which was often the case, he would not sell at all.

He left also a large collection of coins, but the servant has all the suspicion of the Valencians; and the instant a visitor appears to admire a painting or coin, though wishing to sell, she asks ten times its value. The St. John and the Lamb by Ribalta was the only painting in her collection I coveted.

I visited her several times, but she always demanded four times more than I determined to give. At last I went with a Spanish gentleman, and I laid down the money on the table. She looked wistfully at the shining dollars and then at the picture, but she seemed suspicious that I had not offered as much as I would really give, and still refused to sell. It was amusing to see the struggle in her mind, and when I put the money into my pocket she could not restrain a sigh. I left her, and my Spanish friend remained endeavouring to persuade her; and whether it was his eloquence, or hearing me go out of the court, I cannot say, but I was called back, and got a painting which Baron Taylor could never induce El Peluquero to part with.

The gentleman who resides beneath her has some paintings, and an excellent Joanes of the Saviour.

Valencia is a charming place for ten days' residence, or even a winter. The approach to the city is fine from every side, over the stony bed of the Guadalaviar, which is now quite dry; the demand for irrigation in this parching climate scarce leaving water enough for the washerwomen. The bridges which span the river are however very handsome, and so numerous and near together, that from many points three or four are seen. I found one to be two hundred paces long, and they seemed all to be of the same length.

It was supported by ten elliptical arches, and there are recesses on the bridge, and seats, and two statues of Saints under canopies, which add to its architectural effect. These bridges lead to gates, three of which are extremely interesting for their high semicircular towers, with bold machicolated battlements, quite Moorish in their appearance. The walls of the city are of tapia-work, covered with cement, which in many places has fallen off, and discovers the masonry.

observed in many parts very large hewn stones, built in the walls, evidently taken from some Roman edifice. The walls have a battlement all round, and at distances towers of hewn stones. The effect of these fine gates and walls, the noble bridges, and domes of old convents which are now usefully occupied, is very picturesque. On one side of the river is the beautiful promenade of the Alameda, extending to the sea, planted with trees, and ornamented with gardens and country places of the Capitan-General and rich Signori.

On the other side of the river there is the small but pretty Glorietta, with its orange-trees and flowers, and also other gardens. This fine approach leads but to miserable narrow streets; but, as in the East, broader would be intolerable in this hot climate, and their very narrowness increases their picturesque effect.

The city is a complete labyrinth, the streets twisting and turning in every direction, making it almost impossible for a stranger to find his way. There is only one piazza or square, deserving to be called such; that is the Piazza del Mercado, which is always an interesting scene. It is not the new Doric market-place which interests me, but the fine building of the Lonja, the picturesque Church St. Jean opposite, the streets in the distance leading from it so narrow, that there scarcely appears an opening; and the thousands of charming peasants selling their heaps of golden oranges, and a variety of fruits and vegetables. Some of the more modern streets have paved footways on each side, but generally there is but one sandy way for tartanas (the covered cart almost the only carriage in Valencia) and the persons on foot; so that in wet weather the streets are almost impassable for mud and water. There are quarters or streets here for the different trades, as in the East; a street for the jewellers, and curious are the ornaments, especially the high silver-gilt combs and the

heavy ear-rings, quite Oriental in their form and weight; a street for the linendrapers, a street for the blacksmiths, a street for the shoemakers, etc.; but perhaps the streets where the coarse linens and woollen cloaks and blankets are sold is the most like an Oriental bazaar, and over each shop door is an oval shield, with the figure of some Saint, which indicates the house instead of a number. In the more modern streets are some fancy shops, which are well stocked, but few things are exhibited in the shop windows. The streets in the less fashionable part of the town are very miserable, except sometimes where the destruction of a convent and its gardens have afforded space, and new streets of good houses are springing up. An excellent residence may be got in Valencia for 30*l.* to 40*l.* a-year.

Some of the entrances into the palaces are handsome, but frequently churrigueresque; and I admire more those of the houses of less pretension, which are always very neat, and often handsome, with marble stairs, handsome balustrades, and courts ornamented with arched colonnades, frequently decorated with statues, and always scrupulously clean. The open arcades under the roofs are very Oriental, and extremely picturesque; charming bits of architecture are continually seen, which are sometimes Moorish and sometimes Gothic. The interior of the houses is frequently paved with the beautiful Valencian tiles, which are tastefully painted, and, being glazed, are not injured by being washed, and always look clean and cool.

The Lonja, or Exchange, is a handsome Gothic building, built in the reign of Ferdinand the Catholic. In the interior is a lofty noble hall, eighty feet long by fifty feet broad, ornamented with very high, spiral, fluted columns, which have a very graceful appearance. The market for the silk is held here, and, besides the benches covered with the golden produce, there were some picturesque groups of peasants, with their treasure upon their shoulders, waiting patiently for purchasers. Adjoining to this hall is the Chamber of Commerce, comfortably fitted up, and a spiral staircase leading to the summit, which, though but small and narrow, is very neatly constructed. There is also a pretty little garden, where the merchants can in a moment retire from the busy scene in the market, and under a canopy of orange trees, screening them from the sun's rays, enjoy their cigars, with violets at their feet, and

the pure elastic air perfumed with the odour of blossoms, fruits, and flowers.

Arragon did not rise to importance until five centuries after the Saracen conquest, most of which time was almost one continual struggle against the Infidels, when indeed the national character for obstinacy and perseverance was meritoriously displayed. Their jealousy of their liberties, and of the authority of their sovereigns, and the extraordinary powers of their officer, the Justicia, who had frequently more real influence than the sovereign, are curious. (1) Her union with Catalonia in the twelfth, and the conquest of Valencia in the thirteenth century, affording her excellent ports, she soon became one of the principal maritime powers in the Mediterranean—Sicily, Sardinia, and Athens, being amongst her conquests.

La Salle de la Audiencia, where the ancient States of the kingdom were formerly held, is, historically and architecturally, the most interesting room in Valencia. It is very large and lofty, the wood roof is deeply and admirably sculptured, and beneath it is an open gallery, also exquisitely carved, and ornamented with elegant columns, and below the gallery are *bassi-rilievi*. The walls are ornamented with paintings, by Cristobel Zaninena, representing the ancient Cortes of Arragon. On one side are the military representatives, comprising the nobles and gentry, with their decorations; on the opposite, the representatives of the clergy, in their robes; then a group of the deputies of the city of Valencia, and several groups of the representatives of the different cities of the kingdom. In the Cortes, these four orders voted separately; but it was necessary that all should agree before a law was passed. Many of the portraits are excellent, and as works of art they are worthy of observation; but for the costumes, and as a memorial of the ancient liberties, privileges, and independence of Arragon, these paintings are most valuable. Over the altar, at one end of the room, there are some tolerable paintings by the same artist.

In a small court adjoining I saw three judges sitting, whilst an advocate was reading a document. The public are admitted, but the judges and the barrister had the room to themselves. In the rooms where the records are kept are some of the richest and deepest carved roofs I ever saw, as gor-

(1) See Prescott's Ferdinand and Isabella, vol. i., p. 52.

geous and as fresh as if done yesterday. Justice is not always administered here without the presence of the public. Once a-week, all disputes concerning the division of the water are decided in the plaza of the cathedral, without advocates or pleadings, common sense and knowledge of the customs of the country being quite sufficient qualifications for the judge of such a court. There was no business the day I was there, for, in consequence of the extreme drought, there was no water to dispute about.

This caused me little regret, as the trials are in the Limousin dialect, the unintelligible *patois* of the country. During the first half of the fifteenth century, long after the genuine race of the troubadours had passed away, the Provençal or Limousin verse was carried to its highest excellence, by the poets of Valencia. (1) It resembles so much the *patois* now spoken near Toulouse, where Monsieur L—— resides, that he had no difficulty in understanding the Catalonians and Valencians. This similarity is not surprising, as it was there, in 1323, great efforts were made to restore the Provençal language, and a guild formed for this purpose, called the very gay company of the seven troubadours of Toulouse, and a prize of a golden violet given to a Catalonian gentleman, for the best poem in that language. When Provence became a portion of the dominions of the Counts of Barcelona, and ultimately part of the realm of Arragon, the *gaya sciencia* was greatly cultivated, and kings and princes became poets and patrons of the art, and when Aix and Marseilles were disturbed by dissensions and troubles, especially by the civic persecution of the Albigenses, a safer asylum was afforded them at the Court of Arragon, where the stirring events of the Holy War against the Moors, and the conquests of Don Jaime, would furnish noble themes for the cultivators of the science. The Provençal language soon, however, had to contend with the sonorous and grand Castilian, full of vigour and strength, which chroniclers and even poets adopted. The Gay Saber might suit the sunny south, though as early as 1474, when a poetical contest was held at Valencia, four of the poems were in Castilian; but when Saragossa became the seat of government, and in 1474, when Arragon and Castile were united under Ferdinand and Isabella, the Castilian pre-

vailed, and, as Mr. Tickler (2) observes, what remained of the language that gave the first impulse to poetical feeling in modern times sunk into a neglected dialect, and, without having attained the refinement that would preserve its name and its glory to future times, became as much a dead language as the Greek or the Latin.

The Valencians have an extraordinary taste for processions and religious ceremonies, and as a people they are certainly inclined to be very bigoted. They joined in the cry to destroy the convents, but very many, finding themselves now no better off, regret to see the noble edifices of the Church turned into residences of the Capitan-General, custom-houses, and even charitable institutions. It must indeed be difficult to be half a Roman Catholic. A sincere man must either be a slave to the mysteries and imposing ceremonies of that fascinating Creed, intoxicated with its incense, delightful music, and gorgeous functions, or reject its ceremonies altogether. It is not therefore surprising to see the churches so well kept up, and on the *fête* days crowded. On every Friday there is an imposing ceremony in the Church of the Patriarca, or Colegio del Corpus, a church I have described as full of Ribaltas. The rules of this college are very strict. Ladies are only admitted to this ceremony in mantillas, and never allowed to enter the college. Whilst I was admiring the Ribaltas there, we heard a terrific ringing of a bell, which startled my conductor, as if the building had been on fire. An English lady had followed her husband into the forbidden precincts of the college, and frightened at the solitariness of the large court, and not knowing what animal in the shape of a monk or a student might pounce upon her, or wearied with waiting, or envying her husband's prolonged enjoyment of the Ribaltas, she seized the rope, and gave it such a tug, that priests and scholars rushed out of their rooms to see what was the matter. At first they looked indignant at the intruder, but her triumphant smile, when she saw her husband, restored them to their good-humour, and they merely said *Inglese* (English), that word being an apology for anything.

High mass was performed with beautiful music, after which a curtain dropped before the altar. The chief priest, richly clad, walked in procession up the church, accom-

(1) Prescott's *Ferd. and Isab.*, p. 89.

(2) *History of Spanish Literature*, vol. I., p. 314.

panied by about twelve or fourteen others, clothed in the usual purple dresses, with white spencers, and carrying two banners and wax lights. They went behind the curtain, and lighted them at the altar; but the doors being almost closed, the church, always so gloomy that I required candles to see the Ribaltas, was very dark. Then the Miserere commenced, the curtain was drawn, and the grand altar was seen entirely surrounded by the priests in rows, on their knees. The effect was very picturesque, and greatly increased by the striking contrast of the brilliantly lighted altar, and the dark gloom in every other part of the church. In the foreground, a crowd of ladies, and women of all ranks, dressed in black, with their dark but graceful mantillas, apparently kneeling, but, in fact, reposing on their heels in a very Oriental fashion, added greatly to the pictorial effect. The spectacle itself was imposing, but it was increased tenfold by the exquisite Miserere they chanted. It was almost as plaintive, though not quite so well sung, as the Miserere in the Sistine Chapel; the lights, the gloom, the ascending incense increasing the thrilling effect of an admirable Italian composition. I could almost say with Tasso,

*"Pare d'umani sospirio di singulti
E un non so che confusa instilla al cuore,
Di pietà, di spavento, e di dolore."*

The priests, after the Miserere, made a procession to the different altars, chanting in a deep and solemn tone. Then they assembled again round the grand altar, and a crimson curtain above was drawn aside; within was seen a purple covering, which after some time was also drawn, and another curtain was visible; finally, the last veil was rent, and our Saviour exhibited on the Cross.

Being lighted only by two candles, and the recess deep, it was impossible to see very distinctly what it was, and certainly not to appreciate the merit of the workmanship, which Mr. Ford says is first rate. When we visited this church, they would not let us see the relics, and told us they were exhibited on Fridays; but the functions on the Friday we were there were unusually long, being in Lent, and the relics were not shown.

Whilst the ceremony was going on, two priests were busy in confessional chairs, close to where we were. After listening to the oft-repeated tales, and apparently sifting

the consciences of the beautiful devotees, the priests closed their hands and prayed before giving absolution. One man seemed to bow to the very ground, overwhelmed with the burden of his sins. Dark, indeed, and numerous are the offences in this city of Valencia.

The nobles are, many of them, rich, and, though their hangers-on and their agents consume a great part of their incomes, yet as they live in no great style and keep little company, many have ample means for so cheap a place. Infidelity in married life is a common crime, and gambling is the vice of every rank, especially the lower classes. I visited one of the cock-pits in the suburbs, and was astonished at seeing peasants, meanly dressed, flinging down their dollars at every battle; but the cabarets in the suburbs, where wine may be drunk free of duty, are the places where the greatest gambling takes place, and where frequently broils arise, and the winner loses not only his gains but his life also.

The people are not now allowed to carry the long Valencian knife, which used to be stuck into every girdle. A fine of three dollars is imposed for the first offence of carrying a knife above a certain size, and the same penalty and imprisonment for the second offence.

Seeing one morning a crowd near a door, I went up, and saw a corpse of a labouring man, partly in a coffin, but with his head exposed, for his friends to recognize him. He had been found dead outside the walls, with two deep gashes on his cheeks and two on his breast, evidently done with a knife; and, I am told, scarcely a week passes without a similar murder being committed.

The Valencians seem nevertheless to be a civil obliging people, and are worthy of respect for their industry, love of liberty, and the distinguished scientific and literary men, as well as artists, the country has produced; but undoubtedly they are suspicious, passionate, and revengeful. Many of the streets are lighted with gas, but those which are not certainly present facilities for deeds of violence, and I am told most people carry pistols at night for their protection. The stranger, however, has no occasion to fear if he will treat every one with civility.

CHAPTER VII.

The Presidio.—Convicts.—Different Trades.—Excellent Reformatory System.—Great Success.—Galera for Female Convicts.—Hospital for Orphans.—San Vicente de Ferrer.—Botanical Garden.—Gate of the Cid.—Manufactories.—Commerce.—Hotels.

IF the vices and passions of a Southern people prevail in a place where, until the last few years, a strong government has not been enjoyed, it is greatly to the credit of the city of Valencia that they can boast of one of the best conducted prisons in Europe. Being one of the great social questions of the day, I made particular inquiries about it. There are a thousand prisoners; and in the whole establishment I did not see above three or four guardians to keep them in order. They say there are only a dozen old soldiers, and not a bar or bolt that might not easily be broken—apparently not more fastenings than in any private house.

The Governor, a colonel in the army, has established military discipline, and the convicts are divided into companies; the officers stand as stiff, when you pass, as soldiers presenting arms. The sergeants and officers are all convicts, who, of course, are acquainted with the temper and disposition of the prisoners, and best able to manage them; and the prospect of advancement to higher grades is an inducement to all to behave well. When a convict enters, he is asked what trade or employment he will work at or learn; and above forty are open to him, so that he has the means of devoting his time to any he knows; or, if ignorant of all, to one he feels an inclination for, or which he is aware will be useful to him when he is liberated. Many a man may wish to return to his native village with what he has earned here, and he of course knows best what trade or employment will there not only be of advantage, but even a fortune to him. If he declines to work at any, he is sent to the public works or employed in carrying wood; but these out-door convicts are by far the worst conducted in the establishment, and are therefore kept distinct from the others, who, by their selecting a trade, have shown a disposition to be industrious and improve themselves.

When first the convict enters the establishment he wears chains, but on his application to the Commander they are taken off, unless he has not conducted himself well. Among some hundreds, I only saw three or

four with irons on their legs. There seemed to be the most perfect discipline; they work in rows, rose in rank as we passed, and seemed obedient to a word. They are not allowed to talk to each other during their work, but this rule does not seem to be very strictly enforced, and they may speak to their master, who is often one of themselves, and they may ask each other for tools, or anything requisite for their work, and every night after prayers they are allowed to converse with each other for an hour. There were weavers and spinners of every description, manufacturing all qualities, from the coarsest linen cloths, to the most beautiful damasks, rick silks, and velvets, one a crimson, apparently equal to the Utrecht velvet. There were blacksmiths, shoemakers, basketmakers, ropemakers, joiners, cabinetmakers making handsome mahogany drawers, and they had also a printing-machine hard at work. Mrs. H—having purchased a leather ball for her boy, they printed on it his name, and the Presidio de Valencia, in gilt letters.

The labour of every description for the repair, rebuilding, and cleaning the establishment is supplied by the convicts. They were all most respectful in their demeanour, and certainly I never saw such a good-looking set of thieves, useful occupations having apparently improved their countenances, though there were a few among them I would rather not meet amongst the wilds of Spain. The greatest cleanliness prevailed in every part of the establishment. The dormitories were well ventilated, the beds neatly packed up, and water, the great requisite in a sultry climate, within reach of all. On the walls, in large letters, were inscriptions in rhyme, the best way of inculcating good maxims. There was a neat chapel for their devotions, and a garden for exercise, planted with oranges. There was also a poultry yard for their amusement, with pheasants, and various kinds of birds; washing-houses, where they wash their clothes; and a shop, where they can purchase, if they wish, tobacco, and other little comforts, out of one-fourth of the profits of their labours which is given to them; another fourth they are entitled to when they leave the establishment. The other half of their gains goes to the establishment, and often this is sufficient for all the expenses, without any assistance from the Government.

The Governor found that it was impossible to induce the convicts to work heartily with-

out giving them an interest in their gains ; but when once he had by this encouragement established industrious habits, it was more easy to correct their principles. Honour amongst thieves is really found here ; the convicts keeping the accounts, and no attempt made to deceive. It is doubtless the same feeling of honour which prevents their rebelling and leaving the asylum whenever they feel disposed. It is surprising that the establishment requires so little assistance from the Government, as the expense of the officers and instructors is very considerable, and the Governor has invariably made the teaching and moral improvement of the convicts his chief consideration, without any regard to the profits to be derived from them.

The convicts were all cleanly dressed in woollen clothes of the same colour, which is requisite, in case of any attempt to escape. In summer they have lighter clothes. Their food is excellent, and consists of large brown loaves, about the colour of our best London brown bread, but finer in quality, and quite as good ; rations of olla, rice, potatoes, and meat on *fête* days, which in Spain are numerous. Instruction is open to all every day, in a large school, which all the boys under twenty are obliged to attend for one hour, and any prisoner above that age, who wishes, may join the classes. I saw numerous instances of excellent writing (in the Spanish style), by lads and adults, who could not write a line when they entered ; and many have qualified themselves for clerks' places, which they have obtained on leaving the prison. There is a good hospital with a dispensary, all as clean and comfortable as could be desired ; but the average number in the hospital never, they say, exceeds two for every hundred. This system may be thought too indulgent, but what is the result ? During the last three years not one prisoner has been returned to it, and in the ten previous years the average was not more than one per cent., though before that period, the number of re-committals was thirty per cent.

From January 1837 to 1846, the first nine years of the establishment, when the shops were not all open, and the institution in many respects incomplete, 3127 convicts confined there were liberated, and of these 2355 had learnt some trade, or received instruction, so that only 792 were without instruction, from their age or indisposition to receive any.

It may be said that the stabbings which occur so often in Valencia would not be so

common if severer punishments were inflicted, but they say that the use of the knife was much more frequent before this Presidio was established. The great principle here is to afford an inducement to the criminals to work, to teach industrious habits, to inculcate honourable and virtuous principles, and to send them into the world better men, educated and able to work at some trade, and with money in their pockets to start with, and not be obliged to have recourse to their old habits for subsistence.

The want of funds has prevented this institution being more perfect than it would otherwise have been. The prisoners might be classified better, and those who have picked a pocket for the first time, or some other light offence, kept separate from the more hardened criminals. The same work might be performed, though of course at a greater expense, on the separate system, which has been found to answer so well ; the canteen is very questionable, and probably it would be more judicious to appropriate their earnings to transporting the prisoners and their families to any colony or distant place they might wish to go to, giving them only a few pounds to start with, and not a large sum, which might be used as a capital to enable them to commit other crimes. The success attending the reformation of the adults in this establishment is really a miracle, and England ought to make an attempt to do the same. No prisoner ought to be turned out of prison without a shilling in his pocket, and greater efforts ought to be made to give them industrious habits.

Great honour is due to the Commander, Colonel Don Manuel Montesinos, for what he has accomplished without any model to guide him, and being obliged almost to invent a system. The old Convent of St. Augustin, half ruined and entirely dismantled, even without doors and windows, was changed by the labour of the convicts into the present clean, convenient, and agreeable building. The Government did not contribute a farthing towards the expense, and yet, by degrees, he has worked up the establishment almost to perfection. He was personally so fine a specimen of what a soldier should be, so frank and courteous, and there was such an air of truth in his deportment, that I felt I could rely implicitly on all he has printed, and what he said to me, not boastingly, but simply answering my questions.

There is also at Valencia an establishment

for the female prisoners, called the Galera. It contains one hundred and forty women, and is beautifully clean; the beds all piled up in fresh clean sheets. Their only labour is spinning and making ribbons. The diet is not so good as in the Presidio, but the bread is excellent, and each woman has twenty ounces of it every day, and two rations of a poor olla of rice and potatoes; but they are not allowed meat, except on Christmas Day. There is only one keeper to superintend so large a number. The institution contains a chapel, and a clean comfortable infirmary, with its dispensary and kitchen, and a nice little garden for exercise and washing. I saw them at dinner, which was rather a pretty sight; all dressed alike, with bright-coloured handkerchiefs on their heads. I tasted the olla, which seemed very indifferent, and the woman pulled a wry face when I asked her if she liked it.

Two of the hundred and forty women had been re-committed five times; two others four times; four three times; and eight of them twice. The keeper said the women are worse than the men, and he did not believe more than half were really reformed. One-fourth of their earnings is given to them, subject to many deductions; one-fourth more when they leave, and the rest goes towards the expense of the establishment.

This institution has nothing to do with the other, and is in every respect inferior. There is the same discipline, but labour is not made so interesting, and there is no school. One of the women reads when they eat, and the walls are covered with useful truths and moral maxims, which few are able to peruse; but funds are wanting here also, and there is no classification of the prisoners, the offenders for the slightest and heaviest offences associating with the worst in the place.

There are many other institutions in Valencia worth visiting, among others the Hospital for the orphans, instituted by San Vicente de Ferrer, and his image is preserved in the chapel. This Saint is the great apostle of Valencia. He is said to have barked in his mother's womb, which was taken to be a sure sign that he would turn out a mastiff, and hunt the wolves of heresy to hell. He was born in 1350, and was the son of an honest attorney, a miracle in Spain to begin with. He became a Dominican and a chief of the Inquisition, and preached a crusade against the Jews. His miracles are beyond all number, and representations of them in the

streets delight the sight-loving Valencians on the Monday after Easter-Monday.

According to Mariana, the restoration of sight to the blind, feet to the lame, even life to the dead, were miracles of ordinary occurrence with San Vicente; and his eloquence is said to have converted thirty-five thousand Jews, which, doubtless, as Mr. Prescott says, must be reckoned the greatest miracle of all. He is the male Lucina of Valencia, and possessed the gift of miracles to such a degree, that he is said to have performed them almost unconsciously, and not unfrequently in a sort of a frolic. Being applied to on a certain occasion, by a young married lady, whom the idea of approaching maternity kept in a state of constant terror, the good-natured saint desired her to dismiss her fears, as he was determined to take upon himself whatever inconvenience or trouble there might be in the case. Some weeks had elapsed when the good monk, who had forgotten his engagement, was heard in the dead of night roaring and screaming in a manner so unusual, and so little becoming a professed saint, that he drew the whole community to his cell. Nothing for a time could relieve the mysterious sufferings, and though he passed the rest of the night *as well as could be expected*, the fear of a relapse would have kept his afflicted brethren in painful suspense, had not the grateful husband of the timid lady, who was the cause of the uproar, taken an early opportunity to return thanks for the unconscious delivery of his consort. (1)

This institution, which reflects great credit on San Vicente and Valencia, contains one hundred boys and forty girls, who are admitted at the age of seven, and learn reading, writing, and accounts, until they are twelve. From that age to fourteen, they go out during the day to learn useful trades, and return to sleep in the institution. The usual cleanliness is remarkable, and their diet seems abundant and very good; the bread excellent, and they have meat and vegetables every day. They pay six dollars entrance-fee, and afterwards all expenses are paid for them.

The Botanic Garden of Valencia is pretty, with its orange-trees, palms, hedges of lemon-trees and roses, and many choice plants in the hothouses; and the fine view of the Moorish-looking gateway of the city (now a

(1) Doblado's Letters.

prison), with its two lofty and more than semicircular towers, with their bold machicolations and the watch-towers on the top—an entrance worthy the City of the Cid. The gate through which the conqueror entered Valencia, a simple arch, near the Church of the Temple, is paltry, in comparison to these towers of the fifteenth century. There are very interesting remains of the Moors in the Huerta—aqueducts and wells—showing the pains they took in irrigating the land; and a day may be devoted to their examination.

Excursions into the country, to the promenades, and the botanical garden, are delightful, as the streets are too narrow to enjoy the charming climate. I wonder more invalids do not spend their winters here, instead of those dull resorts, Nice and Pisa, where the climate is very inferior. Here there are galleries, an opera, which is not very bad; a casino, where there are English papers; and natural attractions, as well as agreeable and intellectual society. Good books may be got, for I observed many excellent booksellers' shops full of standard works, which one would certainly expect to find in a city which has produced so many scientific and literary men, and where, in 1474, the first press was erected in Spain, though Barcelona also lays claim to this honour. The earliest work was a collection of songs, composed for a poetical contest in honour of the Virgin, for the most part in the Limousin or Valencian dialect.⁽¹⁾ If, however, there were no resources, consumptive and nervous invalids could not select a better residence, as undoubtedly such a climate is not to be found in Europe. For five months they have scarcely had any rain until this week; and well may the watchmen who patrol the streets be called *serenos*, for seldom would they be justified in crying anything else but *serena*.

The Valencians are very much dissatisfied with the present taxes, which, they say, are generally heavier than they were in the time of Espartero, though the extraordinary demands then made to support the Carlist war raised the taxes in some years to as much, and often a great deal more, than what they now pay. There are few poor in the streets, though more than in Catalonia; agriculture and manufactures giving employment to all. The manufactory of azulejos, or tiles, is very interesting. The best is a short distance from Valencia, with a pretty garden attached

(1) Prescott's Ferdinand and Isabella, vol. ii., p. 489.

to it. The white ground of the tiles is clean and cool-looking in this hot climate. The flowers and figures are not so good as the more simple scrolls and mosaic Moorish patterns, which are frequently extremely beautiful. The price is generally from three pence to five pence a square of nine inches.

The silk manufactures are extensive; and in the cigar-manufacture alone, a Government establishment, three thousand women are employed, at 1s. and some at 1s. 3d. a-day. It was a singular sight to see such a number of them together in the immense galleries of this enormous building; but, as silence is not imposed, the clack of their tongues was as noisy as the rattle of the machinery in our large cotton-manufactories. Having a headache, I was glad to escape from such a Babel; but the glance I took was sufficient to satisfy me that the women of this class do not possess the attractions of the beautiful creatures I sometimes met in the Plaza of Santa Catalina, their favourite resort, and in the churches and streets, and still more frequently observed riding in their *tartanas*. The girls in the manufactory were darker, and had more of the Moorish blood, than the ladies of Valencia, who have frequently a light and ruddy complexion. If a very garrulous old woman, the first corset-maker in Valencia, is good authority, the higher classes are splendidly made; and certainly they appear to be deserving of this praise.

The commerce of Valencia with England is very trifling. There are two English merchants, but guano and a little hardware are now almost the only articles of importation, though large quantities of silk and raisins are exported in the autumn. The French and Geneva cottons, and articles of *vertu* and hardware, have the greatest sale, being cheaper than ours.

The *grao*, or port, is a bad sandy roadstead, and very exposed, which is a great drawback on the commerce of Valencia. The merchants have their depots there, which afford great facilities for smuggling. The drive to the *grao* is very delightful, through the beautiful Alameda.

The hotels are excellent. The Fonda del Cid, they say, is good; and the Posada de las Diligencias, Plaza de Villaraza, where we were, kept by an Italian, is as comfortable as could be desired. Excellent breakfasts, fish and meat, dinners of several courses, and

large rooms, for forty-eight reals (5s. a-day each).

There were a few fleas on the floors of the churches. An Arab poet called Valencia a terrestrial Paradise, but complained that there was one thing there which annoyed him, and put him out of humour, which was, that the fleas were continually dancing to the music of the mosquitoes. (1)

Mr. Ford says two or three days will amply suffice to see Valencia del Cid, and even contemplates travellers landing only for a few hours from the steamer. With great deference, I should say, that this is a place of all others to linger at. There is a fine school of paintings to study, noble works of art, a truly Spanish city, and so much to see, I should think it would be difficult to get through all in less than a week. We found ample occupation for ten days, for, as the proverb says, "Valencia is so full of beauty and delight, that a Jew might there forget Jerusalem."

CHAPTER VIII.

Departure from Valencia.—Xativa.—Fine Ruins.—Splendid View.—Mules.—Alicante.—Marquis Angolfi's Gallery.—Tartana.—Orihuela.—Elche surrounded with Palms.

MONSIEUR L—— and Monsieur B——, whose acquaintance we had made on the road from Perpignan to Barcelona, agreed to accompany us to Granada. The road is said to be quite safe; but as they are both gentlemanly and intelligent men, we were glad of such an agreeable acquisition to our party.

We left Valencia in the morning with great regret. Until one o'clock, our route lay through the rich plain, planted with a variety of trees like a garden. We passed through several small villages, and observed many others in the distance, looking extremely picturesque, with their large churches ornamented with domes and towers. The irrigation is very remarkable, a perfect network of little channels; and sometimes we saw portions of aqueducts, the works of the Moors. For a long time we had a view of the Lake of Albufera, which extends for about four leagues near the sea. The plain is bounded with fine ranges of mountains, and frequently the views were pretty of the villages, and their groves of palm-trees, and oranges, and more frequently the carob, olive, and mulberry-trees; the foreground

often consisting of aloes, prickly pears, and most picturesque peasants, with their shirts and kilt all of one piece, and covered with many-coloured blankets, folded in Arab fashion, gracefully around them, or hanging loose from their shoulders, leggings and sandals tied on with blue and other coloured ribbons. Some wore the red lazzaroni-shaped cap, others gay-coloured handkerchiefs; those in rather better circumstances had low-crowned flat velvet hats, with broad shovel borders and cockade; and others, again, conical-shaped hats, with extremely narrow borders; but beneath all these head-dresses such swarthy faces and bright eyes were seen, as Africa alone could match.

At Abareque we left the high road to Madrid, and turned more into the mountains. The cultivation of the land exhibits unwearied industry, fields above fields, in terraces. At different parts, where it is very hilly and therefore more difficult to irrigate, the contrast is very striking between the parched and almost barren soil, and the rich brilliant vegetation in the plain beneath. We soon afterwards crossed a small river, and arrived at a quarter-past four o'clock at San Felipe, a clean and Moorish-looking place, of sixteen thousand inhabitants. The Romans called the city Selabis, and the Moors gave it the more beautiful name of Xativa, but in the War of Succession, Berwick was so enraged at the heroic defence of the people, assisted by six hundred English, that he ordered the city to be razed, and changed the name to San Felipe.

The cathedral is building, and contains nothing remarkable but the grand altar, which is very fine, ornamented with ten enormous yellow marble columns. The situation of Xativa is magnificent, at the foot of a fine range of mountains, with a picturesque castle, fatiguing to reach on a hot day like this; but if the heat and fatigue were ten times greater, it should not be missed. The ruins of the castle are very extensive, and many parts of them evidently of the times of the Moors; the solidity of the tapia-work is extraordinary, and there are cisterns, and also arches circular and pointed, evidently very ancient. The small church, with its pointed arches, is more modern.

The view from the summit is really magnificent. The foreground is splendid, consisting of bold and almost perpendicular rocks, crowned with fortifications, wild shrubs growing in the crevices, and goats feeding

(1) Mohammedan Dynasties, p. 6.

on the scanty pasture; below lies the city, with its cathedral and other churches, and the more modern buildings mixed with orange and some few palm-trees; the old part, from the extreme narrowness of the streets, appears to be one mass of houses. Surrounding the city is an immense plain, perhaps the most verdant in the world, divided into small square fields, every one of them surrounded with its channel of water, planted on each side with a row of mulberry-trees, just now bursting into leaf. The contrast between their light-green foliage, and the rich deep colour of the corn and beans, is very striking, and has a beautiful effect. Beyond this plain are several villages, with their pretty churches, and fine ranges of mountains.

The hermitage of Santa Anna is situated on a picturesque hill, and the hermitage of La Murta is still more remarkable, perched on a magnificent high rocky hill, isolated in the middle of the plain, and around its base are the rice fields of Xativa. The distant view reaches over the Huerta of Valencia, and the metropolis itself is seen sparkling in the distance, and far away are the classic hills of Saguntum, and the Mediterranean. The view in the opposite direction forms a perfect contrast—wild rocky mountains, and a plain almost as barren, being nearly uncultivated; the inclination of the ground preventing its being irrigated. Not a village, or house, or any verdure perceptible—a flight of locusts might have passed over, and devoured every green thing.

We turned with still greater delight to the enchanting view of the rich gardens of San Felipe; and while gazing at this never-to-be-forgotten scene, the lapis-lazuli sky above and a glorious sunset, I thought of Ribera (Spagnoletto). This is a country to create a Claude, and yet here he was born, and spent his youth, until he went to Naples; but neither the bright blue skies of Spain or Italy, or the charms of Xativa, or the Campagna Felice, could dispel the moroseness of a genius which might have been engendered and formed within the walls of the Inquisition. Xativa, however, with all its beauty, was the birth-place of still greater horrors—the detestable family of the Borgias; and the infamous Cæsar, taken prisoner by Gonzalo di Cordova, was confined within these walls.

There was a curious procession in the streets to-night. A figure of Christ, splendidly arrayed in purple, and glittering with

silver and jewels, was carried by four men. Six soldiers in ancient dresses, with visors and spears, protected the image, and above thirty men followed, bearing large wax tapers. A man walked behind, blowing a long trumpet, others were chanting. There was a partial illumination in the town, every balcony had wax lights, and the procession-loving people seemed to enjoy greatly the scene.

Xativa was celebrated during the middle ages for its paper-mills, but the trade is now chiefly carried on in the neighbouring town of Alcoy. Mr. Gayangos says, the Spanish Arabs had the honour of introducing into Western Europe the manufacture and use of paper. There are, he says in the Escorial Library, several MSS. written in Spanish, as early as the tenth century, upon cotton paper, and specimens of linen paper abound likewise in MSS. of the following age. Idrisi, who wrote towards the middle of the twelfth century, mentions the city of "Xativa," as already famous for its manufactories of paper, which the Moors established in Spain, whence the art passed into France, Germany, and England. (1)

The Posada de las Diligencias is very good, and we had an excellent dinner; having, as usual, taken the precaution to warn them not to use their strong oil, saffron, garlic, and other Spanish abominations. There being no diligences beyond Xativa, we hired mules, and started at eight. Our route for two hours was very picturesque; along the bank of the river, through an immense amphitheatre of wild, barren, grey mountains, which, from the traces of terraces, appear to have been formerly extensively cultivated, but are now abandoned, except a few strips in the valley. We followed, for about six miles, an aqueduct constructed by the Moors, and so curiously, that if it had not been for the circular openings at intervals, to admit the air, we should scarcely have perceived it, being of the same colour as the grey rocks. We traced it to where the source gushes from the mountain, and heard the noise; but the grotto was carefully barricaded and locked. This aqueduct, worthy even of the Romans, now supplies Xativa with excellent water.

We soon afterwards left the river and village of Bahrouse (clearly an Arabic name), and had a wild ride for several hours, over

(1) Mohammedan Dynasties, p. 375.

extensive valleys, bounded by grey mountains. If it would but rain, which it has not done for months, the crops might spring up, and the country look verdant; but now the vales are as grey as the hills, and nothing can be more dreary. About two, we arrived at Concentayna, situated in a richer and more carefully cultivated plain, at the foot of a splendid range of mountains, with a picturesque old Moorish castle, on a steep rocky hill adjoining. This district has more inhabitants than any we have passed through to-day. The town seemed clean, and its calvary, planted with cypresses, was pretty.

In two hours we arrived at Alcoy, which is also beautifully situated in a gorge of the mountains, which rise boldly on each side; though, as we approached the town, it appeared built on the slope of the mountain, the streets rising picturesquely one above another. The town contains twenty thousand inhabitants, and has one straight good street; the others are narrow, as usual in Spain. I patronised the manufactory of paper, but not the sugar-plums, for which Alcoy is famous. The promenade is pretty, and ornamented with vases, in better taste than usual. Our muleteer took us to a *café*, and said it was the fonda; but we found only one room without beds. The landlord fortunately would not take us in for a single night; we went to the posada, the inn next in rank, where we found comfortable clean-looking rooms; but, as it is now Lent, nothing for dinner but bread, eggs, and good wine. When we had commenced our frugal repast, a Frenchman, who lives there, and had some sympathy for our travelling companions, Messrs. L— and B—, came in with a live hen under his cloak, which with difficulty he had procured; people being unwilling to sell or eat fowls on a fast day—and they seemed to look upon us as infidels for ordering it to be roasted for the morrow.

Southey, in his "Letters on Spain," (1) says, they sent their man to look for provisions, and he informed them it was a fast day, and he could not buy rabbits openly, but he would bring them home under his cloak. Nearly half a century has passed away, but Spain is unchanged.

Our beds were clean and comfortable, which is a greater luxury than a good dinner; but they charged enormously for the few things they gave us.

(1) P. 169.

Leaving at eight this morning, the first part of our journey was very interesting over the fine mountain pass of St. Antonio, the views, looking back on Alcoy in the narrow valley, and the two grand ranges of mountains, are very fine. When we first came in sight of the sea, before arriving at Xixona, the view is magnificent; not verdant, but wild and grand, the outline of the mountains particularly fine, but the plains as yellow as the hills for want of water. Xixona seemed a busy little town, as it was market-day, and the groups of peasants in their picturesque cloaks were such as Murillo would have been delighted with; though few of the women were good-looking. After leaving this place, we passed through a very arid region, beds of rivers without a drop of water, plains as destitute of vegetation as the hills; and this aridity seemed to increase as we approached Alicante. For six years they say their harvests have failed; they sow, but no rain falls, and the whole country is a barren wilderness. A few olive and carob-trees are scattered over the plains, and the contrast of their green foliage and the bright yellow burnt-up fields is very remarkable. As the outline of the mountains is always fine, these views have a certain grandeur, and a colouring, which reminded me of the East, especially when occasionally we had palm-trees and cypresses in the foreground, and Oriental picturesque groups squatted on the ground in their blankets.

We arrived at six in the evening safe and sound, which was certainly a matter of congratulation, as out of five mules, the only one which did not stumble was the poor beast which was charged the heaviest; having to carry me on one side of its back, and Mrs. H—, with a balance of a few carpet bags, on the other. It was a comfortable and sociable way of travelling, seated in two easy chairs. At the gates we were stopped by custom-house officers, and one accompanied us to examine our luggage at the hotel; but as soon as he had turned the corner of the street, out of sight of his superiors, and the inquisitive crowd, he took a bribe, and wished us good evening.

Romans, Greeks, Goths, Moors, Spaniards, and English have ruled in the picturesque and once strong castle which guards Alicante. The town is pretty. The view from the pier, of the white clean houses; the fine, isolated, yellow rock, with its fortifications and castle on the summit; and, in the distance, the

grand range of mountains, is very striking ; but all is as barren as the wilderness. For eighteen months, they have not had a quarter of an hour's rain ; six times the peasants have sowed their grain, and the harvests failed. Upwards of one thousand of the inhabitants have gone over to Algiers, though the Government do their best to prevent emigration, preferring, I suppose, that they should stay at home and starve. The taxes, they say, are increased every year, and the greatest misery exists in all the rural districts. The Town Hall is a handsome building, the promenade very pretty, and there seems to be plenty of good shops. In the miserable port, which affords little protection, and is nothing better than a roadstead, there are now only a few sloops and fishing-boats.

The trade with England is diminished rather than increased by the new tariff, in consequence of the duty on salt fish being now higher than it was. In 1847, nineteen English vessels entered the port ; in 1848, eight ; in 1849, nine ; and not one has entered this year. The trade with France is also very trifling.

The Marquis d'Angolfi's gallery consists of a thousand pictures, in a splendid suite of rooms, handsomely furnished, the floors covered with beautiful tapestry, which it is a pity to tread upon ; but the Marquis has certainly no space for it on his walls, which are entirely covered with pictures, of different schools ; his Italian paintings seemed to be mostly copies. There were some tolerable Snyders, and a Deposition from the Cross, by Rubens, a well-finished study from the great painting at Antwerp ; but the colouring was not such as to convince me it was by that master.

Among the Spanish paintings, there are some good ones by March ; a splendid Orrente, a tall noble figure of our Saviour, as the Good Shepherd, with a sheep on his shoulders and a flock around him. The expression of our Saviour and the colouring are admirable ; and certainly it is the finest Orrente I ever saw. There is also an excellent painting in this collection of the patron saint of Burgos. The Marquis calls it a Murillo, which is, however, very questionable. There is a pretty little painting, by Alonso Cano, of the Virgin watching our Saviour sleeping. It is very Titian-like in the colouring, though rather paler, and is a very sweet composition. The Marquis is extremely civil, and shows

his gallery himself to all strangers who send their cards and fix a time for calling.

The Posada del Vapore is good, and the wine of Alicante very fair, but sweet. We ordered a large Alpujarras ham for our journey, which proved most useful. At one o'clock, after getting our passports signed by the English Consul, who was very obliging, we started for Elche. The hand-book says there is a diligence ; but, on inquiry, we found it was nothing better than a covered cart, without springs, which would contain about a dozen. We, therefore, hired a *tartana* ; and though we had only one horse, it fortunately turned out to be an exceedingly good one.

Nothing could be more miserable than the first four hours of our route—a desert without the grandeur of the desert, the hand of man is seen everywhere ; fields carefully cultivated, but now as yellow as the Saharah. When the palm-groves of Elche burst upon us, it was as delightful as approaching the Oasis Magna after crossing the desert from Thebes ; and truly the Valencians may be proud of their Elche. As Mr. Ford says, "There is only one Elche in Europe." Thousands and tens of thousands of palms surround a city, which, with its flat roofs, is quite Oriental. The men with their Moorish features, and blankets twisted round them, differ little from Bedouins. How graceful and beautiful is the palm, with its lofty stem, its feathery leaves waving and rustling with the breeze, and the young bushy shoots at its foot. The yellow fruit contrasts well with the green foliage, and when there are thousands of these together, one rising more lofty than another, nothing can be more charming. The palms are very productive, the profit of each tree being from two to four dollars annually. When they have no fruit, the leaves still yield a considerable return, being used for processions on Palm Sunday, and are afterwards fastened to the balconies, to protect (they say) the houses from lightning.

The town is very long, generally clean, and contains eighteen thousand inhabitants. We went to the church of Santa Maria, but, as some religious ceremony was going on, they would not let us mount the tower to see the view. I sallied forth with my pencil, to get a sketch of my old friends, the palms, but I soon lost myself in a forest of them ; and it was only on leaving, the next day, that I saw the view from the bridge, which is truly

Oriental, and reminded me most vividly of Eastern lands.

We left Elche at eight o'clock in the morning, in the tartana, having hired a couple of donkeys to diminish the fatigue of the journey, the motion of this Spanish vehicle being detestable on a rough road; but no saddles were to be got for the animals, and we had to make them of our cloaks and coats. After leaving the palm-groves, we entered the immense plain, which, like a desert, surrounds this oasis, and passed several neat-looking farms, the owners of which had emigrated to Africa, to escape the drought of Europe. It is difficult to conceive anything more wretched than these parched plains, which require but rain to be the most fruitful in the world. Clouds, which must be tantalizing to the peasants, sometimes fly about as they did to-day, and we had rain for half an hour, but it was only partial, and we waded the rest of the day through dust as thick as the sand is generally in the deserts in Africa.

At eight o'clock we came to the village of Aboulada, which at a distance is very picturesque, with its church, ornamented with two towers and a dome, backed by a magnificent range of mountains, on which the light from a cloudy sky played so beautifully, that at times they seemed covered with snow. The flat roofs of the houses, the palm-trees, prickly pears, and the picturesque peasants wrapped in their blankets, and dark as Egyptians, almost persuaded me that I must be in the East.

We arrived at half-past eleven at Orihuela, the Orceles of the Goths and Auriwelah of the Moors. Theodomir, the Gothic Prince, after an obstinate battle with the Arabs, in which his forces were utterly routed, fled here, and, deceiving Abdu-l-Aziz by dressing up the women as soldiers, made a show of resistance, which obtained terms that are worth mentioning, as they exhibit the liberality and generosity of the Moors, and account for their rapid conquest of this powerful country.

"In the name of the merciful God, Abdu-l-Aziz makes peace, and stipulates, that Theodomir shall not be disturbed in his principality; that no attempt shall be made against his life, property, wives, children, religion, or the Christian churches; that Theodomir shall deliver up the seven towns of Orihuela, Valentola, Alicante, Mola, Vacasora, Bigerra, Ora, and Lorca; that he shall not

succour or receive the enemies of the Caliph, but he shall communicate faithfully what he shall know of their hostile intentions; that he shall pay yearly, as well as every Goth of a noble family, one piece of gold, four measures of wheat, four of barley, a certain quantity of honey, oil, and vinegar; and that the tax upon each of their vassals shall be half of this contribution.

"Done the 4th of Regeb, in the 94th year of the Hegira (5th of April, 715.)" Signed by four Moors as witnesses. (1)

Orihuela is still a large town, of twenty-six thousand inhabitants, and, with its flat roofs and palm-trees, is from some points very picturesque. We observed several deserted convents; we visited one called the College of St. Dominick, and magnificent it must formerly have been. Two courts are decorated with corridors in the Italian style; the inner court is in better taste than the first, the arches more elaborately decorated. The chapel is curious and richly ornamented, but, as usual, with little taste; the carved coverings of the loggie are, however, worth observing. In the refectory, a handsome room, there is a collection of vile paintings; among the hundreds, I distinguished only three or four small ones which appeared tolerable. None of the churches are worth visiting, though two of them had rather good pointed arched entrances. Some of the windows of the houses on the ground-floor are covered with lattices of a very Eastern form, and every room to the front has its iron balcony, an indispensable requisite for a Spaniard. There you see the women with their black eyes, chattering and gossiping, and the men sometimes enjoying their cigars.

On leaving Orihuela, we had a fine view of the place, and particularly of a deserted convent, grandly situated in the midst of prickly pear trees, backed by noble hills in which there appeared to be caves. Prickly pears abound from Orihuela to Murcia, and are planted frequently in rows, and often fields of them are enclosed with hedges of aloes. Several villages we passed were surrounded with these extraordinary plantations, and looked very pretty with their thatched roofs, and groups of picturesque peasants.

These thatched cottages, instead of the more Oriental flat roofs, remind us we are now bidding adieu to the kingdom of Valen-

cia. A Spaniard says : "Los Valencianos son gente jovial, alegre, ingeniosa, aplicada à las letras, ligeros, dados à danzas, bayles y otras pruebas de ligereza." The Spaniard's character of the Valencians being jovial, gay, ingenious, studious, light, fond of dancing and all the exercises that require activity, is quite evident on the surface, both in the capital and in the provinces. Mr. Ford, the best authority on these subjects, says : "that, in the darker shades of character, the Valencians resemble both their Celtiberian and Carthaginian ancestors, and are cunning, perfidious, vindictive, sullen and mistrustful, fickle and treacherous." From my own experience in travelling through the country, and in various dealings for pictures, I should call them cunning and mistrustful in the extreme, but I hope I have not experienced their treachery.

The numerous crosses we have passed on the road, recording as many murders, are proofs how vindictive or passionate they are. All, however, agree that the higher classes are the most polished in Spain, and certainly their urbanity, and soft elegant language, form a striking contrast to the rough Castilians with their harsh dialect. When also I see before me a list of about thirty men, distinguished for science and literature, theologians, astronomers, philosophers, historians, poets, orators, besides the great painters I have mentioned, and other artists of considerable merit, I cannot but feel that the bad name which the Valencians certainly have in Spain (where, however, it is the fashion to abuse their neighbours) is relieved by much that is deserving of admiration. I am glad also to record an act of disinterestedness, though perhaps it may be suspected to be Spanish pride.

The gentleman who assisted me in the purchase of the Peluquero's San Juan had been with us several days in the churches, museum, etc. Being aware that he was wretchedly poor, having lost his employment when Narvaez succeeded Espartero, and his little estate, owing to the drought, yielding nothing, I took this opportunity of compensating him for his trouble, and offered him a good commission, insisting that he was entitled to it, but with great firmness and equal good-humour he declined my offer.

About an hour before arriving at Murcia, we passed Monte Agudo, where there is a most picturesque Moorish castle on an isolated hill. The situation is very fine, and the

numerous towers in good preservation are very imposing at a distance. Soon we entered the rich plain of Murcia, which appeared a delicious garden after the dreary wastes we had crossed during the day. "Lluvia o no lluvia, Murcia siempre trigo."—(Rain or no rain, Murcia has always her crops of grain.) And such splendid crops I never saw in Europe at this season of the year; art producing here what nature never does, a perpetual spring. The fine tower of the cathedral rises above the lofty palms and the groves of mulberry-trees. At the entrance we went through the same farce as at Alicante. An officer accompanied us to our hotel, to examine our luggage, but at the door he received a couple of pesetas, and saved us further trouble.

This is a truly Spanish way of plundering travellers, less dangerous, as Southey says, than stopping them on the high road, and less humiliating to their pride, though certainly not less disgraceful, than begging. The system of octroi duties, which seems to be a constant accompaniment of the Bourbon dynasties, affords them the opportunity.

CHAPTER IX.

Murcia.—The Cathedral.—View from the Tower.—San Nicolas.—Streets.—Religious Processions on Good Friday.—Gallery of Don José Maria Estor.

MURCIA is one of the smallest kingdoms in Spain, but its excellent port of Cartagena, the new Carthage, attracted the Carthaginians. Though the inhabitants of this city have always enjoyed the reputation of being the most illiterate in the Peninsula, in the War of Succession they showed they were not destitute of courage. Having sided with Philip V., and the town being open and incapable of defence against the Archduke, Luis de Belluga, the Bishop, who commanded the people, opened the reservoirs, cut the canals, and, turning the river Segura, inundated the country, so that the Archduke could not advance, and the Bishop, marching at the head of a little army he had raised, seized Orihuela, and laid siege to Cartagena, which he compelled to surrender. Murcia suffered like its neighbours in the Peninsular war. The modern capital was entirely built by the Arabs with the materials of a Roman city in the neighbourhood, and Abu-l-feda says that this took place during the reign of the Beni Umeyyah dynasty at Cordova. (1)

(1) Mohammedan Dynasties, p. 377.

The cathedral tower should be ascended to appreciate fully the beauty of the situation of this city. The tower is richly decorated with Ionic pilasters, with arabesque designs on the shafts, and niches with circular arches. Though wanting in simplicity the effect at a distance of the tower upon tower, and lantern on the summit, is very imposing. The ascent is easy; an inclined plane, three hundred and twenty paces long, well lighted, and gradually increasing in steepness, leads to the top of the first tower, where there is a gallery, from which the view may be seen, though a high balustrade rather impedes it. A narrow staircase of forty steps conducts to the belfry, and there are seventy steps more to the highest gallery, where indeed the view is magnificent.

On one side, the river Segura winds through a rich plain—the al-Bostan, the garden of the Moors—and soon after passes under the handsome bridge, forming a cascade; the Molinos del Martir, the church and gardens of the Carmen, and a fine range of mountains beyond. On the other side, the picturesque village of Monte Aguda, with its Moorish castle, which we passed yesterday, and Orihuela in the distance, and another fine range of mountains, which almost joins the range on the opposite side, the plain between them being bounded by the horizon apparently for only a mile or two.

The foreground to this fine distant view is the city, with its domes and churches, and one of the richest plains in the world, covered with mulberry and various fruit-trees, graceful palms and cypresses occasionally rising above them, and cottages, villages, and churches with their towers, sprinkled amongst the luxuriant foliage.

The city is one mass of houses, so narrow are the streets; but sometimes there are little squares and gardens filled with beauteous palms, orange, lemon trees and cypresses. The various colours of the painted houses, pink and blue predominating, add greatly to their pictorial effect. They had almost all little ladders leading to their flat roofs, which seem to be nearly as much used in Murcia as in the East.

I was delighted with this view, but, in admiring the bright tints and gorgeous Oriental colouring, I could not but confess how much is due to climate. The atmosphere of a Claude makes all his paintings beautiful, and perhaps this view would be less charming, if it were not for the inspiring elasticity of

the balmy air and the glorious blue canopy above.

The *façade* of the cathedral is in a churrigueresque style, with Virgins and Saints *ad nauseam*, and a frightful concave or receding centre. A part of the interior is tolerable Gothic, with pointed arches; but what is good can with difficulty be seen. At the entrance, circular arches support a dome, and in the aisles there is a mixture of circular and pointed arches. The cathedral contains few works of art. In the chapel of St. Joseph there is a very good Holy Family, with two Angels. Some call it here a copy of Raphael. The expression of the Madonna resembles Correggio, and is extremely beautiful; but I think it is a Joanes, in the style of the Holy Family in the church of San Andres at Valencia, but not quite so Raphaelesque in style.

The chapel of the Marquis Villafranco is remarkable for its rich stone carvings, in the plateresque style. Over the altar is a tolerable painting; the others were covered. In the chapel of the Corpus Domini there is a good Madonna and Child, and a large painting of the Marriage of Joseph and Mary. It is called a Joanes by Mr. Ford, though here they consider it to be a copy of Raphael. It is not, however, in the best style of Joanes, and I have some doubts of its being by the great Valencian. In the choir there is excellent carving and some paintings, which are tolerable; a Madonna and Child, which is not a bad painting, though not by Murillo, as they say it is. In the chapel of the Sanctuary is a group in marble, not badly executed, of the Virgin, Child, and St. John, and below, a half-figure of the Devil laying his claws on the Virgin, to the great alarm of St. John. In the sacristia there is some beautiful carving, an excellent bust, and half-figures of angels supporting them, and various Raphaelesques. The silver custodia was not visible, as the keys were not there; but they showed us the silver lamps of the grand altar, which are very large and handsome, and the front of the altar is richly decorated with busts and figures in silver. Close adjoining there is a curious old tomb.

In the church of San Nicolas is a charming little statue in wood of St. Antonio, by Alonso Cano. The Saint is dressed in his Capuchin robe, and nothing can be more mild and simple than the expression of his countenance; the naked child which he bears in his arms is also exquisitely beautiful. It is the Flaxman-

like simplicity of this group which is its great charm.

In the chapel of St. Ignatius, in the same church, is a very good group, also carved in wood, of Joseph and the Infant Jesus, by Mala. The child is particularly well done. I observed also a St. Roche, which appears to be by Ribalta.

The streets of Murcia are very narrow, but the Plateria is flagged the whole length, and is regularly built and straight. The effect is very picturesque of the gay shops, the lofty houses almost meeting, and every window with its balcony. The Calle Mayor is also a good street, but the most picturesque point is near the bridge, where the view is charming of the winding river, the beautiful little promenade of the Glorietta on its banks, the quay, and on the other side the fine range of mountains, and the church of the Carmen and the promenade della Florida Blanca, so called from a statue of the Marquis of that name, who from a low rank raised himself by his talents to the post of Minister to Charles III., and six years ago this statue was erected to the only great man this Dunciad state ever produced. Travellers may well pay homage to his memory, as, amongst other obligations, Spain is indebted to him for her best roads and most commodious public conveyances. The willows in the garden are pretty, and it abounds in seats.

It happened, fortunately for us, to be Good Friday, and the Murcians excelling all other Spaniards in their fondness for processions, we had an opportunity of seeing the best which is exhibited in the year. At ten o'clock all Murcia was in the streets; crowds of well-dressed pretty women, many of them tall and stout, and the mantilla, so becoming to all, giving additional charms to those even who did not require its assistance, and still greater numbers of gentlemen—an indifferent heavy-looking set—all wrapped up in their mantles this hot day, as if it had been the depth of winter. The people, however, interested me most; the women wore gay handkerchiefs, and gowns of every variety of colour, reaching to very little below their knees, and the men were wrapped up in their blankets of many colours, chiefly red and yellow, with a deep gay fringe of tassels. Their white kilts were somewhat similar, but not so full, as those worn by the Albanians, and their cotton leggings, rude sandals, and often gay handkerchiefs on their heads, were very striking. Dressed in

these costumes, and with features frequently as swarthy as an Egyptian's, one can conceive nothing in Europe more like the Moors, and the palm-trees and latticed windows increased the delusion.

The groups they formed were highly picturesque, and not less so were the crowds of beggars with garments scarcely hanging together. For miles round the people have flocked into Murcia to see the great annual function, and truly, for a sight-loving people, it must have been a glorious treat. The procession was headed by a company of soldiers marching in order, and then a number of children dressed in lilac robes, with high pointed caps on their heads, as long as themselves, and jingling bells; these they called Nazarenos, and certainly some who could hardly walk were Nazarenos "in whom there could be no guile." Others of a larger growth followed, with rich lace ruffles and cuffs, then a band of music (though not the best in the world), playing a solemn march. Then came a great number of men in long lilac robes, which covered their faces, except their eyes, and, reaching to their naked feet, were bound at their waists with thick ropes; these were penitents of all ranks, doomed to this penance during the past year, and certainly not a light one, for each man bore a heavy cross, and glad they seemed to rest it on the ground when the procession stopped. Then came trumpeters; afterwards, a beautiful representation of the Last Supper, figures large as life, and really well executed, carried by two dozen men on a splendidly gilt litter, decorated most beautifully with a profusion of artificial flowers and gilt ears of corn. This was followed by more penitents, bearing crosses, and another band of music. Then came a representation of the scene in the garden, the three Apostles, and the Angel succouring Christ, who was splendidly dressed; this litter was also gorgeously decorated with gilding, flowers, and a real palm-tree with its fruit. Then followed more than two score of penitents, bearing crosses as before, and after them a band of music, and a litter with a group representing the taking of Jesus. Judas kissing Christ, and Peter cutting off the ear of the High Priest's servant with his sword. This was carried, like all the others, by a score of men, and was splendidly adorned with flowers, and in the centre a real olive-tree. Then again came a quantity of penitents, and afterwards a representation of the flagellation, two men

scourging our Saviour, and this litter was equally tastefully decorated with flowers. A body of penitents followed, and a band of music, and then a representation of Christ bearing his Cross, cleverly executed. Then an immense number of penitents, and a beautiful image of the Veronica, bearing in her hands a rich veil, on which the head of our Saviour was represented. The platform on which she was carried was most tastefully adorned with flowers, and gilt ears of corn. Then followed a great number of soldiers in armour, with spears, and they went through evolutions, as of spearing, in time to a band which accompanied them. Afterwards appeared the Crucifixion, nailing Christ to a Cross which lay on the litter, and this was also equally gorgeously and tastefully decorated with flowers, and gold and silver lamps. Then there was a procession of priests, and a few gentlemen, followed by above one hundred penitents, two abreast, as before; and an exquisite image of the Virgin, with her litter most tastefully adorned with flowers and lamps. When this representation appeared, all bowed, and many flung themselves on their knees, and every hat was doffed.

Being engaged in observing minutely the figure of the Virgin, I did not for two or three minutes conform to this custom; but the murmurs of the bigoted crowd, and the dangerously savage looks of some of the penitents, who from the similarity of their dresses, covered faces, and great numbers, might without any fear of detection have inflicted summary punishment on me, very soon brought me to order, and made me more mindful for the future of the greater homage that is paid in Spain to the image of the Madonna, than to the representations of our Saviour. A crowd of penitents, and another company of soldiers marching in order, closed a procession which certainly excelled anything I ever saw in Rome, though I have frequently seen the functions of the Holy Week, and also the funerals of two Popes. The figures were all, as I have said, as large as life, very well executed and painted, and the decorations of flowers really exquisite. The litters reminded me rather of the splendid religious procession on the walls of Medeenet Abou, at Thebes, and the general effect of the procession, of the admiring crowd, and of the solemn music, was very imposing, especially when on the appearance of the Virgin every head or knee was bent.

But what a subject to make a show of! I must say, the expressions, "How pretty!" "How beautiful!" which I heard around me, grated harshly on my ear. How dreadful to think, that in a city of only thirty-five thousand inhabitants, fifteen hundred men (such I am informed was the number), many of them of respectable station, should be found to submit to the penance of carrying a heavy cross for several hours, walking on their bare feet over rough pavements. In the evening there was another procession by torchlight, which may be said to be a continuation of the other. First came a number of persons, many of them gentlemen, walking two abreast, bearing torches, accompanied by a number of ragged urchins, picking up the wax falling from their lights on the pavement. As this wax is considered to have marvellous properties, and sells often at a very high price, it is a little fortune to them. After these a representation of our Saviour lying in the Tomb, which was gorgeously gilt and decorated, and accompanied with muffled drums. Then followed a representation of Mary. Afterwards another, of Mary returning from the tomb, still more beautiful; the litters were splendidly decorated with flowers and gilding, and illuminated with beautiful lamps. Then came three priests gorgeously dressed, and gentlemen carrying lights. Afterwards the Captain-General, the governor of the province, a fine military-looking man, attended by a brilliant staff. A good band followed, and a regiment of foot soldiers. Afterwards a regiment of cavalry, with their commander at their head.

The effect of this procession was finer than the other, being by torchlight. I saw it from a balcony in the long straight street of the Plateria, which was crowded to excess; and as every window in a house has its balcony, and they were all filled, the effect was very imposing. I walked in the street and observed many pretty faces on the balconies of the first floors, which were reserved for ladies only. A French silversmith and watchmaker, whose house we were in, and who had every window full of his best customers, said it was not etiquette to go where the ladies were, and talk to them, but as a stranger, I might go, under pretence of seeing Mrs. H—. I availed myself of the permission, and found several pretty and lively women, who, so far from being offended at my presence, overwhelmed me with their civilities and questions about England.

The Murcians have the reputation of being a stupid race, and apparently they deserve this character. The Frenchman said, "I am but a watchmaker, but at the casino, on every point of history or common topic of information, I find myself an oracle compared to the Murcian nobles and gentlemen." They live in wretchedly furnished houses, and on a very poor starving diet; but then they dress well and appear gay on the promenades, and that is their idea of happiness.

Our companions, MM. L—— and B——, ascertained that their grand display of silks and satins and rich lace mantillas was merely outside show, and that most of the ladies debarred themselves of even the comfort of wearing chemises; and being curious on the subject, they examined the bundles of clothes washing in the streams, and declared such luxuries were never to be seen, reminding me of the ladies described by Goldsmith in one of his letters, who would have a train, though they wanted a petticoat.

The men are jealous, and the women, they say, of easy virtue, and so inflammable, the custom of avoiding propinquity on balconies or elsewhere is very requisite; but the knife is not used now as it used to be five or six years ago.

Much art cannot be expected in a province which has scarcely produced a single good artist or man of talent of any kind, except Orrente, who was born at Montealegre, so near the kingdom of Valencia, that he may almost be considered a Valencian artist. There is, however, here a very excellent gallery, belonging to Don José Maria Estor; and, what is surprising in Spain, with a printed catalogue. (1)

We left Murcia at five o'clock in the morning, and, passing through the rich plain, were soon in a desert; and at eight arrived at Lebrilla, and in an hour afterwards we passed the village of Alhama to our right, picturesquely situated on a rocky hill, and the Sierra rising behind, almost perpendicular, like a mighty wall. At eleven o'clock we arrived at Totana, and at three at Lorca, a large straggling town, of twenty-two thousand inhabitants, with some good houses and a cathedral, Italian in its style, and containing only one painting of any merit, a St.

Joseph and Child, which appears to be of the school of Ribalta. The Moorish castle on the hill is picturesque at a distance, and the

view from it is very fine of the rich huerta, surrounded with what is now a desert, but what would be the richest plain in the world if they had but water. For seventeen months before last week they had had no rain, and now the bed of the river Sangonera is quite dry.

The mountains are extremely picturesque, especially those towards the bleak Sierra, which are wildly broken; and, being volcanic, the colouring is beautiful, rich browns and reds forming striking contrasts to the generally light sandy tint of the distant range. The town is very dismal-looking; the tiles of the roofs are of light brown, and the houses are almost of as dingy a colour. There does not appear one straight street, all of them twisting and turning in every direction; nor do there seem to be any palm, orange, or other trees mingled with them. From the castle, no town can appear more wretched, and yet the view on the whole is grand from its very wildness, and the road to the castle, through a mass of prickly pears, is characteristic. It was in this neighbourhood, Condé says, the Cid beat Mohammed, the King of Seville, who was obliged to take refuge within the walls of Lorca.

The peasants here wear brown-coloured blankets for mantas, and both handkerchiefs and caps on their heads, as the Orientals heap one tarboosh on another to protect them from the sun. The diligence we came in from Murcia was, in appearance, nothing but a covered cart or galera, without springs, but we came along at a good pace, more than six miles an hour. To-morrow we shall be obliged to take a galera to Granada (having it, however, all to ourselves); not a horse, or carriage, or mule or saddle to be hired here. Our Posada St. Vicente afforded us clean beds, but we had such a wretched dinner, we could hardly touch anything they served us. The people were gipsies, and I was imprudently taking out my purse as the landlady was leaving the room. I observed she lingered to see the contents in a very suspicious manner. In consequence of the extreme misery in the country, which the long series of dry weather has necessarily created, the streets are full of beggars; and travellers with luggage, and an appearance of any wealth, in this rarely visited route, are a novelty, and certainly a strong temptation. The houses have all the lower windows covered with iron railings, a modification of the

(1) An account of the principal paintings in this gallery will be found in Appendix B.

Oriental lattices, but sufficiently impassable to satisfy Spanish or even Moorish jealousy.

There is generally a barber attached to all the large posadas in Spain, or at all events there always appears to be one about when travellers arrive, and, having frequently been asked whether I required their assistance, I availed myself of the offer here, and certainly it was extraordinary how well he did his work, with very rude instruments. He was as loquacious as Figaro, and would have it that no country in the world was so productive as Lorca, the crops of wheat returning a hundred-fold; but he did not speak so well of the inhabitants.

We left Lorca at four o'clock, in a vehicle which was nothing better than a covered cart; but, as the road was tolerable, we found, from the machine being heavier, that it was much easier than the tartana.

As we were starting, we were pleased with some beautiful chanting, from a Rosario, or procession of labourers, who were paying this simple homage to the Virgin Mary. The solemn air in the stillness of the morning was very impressive, and we could not but feel some admiration for a custom, which rouses them from their beds so early, and is so good a preparation for the worldly business of the day.

Our route after leaving the cultivated ground was over a perfect desert, with a chain of mountains bordering each side of the plain, and close to them, on the right, I observed a Moorish castle. In three hours we arrived at Puerta de Lombreros, where we breakfasted at a miserable venta, on a fowl and our excellent ham, which we had fortunately in our basket, for in the venta, as the hostess said, "There was nothing." Being a *fête* day at Lorca, we met a number of peasants all gaily dressed. One of them was a remarkably fine man, and many of them were very handsome.

The peasants of Murcia are physically very superior to the higher classes, even making every allowance for their more picturesque costume, but such a dress would make any people look well; and then they are such civil, good-humoured, obliging fellows, one cannot but like them. After leaving the Puerta, we entered into the wide dry bed of a river, along which our road lay the remainder of the day. In winter, if it were to rain hard, there could be no road to Granada. Nothing could be more dreary than this winding path, though sometimes the rocks on each side

were picturesque, but generally dismally monotonous. The hills, which rise on each side of the river to the height of two or three hundred feet, were in many places terraced and cultivated; but the dreadful drought had prevented the crop from rising, except in a few places, where a greenish tint showed that the corn had taken root, but was not likely to reach maturity. How different from the rich fields of Murcia and Lorca, where the grain was already in ear. Few habitations were to be seen, and frequently we travelled miles without seeing a house or any vegetation, except occasionally a few pale olives, and now and then an almond-tree. The parched ground prepared for the crops was of the same grey colour as the bed of the river; nature truly in mourning, and the people destitute. The only travellers we met were peasants with asses laden with corn for the starving cities of Murcia, and picturesque these little caravans were, with their gay costumes and sometimes guitars. On the hills we occasionally saw a few shepherds, as wild as their goats.

Here we bade adieu to Murcia, and entered the renowned kingdom of Granada, undoubtedly the most interesting in all Spain for the beautiful scenery and the splendid remains; but it is necessary to take an interest in the war of Granada and the gallant Moors, to appreciate fully this part of our tour, where city after city reminds us of their glorious deeds and sad misfortunes.

As we approached Velez el Rubio, the bed of the river became much narrower, and, an hour before arriving, our route lay through a narrow gorge, scarcely allowing space for the cart to pass, dreadfully rough, and even at times rather dangerous. The first view of Velez is fine, with its church with a dome and two towers, and picturesque ranges of mountains bounding the plain. This is an old Moorish town; but after the taking of Malaga, frightened with the horrors of that siege, the inhabitants opened their gates to Ferdinand, who treated them better than Sebastiani did in 1810, though no defence was then made. The town itself is not large (only twelve thousand inhabitants), and seems to contain nothing remarkable. We wandered out to sketch, which we could scarcely accomplish, from the crowd which collected around us. Mrs. H— was fairly mobbed; they got before her, and so prevented her drawing, that she was obliged to give up, and came to me with a score of boys

and girls and grown-up peasants at her heels. A bonnet had not been seen for ages in the place, and drawing was apparently as great a mystery to them, for she found me with an equal number of peasants of all ages; but I had entered into conversation, and put them in good humour by praising their city, and they squatted down on the ground, rising occasionally to see how I was getting on, and amusing me with their criticisms on my performance, and their ambition to figure in the foreground.

The news of our arrival spread through the city, and a deputation waited on me, and with great gravity presented a letter for some Englishman, which had been many months at the post-office, and they concluded that of course it must be for me. We had two or three creepers in our beds, for the first time in Spain.

We left Velez el Rubio at half-past five o'clock, and were very soon in a dry bed of a river again, and in four hours halted at the miserable village of Chiroval, where, in a still more miserable venta, we breakfasted on the provisions of our basket—cold fowl and ham, and a cup of tea. Water, hot and cold, can be procured at the ventas, but never milk. After leaving Chiroval, the road is wild, dreary, and uninteresting, though the hills on each side of the plain were sometimes picturesque in their form. The road is tolerable through this wide valley, which gradually becomes more cultivated, and the mountain range, on our right, rather fine. There has been rain here, and the crops are springing up, and the land is rather rich near the village of Costadar, which we passed on our left. Soon after leaving that place, we had a fine view of the Sierra of Baza, a grand mountain chain, the summits almost covered with snow. At six o'clock we arrived at Cullar de Baza, a most extraordinary village, of between five and six thousand inhabitants, situated in a ravine, which twists in different directions among rocks, in which are excavated half the habitations of the place. I observed occasionally three stories of them, one above another, each story receding to admit of conical chimneys being made for every dwelling. Little paths lead up and down these rocks in every direction, and the views were not only curious but picturesque, from the mixture of rude cottages and these singular caves, most of them with their wooden doors, and some with porticos, and wild-looking peasants reposing beneath them. Above

the town is a long hill, richly cultivated, and on it a ruin, with a dome and tower, the work of the Moors, and beyond, a fine range of mountains, partly covered with snow. These caves in the rocks reminded me of the Western Mountain at Thebes, where numbers of the peasants live in similar excavations, formerly Egyptian tombs.

As we approached the town, we saw some peasants, admirably made, trying which could hurl the farthest heavy balls of lead; one crossed our path, and it was fortunate it passed under our mule's legs without breaking them.

To-day we change our cart, or small galera, for a regular full-sized galera. I must add, that it has been more tolerable than I expected, though the pace never exceeded three miles an hour. In the plaza where our posada is situate, I observed a number of noble-looking peasants; but the gay costumes of the Murcians and Valencians are now changed for more sober colours. Our inn was good, but we had a few fleas on the floor. They gave us chops and fried potatoes for dinner.

Early this morning we saw a crowd of peasants coming out of the little church, dressed in black and white, and yellow-striped blankets; some of them were very fine-looking men. There were also a great many women, chiefly with red shawls on their heads, and gowns of every gay colour. As the rain came down in torrents, we did not start till six o'clock. The first part of the road was very steep, and extremely difficult for the mules, on account of the mud, and loud were the vociferations of the mayoral and the zagal, shouting the names of the mules—"Commisario," (the name of the first); "Generale," (the second); "Valorosa," (the third); "Valeroso," (the fourth); "Gerona," (the fifth), and "Plateria," (the sixth), and when their names were called with a loud voice, dwelling, as they always did, with prolonged emphasis on the last syllable, without even the blow from a stick or a stone, which frequently followed, they always accelerated their pace in answer to the call. When we had the small galera, the six were fastened to it in a line, one after the other; now we have changed that conveyance for a regular galera, they are harnessed two abreast.

After ascending the hill, we entered on a wild uncultivated plain, and I left the galera, and walked for ten miles through this dreary

wilderness, without any other vegetation but clumps of rushes, to Baza. The distant view of this old Moorish city is very beautiful, situated on the slope of a hill, glittering in the sun, and surrounded with trees, their dark tints forming a striking contrast to the scarred rocky base of the hill behind, and beyond, to the left, rises the lofty Sierra, half covered with snow. The siege of Baza, in 1489, was the last and most important conquest Ferdinand and Isabella made before taking Granada. It lasted six months and twenty days. Twenty thousand died before the walls, from diseases and other causes, and from the valiant defence that was made by Al Infante Cidi Yahye, with ten thousand excellent soldiers from Almeria, besides the garrison of Baza, equally numerous. The energy of Isabella, and her extraordinary skill in procuring the means to furnish supplies of provisions and men, pawning her crown and jewels for that purpose, revived the drooping spirits of the Christians, and ultimately her presence in the camp encouraged, as usual, her soldiers.

When the provisions failed, the wretched inhabitants gave way to despair; the women especially exhibited their grief in the mosques and the streets of the city. It appeared to these unfortunates that with their loss of liberty they would lose also their present happiness, and all hopes for the future; but their grief was changed into joy, when the Christians admitted them to the rank of subjects of the King of Castile, and secured to them their liberty, property, and the exercise of their religion. When Baza fell, even the staunch old King, El Zagal, saw that the reign of the Moors was at an end.

A portion of a wall and tower are the only remains of that brave people, but these consist of *tapia*-work, of the most solid description; so much so, that one piece, of about ten or twelve feet long and about seven feet thick, hangs over the ground like an arch, but only supported at one end. The town is large, and contains eleven thousand inhabitants, including the neighbouring hills, and has a tolerable *posada*, kept by a Frenchman. As we were leaving it, we had a splendid view of the picturesque old place, surrounded by its immense plain, cultivated near the town, and the rest either a desert from want of cultivation or rocky. Beyond the plain, there are fine limestone mountains, and, being a cloudy day, the shadows were splendid.

In the pretty Alameda of Baza are four old cannons, now used as posts for lamps. They are simple pieces of iron, with hoops of the same metal around them; more rudely constructed things cannot be conceived, and I am inclined to doubt whether they are not much more ancient than the time of Ferdinand and Isabella. In the year 1324, at the siege of this city by Ismael, the King of Granada, the Moors made use of machines, which threw out red globes and made reports like thunder, causing great damage to the walls. (1) These machines were evidently cannon, which the Moors certainly used at the siege of Algeciras, twenty years later.

From Baza to Venta de Baul, three leagues, our route lay over wild plains, rarely at all cultivated, and it was very late and dark when we arrived at the miserable venta, in as miserable a hamlet.

There are three classes of inns in Spain, the *fonda*, the *posada*, and the *venta*; without mentioning the *paradors*, which are like *posadas*, but less frequently met with, and the *case de pupilos*, which are only cheap boarding-houses. A *fonda* is the hotel of Spain, and seldom found except in capitals and large towns; and there good rooms, excellent beds, and such dinners as have always something eatable, even for the most fastidious, may reasonably be expected at the moderate price of about five shillings a-day for board and lodging. Bachelors who have not the best rooms even less.

The *posada* is the genuine Spanish inn, and in out of the way places, where no diligences are expected, it is always a toss-up how it may turn out—heads, there is nothing in the larder, tails, there is; but with patience and perseverance, and a little soft-sawder, the landlord or landlady, who at least know where such things are to be got, will procure something for your dinner, or before morning to fill up the void the evening meal has created in the basket. The walls of the *posada* are always clean, as if just whitewashed. The linen of the frequently rude but good beds is beautifully white, and the pillows often edged with broad lace. The floors show no signs of dirt, and are generally covered with pretty matting. A few fleas in the season may skip about, but are seldom found in the beds; and the more disgusting animals are certainly, at this season at least,

(1) Condé, vol. iii., p. 173.

uncommon. I must confess myself agreeably surprised with the Spanish posada, being much neater-looking and much cleaner in reality than I expected.

The venta is the solitary road-side inn of the lowest description; nothing should be expected to be found in them but good bread, and often delicious water, cooled in jugs of argillaceous porous earth, like the Egyptian goolahs. The ventas have often a fair outside, but such as they were in the days of Gil Blas and Don Quixote, such are they now. Let those who wish to learn Spanish idioms, and study Spanish wit and manners, rejoice when chance throws them into a venta for an hour or two, but not for a night.

At first we were told that there was not a room disengaged in the venta, and we had the dismal prospect of sleeping in our galera, which is anything but weather-tight, and the night is bitter cold; but, with a little persuasion, we got a small room with a comfortable fire for ourselves, and the landlady gave up her chamber to the French gentlemen.

There is often as much difficulty in arranging parties in the Spanish ventas and posadas as in the time of Don Quixote; and ladies are now not unfrequently obliged to pack together as they did then.

The landlady herself, with her moustaches and dirty dress was but a poor guarantee for the assertion that the beds were clean, which, however, they proved to be, and we had a good supper of stewed fowls and fried potatoes, thanks to Monsieur L—— keeping strict guard of the pot, that garlic and other forbidden things were not put in.

Such a scene presented itself when we entered this venta, as Teniers only could depict. Above a score of the most picturesque rascals this world ever produced were seated, in every variety of attitude, around an enormous fire, in the centre of the floor. There were costumes of Andalusia and Valencia, rich and poor, merchants and beggars; nor was beauty wanting, for in one corner sat as fair and pretty a blue-eyed girl as I have seen in Spain, and her presence seemed to sharpen the wits of the younger men. Half-a-dozen of the *guardia civile*, noble-looking fellows, were smoking their cigars, and enjoying the fire, like the rest. An old woman was taking an immense pan of stewed meat and soup off the fire, and, placing it before three fine-looking men, who had just arrived, and were seated on low stools, round a little table, almost Oriental in its form.

They helped themselves with spoons, and slowly and deliberately dipped and redipped into the pan, one after another, until their appetites were satisfied, when the old woman put it on the fire again for the next arrival. Others were drinking, and all enjoying the fire, and certainly it was a glorious one.

At the other end of the barn was hung on the walls some of the harness of the mules, which, by the strong light of the fire beaming through a very wide door-way, could be distinguished in the most comfortable portion of the building, partitioned off for the stable; and the jingling of their bells and the strumming of the guitar of a gay Andalusian, glittering with silver buttons, formed the music of the venta. There is no lack of fun in these Spanish caravanseras; tune follows tune, ballad after ballad, and jokes and wit abound, frequently until long after midnight, and sometimes a dance winds up the evening's amusements. It is then the gravest of Spaniards lay aside their gravity, and enjoy themselves.

"Entering an inn, he took his humble seat
With other travellers, round the crackling hearth,
Where heath and cestus give their fragrant flame;
That flame no longer, as in other times,
Lit up the countenance of easy mirth
And light discourse."—DON RODERICK, vol. i., p. 62.

We left the Venta de Baul at six, and soon after starting passed some wild rocks, and then came in sight of the Sierra Nevada, but the height of the mountains in the foreground prevented our seeing more than its snow-clad summits. We then crossed a plain covered with shrubs and stunted trees with a picturesque range of hills in the distance, and arrived at the Venta de Gor, a miserable-looking place, where we commenced a terrible ascent for a galera. The road in some parts was so muddy as well as steep, that they were obliged to take the mules out of a galera which accompanied us, and the united teams could with difficulty drag up our cart. The mules were then sent down again for the other, causing a great delay. The view from the summit is fine towards the village of Gor situated beneath, and a picturesque range of hills. We then descended over a wild extensive tract, covered with low aromatic shrubs, and surrounded with mountains.

Soon we came in sight of the whole range of the magnificent Sierra Nevada, covered apparently, for one-third of the distance from

the summit to the base, with snow, and forming a semicircular boundary to the view. As we approached Guadix, the scarred plain had all the appearance of immense natural fortifications, and soon we entered into a narrow gorge, through a line of these singular alluvial deposits, and immediately afterwards had a splendid view of the town of Guadix. A line of shrubs partly screened a natural wall more deeply scarred, but in the distance apparently quite flat on the summit, on which is situated Guadix, with its churches, towers, spires, and houses, mingled with a variety of foliage; and behind the town is another deep-scarred natural wall, with what appeared to be a level plain at the top of it; but on approaching we found it was broken into conical and various forms, more lofty than we at first conceived. These extraordinary alluvial deposits protect the city from the cold winds of the magnificent Sierra, which rises proudly behind.

This famous city of the Moors made no resistance to Ferdinand and Isabella, to the surprise of the inhabitants of the neighbouring towns and villages, who were astonished to see so strong a place surrendered without a blow. Cidi Yahye, who had so gallantly defended Baza, and who had been loaded with presents and favours by the crafty Ferdinand, induced his uncle, the old King El Zagal, to make terms with the Christians; and for a few small villages, and half the salt-mines of Maleha, a small and vile price, as Condé says, for the sale of a kingdom, El Zagal surrendered the district which acknowledged him as King, and his pretensions to the throne of Granada. The important cities of Guadix and Almeria, which Condé calls the most precious jewels in the crown of Granada, were surrendered on the same terms as Baza.

The year following, when Granada displayed symptoms of a vigour which might have saved the kingdom at an earlier epoch, Guadix was inclined to rebel; but Ferdinand appeared before the walls, and the inhabitants having the choice offered them of exile, carrying with them their personal effects, or submission to a judicial investigation, they preferred taking refuge in Granada, or retiring to Africa. The inhabitants of Baza and Almeria, who were also implicated in this conspiracy, abandoned at the same time their cities to the Christians; and, as was probably foreseen by the politic Ferdinand, this influx of population into Granada hasten-

ed the conquest of a capital cut off from all supplies. (1)

There are few remains of the Moors, except the walls of *tapia-work*, which, with the ancient towers, still protect the city. We had a difficulty in fording the river. I mounted the tower of the cathedral to enjoy a view of the glorious Sierra Nevada, the loftiest points nearly thirteen thousand feet high, and of the singular hillocks, in which are many habitations of the poor inhabitants.

The exterior of the cathedral is a confused mass, but the interior is in better taste. The choir is very beautiful, and is ornamented with some admirable carved figures and decorations. The west end of the choir is neat, and the two pulpits of white marble curiously carved.

We proceeded a league further to Purulena, our road passing through singular gullies caused by retiring floods. The first view of this village is very striking, many of the habitations being excavated in masses of clay, and the whole plain covered with these singular formations, which may well be compared to a sea in a storm, one mighty wave succeeding another. The Sierra Nevada, with its enormous peaks, forms the grand feature of the landscape, and is always magnificent, from the colouring, though the outline is not very fine. Some peasants were playing, with cymbals and triangles, wild tunes, very like what I have heard in Greece and in the East.

We entered one of the caves this evening, and it is by no means true that they are occupied by the poorest inhabitants. The one we saw evidently belonged to a person of some wealth. It had its stone front or portico, and the first room was surrounded with shelves, covered with jugs and earthenware of a curious description—some of the pieces very handsome. An arched doorway led into a large chamber, with a roof cut in the shape of an arch, and covered with nails, on which they hang the grapes. This was a store-room for wine and olives. An arched doorway, opposite the entrance of the cave, led into another very large chamber, used also as a store-room, the walls of which were ornamented with prints, and the floors covered with a very abundant provision of rice and flour. A larger arched doorway leads from the first room into a chamber, with an immense conical chimney at the end, exactly

(1) Prescott's *Ferdinand and Isabella*, v. i. Condé, v. iii., c. 40.

under which was the fire; so that when the pot was boiling, a man with a long stick and a hook at the end might from the top help himself, or any mischievous urchin season it in a way they would not like. A picturesque group of women and children were warming themselves at an excellent fire. Two arched doorways lead from this chamber into the sleeping-rooms.

License is required from the police for making a cave, but those who obtain permission are fortunate, for they are far more comfortable than the other houses, being always cool in summer, and warm in winter. This cave was also cleaner than some of the cottages I peeped into, which were not only dirty, but full of smoke.

Our beds in the posada were clean, though only mattresses on the floor.

We started in the morning before five o'clock, as it was doubtful whether our heavy conveyance could reach Granada before the custom-house closed. The first part of our road was by the rushy bank of a river. We then ascended a hill, which, from its steepness, and the depth of mud caused by the recent rains, was really terrible for the poor mules dragging our overloaded conveyance. We had a fine view of an extraordinary gorge, formed by the alluvial caprices I have before mentioned. Some parts seemed like habitations, but the caves were shallow, and only a few inhabited; other strata were as perpendicular as if hewn; but various and strange were the forms, often picturesque, the clay was moulded into.

When we reached the summit, our road lay over an extensive plain, the greater part of which seemed to be cultivated; and on our left it was bounded by the magnificent Sierra Nevada. About eight o'clock we passed through the village of Gayena, wildly situated amongst some rocks. We met there some scores of donkeys carrying grain to the less favoured districts. We have often, on this route, met similar caravans; and indeed grain seems to be the chief source of traffic. Some of the drivers were good-looking fellows, dressed in brown jackets and breeches, with conical hats and red *ceintures*, and many of them had guitars to cheer them on their journey. The tune they played was monotonous, and almost always the same, though sometimes more cheerful than the sad ditties the muleteers, mayorals, and zagals sing in praise of their mistresses, the places of their birth, and the different cities on the road;

and the weather, hot and cold, was a favourite theme; reminding me of the songs of the Arab sailors and camel-drivers, always in the minor keys.

We afterwards passed through rocky scenery, valley after valley, generally wild, and often picturesque. After passing through the village of Al Falhu, we came in sight of the Vega of Granada; but the first sight was rather disappointing, I had heard and read so much of Granada, and then I compared it with San Felipe and Guadix, we had lately seen; but after passing the hamlet of Grili, and coming suddenly in sight of the city, such treasonable thoughts vanished; and Granada, it must be confessed, is unrivalled in beauty. The plain is wonderfully rich, the darker tints of the oranges contrasting beautifully with the vivid colouring of the rising crops. All the trees are now bursting into foliage, and the bright light green of the mulberries, almonds, apricots, and other fruit-trees, were strikingly beautiful, contrasted with the sombre cold tints of the olives. Some palm-trees were mingled with the other foliage, and I observed fields of the prickly pear.

The city of Granada has but few campaniles, only a few plain towers and a few domes being visible from this point; but still it looked well. The cathedral is imposing, and so many trees were mingled with the houses, the effect is picturesque. The red Alhambra lay on our left, a few plain towers and the *façade* alone visible, giving little promise of the magnificence within. The Sierra Nevada is the grand feature of the landscape, and it was curious, when we entered the town, to see its snow-clad summits rising above the white houses, and this under a burning sun. We passed some of the Moorish walls of *tapia*-work, and then entered the city through a pretty promenade; and, after some custom-house delays, were comfortably settled in the Posada della Minerva.

The road to-day was horribly bad, and we suffered a great deal from the pitching of our machine. Whoever wishes to know what roughing is in Spain should travel on a road like this in a galera; but still it was bearable, and the inns are not such as should deter any one from taking this route, rather than go by sea, where nothing is to be seen. There is no danger of brigands, though we passed on our road many crosses erected in memory of persons killed, premeditatedly or in anger. To-day we saw one with an in-

scription, stating that Don Cristobal del Pin, aged sixty-six, had been murdered there in 1838, by four brigands, and requesting the prayers of all who should read the inscription.

With great grief I have to relate that the fatigue of this journey proved fatal to one of our party, poor M. B——. He had looked very ill for two days before arriving at Granada, and to escape the motion of the galera walked many miles every day, but as soon as he got into the machine, he invariably fell asleep, and when a stronger pitch than usual of the uneasy carriage awoke him, he slept again immediately. Such extraordinary somnolency evidently arose from extreme biliousness, yet his diet was most improper for a bilious person. He lived almost entirely on greasy omelets of eggs; and soups made perhaps of the best materials they could get, but such miserable detestable stuff, I never could touch it. A Spaniard must have his cigar, an Oriental his pipe, and a Frenchman his soup, though he never could swallow it without making grimaces. I advised him to avoid such unwholesome food, and we often differed about our diet. I insisted on having fowls, the only things Mrs. H—— could eat, whenever I could get them, for our mid-day and evening meals; for tough as they were, with the addition of our good ham, we made a tolerable and at least a wholesome repast; but M. B——, and even M. L——, preferred the *soupes maigres* wretched as they were, and greasy omelets, to fowls, which certainly scarcely deserved the name, compared to the celebrated *volailles de Toulouse*, their native town.

At Granada they went to a Swiss house, particularly recommended to them, where they expected to find a kitchen more congenial to their tastes. I saw them the following day in the Alhambra, and thought M. B—— looking very ill, but did not apprehend anything serious. For several days afterwards we saw nothing of them, and though we were surprised we had not met them, or that they had not called, there is so much to occupy strangers in Granada, we only thought that they were as busy as we were ourselves. When one day M. L—— called in deep mourning and in great distress—his friend was dead. He had been seized with cholic the day after his arrival (from eating too much lettuce, said his Spanish doctor), which ended in fainting-fits, bilious fever, and death. As may be conceived, we were dreadfully shocked

at this sudden demise of a gentleman of great talent, not much older than myself, and apparently a stronger man.

I attributed his sinking under this attack to the bilious state he was in, to the fatigue of the journey, and still more to his unwholesome diet. Poor fellow! whenever our galera gave a lurch which would have shattered to pieces a lighter vehicle, he always exclaimed: “Ah! ce voyage à Grenade nous coûte fort cher,” and well he might have said

“Que diable allais-je faire dans cette galère?”

Mrs. H—— suffered much less from the fatigue of the tartana and galera than from riding, but all bilious persons should hire mules from San Felipe to Granada, and not trust to galeras, called diligences, or to finding mules at Lorca. M. B—— made his will, and delivered it sealed to M. L——, with directions for it not to be opened until his arrival in Toulouse; but at the same time told him that, having only distant relations, he had left his fortune, which was considerable, to himself, being the oldest and most intimate friend he had in the world. M. L——, with a high feeling which did him great honour, and which I trust he will excuse my recording, resolutely declined the bequest, and another will was made to the exclusive benefit of a cousin, an ex-member of the late Provisional Government of France, M. L—— only accepting a small legacy.

CHAPTER X.

Granada.—Moorish Kings.—Wars.—Ferdinand and Isabella.—Conquest.—Misfortunes of the Moors.

THE Moorish territory of Granada, says Mr. Prescott, contained within a circuit of about one hundred and eighty leagues all the physical resources of a great empire. Its broad valleys were intersected by mountains, rich in mineral wealth, whose hardy population supplied the State with husbandmen and soldiers. Its pastures were fed by abundant fountains, and its coasts studded with commodious ports, the principal marts in the Mediterranean. In the midst, and crowning the whole as with a diadem, rose the beautiful city of Granada.⁽¹⁾ The Karnattah-al-Yahood, the Granada of the Jews, a strong fortress given to that nation, the friends and allies of the Moors, by one of Tarik's generals, was probably situated at the time of the con-

(1) Ferdinand and Isabella, vol. i.

quest of Spain on the site of the Alhambra, as it is not likely it would have been erected where the city of Granada stands, when so eligible a site for a strong castle was close at hand, and the old walls still existing may be part of the ancient fortress.

For centuries Granada seems to have been a place of little importance, until early in the eleventh century, when Habus Ibn Makesen finding Elvira, the ancient Illiberis, too weak a place to maintain his independence of the Caliphs of Cordova, removed his Court to Karnattah, and erected fortifications of such extraordinary strength, as might well induce the Moors to fly there for refuge from the wars which raged in the adjoining kingdoms. Granada increased rapidly in population and wealth. The wars of the Almoravides and the Almohades, so destructive to the Moorish nation, must have benefitted a city, where within walls flanked by above a thousand towers, security and peace might be expected to be enjoyed; but the spirit of discord spread even to the Vega, and sometimes Granada was ruled by one chief, and then soon conquered by another. It was, however, to the religious war, which has been correctly described as one of the sternest of those iron conflicts which have been celebrated under the name of holy wars, that Granada was indebted for the extraordinary growth of her population and her prosperity. The conquests of the Cid at the latter end of the eleventh century, and of Don Jaime in the thirteenth century, driving the Moors from the Huertas of Valencia, and Murcia, and the victories of St. Ferdinand in Andalusia, would fill the kingdom of Granada with a wealthy and skilful agricultural population. Many of the Moorish kings who reigned there, were justly celebrated. Aben-l-Ahmar, who laid the foundations of the famous palace of the Alhambra, superintending it himself, and frequently visiting the architects, was one of the wisest and most enlightened of the Moslem kings. He not only made Granada impregnable, but also adorned the capital with useful monuments, establishing hospitals for invalids and the poor, inns for travellers, schools and colleges, public fairs, baths, fountains, and vast bazaars, and took care that the markets were abundantly and cheaply supplied; and in the country he caused aqueducts and canals to be constructed for the irrigation of the land. The arts flourished, and the soil, naturally fertile, was covered with rich harvests; and he gave great atten-

tion to the gold mines and silk manufactures. His subjects called him Gulib Conqueror, but, to reprove them, he adopted the motto of "Wa le gulib ile Allah"—There is no conqueror but God,—so often inscribed on the Alhambra. (1)

Mohammed II., who succeeded him in 1272, followed in the footsteps of his father, and not only encouraged the arts, continuing the building of the Alhambra, but was also indefatigable in extending the commerce, and encouraging the agriculture of the country, and his Court was an asylum where the learned were glad to find refuge in those troublesome times. Mohammed III., who succeeded him in 1302, continued the building of the Alhambra. After several reigns, revolutions, and murder of the usurpers, (2) Yusuf I., when his brother was assassinated, succeeded in 1333 to the throne of Granada, and the population of the city was then estimated at four hundred and twenty thousand, and his wealth so immense, the credulous ascribed it to the transmutation of metals. He built the gates of al Justicia, and el Vino, at the Alhambra, and built, or at least decorated, the beautiful Halls of the Ambassadors, and of the Two Sisters, the Court of the Fishpond, and the Baths, the most exquisite portions of that wonderful palace. Condé says he finished the buildings, and ordered them to be painted, and adorned with beautiful works.

The prosperity of Granada was not entirely owing to the elaborate cultivation of the plains over which the rivers of the kingdom are distributed by countless channels. During the reign of Mohammed V. (A.D. 1376), they carried on a vast commerce at Almeria and Malaga, which were the *entrepôts* for the merchandise of the East, and the produce of Africa. Twenty different nations, Christians, Jews, and Mussulmen, were seen there, who considered Granada as their common country; and merchants flocked to the capital from Syria, Egypt, Africa, and Italy. (3) The same intestine divisions which overthrew the thrones and the dynasties of the Umeyyah, the Almoravides, and Almohades, were doubtless the destruction of Granada. Usurper after usurper seized the throne; (4) the first was Nusr, mentioned in the inscriptions.

Early in the fifteenth century (1432), the

(1) Condé, vol. iii., p. 38

(2) See Gayangos, Jones's Alhambra.

(3) Condé, iii., 166.

(4) See Gayangos, Jones's Alhambra.

kingdom was divided into two parties, that of Jusuf Aben-l-Ahmar, proclaimed King by John, King of Castile, and al Hayzari, the actual King of Granada; and then another party, that of Aben Ismail, sprung up, proving still more formidable. When after the death of Ismail, his son, Abu-l-Hasan, a prince distinguished for his courage and love of glory, told the Ambassadors of Ferdinand and Isabella, that the kings of Granada, who paid tribute no longer, existed, and that Granada made nothing but sabres and the heads of lances for her enemies, (1) war was inevitable, although the Catholic Sovereigns were for a while obliged to smother their resentment until they had made peace with Jean of Portugal. The last kingdom of the Moors had to contend against a more powerful enemy than those who had subdued the kings of Cordova and Seville. It was not merely Castile, but all Spain united under the strong government of her wisest and most powerful Sovereigns, Ferdinand and Isabella, and yet at a period which required unanimity and devoted courage which might have enabled them, with their strong fortresses and cities, to have resisted all attacks, the inhabitants were divided into parties with opposite wishes and views, and thought of nothing but the triumph of the particular faction to which they belonged, without thinking of the general good, and their common defence against an enemy who threatened destruction to their country and their religion. The struggle for power between Abu Abdillah, sustained by the talent and treasures of his mother Ayesah (jealous of Zoraya), (2) and his father, the old king Abu-l-Hasan, unwilling after his long reign to be stripped of his crown by his own son, was the first and principal cause of the ruin of Granada. Many of the most illustrious warriors perished in this unnatural conflict. This civil war would have been prolonged with increased acrimony, for all had the death of relations or friends to revenge, but for the interposition of a fanatic who had previously prophesied the destruction of Granada, and now, taking the best course to disprove his own words, persuaded the people to desist from this suicidal struggle, renounce both combatants, and elect El Zaghal (the valiant)

(1) Condé, iii., 210.

(2) Formerly a Christian, Isabel de Solis, a daughter of the Governor of Martos. Having been taken prisoner by the Moors, she became the favourite wife of Hasan.

for their king, undoubtedly the bravest and the most worthy of the Moorish princes. El Zaghal succeeded to his brother, Abu-l-Hasan, but Abdillah still held out, and condescended to receive assistance in this civil feud from Ferdinand, though it is said for every Christian soldier who entered his ranks, nine Moorish knights deserted his cause in disgust. The two rivals, afraid of each other, remained in Granada, while city after city were taken by the Christians. At last the people compelled them to sally forth, but it was too late, and both were equally unfortunate. The fall of Alhama, Ronda, Malaga, Baza, and the surrender of many strong places, such as Guadix and Almeria, without a struggle, paved the way for the attack on Granada. In 1491, Ferdinand encamped before the city with an army of forty thousand foot, and ten thousand horse; and when the city of Santa Fé was built for a camp, and it was evident the Christians were determined to subdue the city by famine, fear fell on every heart but El Musa's, who left the city in disgust, finding his eloquent reproaches were ineffectual to rouse the King and his people from their fears. All had less to lose than their monarch, and yet he was willing to yield. After eight months' siege, and a religious war of nearly as many centuries, the Cross was planted in the last Spanish home of the Moors. (3)

Honourable terms were granted by the Catholic Sovereigns, promising security to their persons, their property, their customs, and their religion, promises which, as Musa prophesied, were never kept. They were soon forbid the public exercise of their religion. Afterwards Ximenes, finding arguments and bribes ineffectual, proceeded without mercy to convert them by fire and sword, and many sought refuge in the mountains of the Alpujarras, where a revolution broke out, which required the presence of Ferdinand with a large army to subdue. The Moors were treated as rebels, and put to the sword, the women and children made slaves, and the towns pillaged. The revolt in the Sierra of Ronda was still more formidable, and Alonzo de Aquilar, commanding a large force, was defeated with great slaughter by the Moors; but, terrified at their own success, they yielded to Ferdinand, and baptism or exile was their sentence, the King providing vessels for such as chose to leave the country, on the

(3) See Prescott's Ferdinand and Isabella.

payment of ten dollars a-head. Every Moor in the kingdom of Granada, externally at least, became a Christian, and an ordinance appeared in 1502, ordering all the Moors in Leon and Castile to leave the country, or embrace Christianity, under pain of death and confiscation of property; and thus, after ten years' persecutions, the Moors became at least nominal Christians. Government after government persecuted the poor Moriscoes, who sometimes, by means of large sums of money, purchased peace for a time, though bribes seemed but to act as incentives to further exactions. Eighty thousand ducats they paid to Charles V. Vexations and persecutions drove them again to revolt, and though Muley Abdillah for a long time set at defiance the power of Spain, Don John of Austria subdued him at last in 1570, more by artifice than by force, and the Moorish prisoners were scattered in the Asturias, Galicia, and Castile. Numbers, however, remained in Murcia and Valencia; when, forty years afterwards, the bigot, Philip III., regardless of the remonstrances of the Christian nobles, reluctant to lose their best workmen, transported them to Africa, and those in the interior of the kingdom, said to be two hundred thousand in number, were driven beyond the Pyrenees to the ports of Languedoc, whence they bade adieu to Europe. It is said that, at different times, two millions of Moors left Spain, carrying with them their wealth, their industry, and their arts. It is impossible to withhold one's sympathy from this brave and gallant nation. For centuries, and especially for the last ten years, they fought with the most heroic courage; city after city taken, valley after valley laid waste, privation after privation fearlessly encountered; and after suffering all the horrors of war, in defending one stronghold, not merely the perils of actual engagements, in which they delighted, but also famine, an evil hard to be borne by a people of their mercurial temperament, those brave men marched out with their arms to other cities, which they defended with the same high courage, the same prowess, dexterity, and daring, and with the same unyielding resolution. They had Africa to retire to, and wealth to make life enjoyable; but the towers and fountains of their Alhambra were their pride and glory, the Vega their paradise, and they preferred death to exile from their beloved country; and nothing but this religious persecution would ever have

driven them from Spain, the land of their birth.

CHAPTER XI.

The Alhambra.—La Torre de Justicia.—Palace of Charles V.—Patio de la Alberca.—The Comares Gallery.—The Mezquita.—Hall of the Ambassadors.—The Baths.

AFTER all we had read and heard of the Alhambra, we were of course impatient to visit this celebrated palace. A few minutes' walk brought us to the Puerta de las Granadas, built by Charles V. Adjoining it is the palace of Gomarez, one of the great Moorish families, built of tapia-work. I observed in my way several houses of similar construction, and therefore evidently Moorish. This gate leads into a garden of young elms, now clad with their earliest and brightest foliage. Three avenues branch in different directions; taking the centre one until near the fountain and then turning sharp to the left, we came to La Torre de Justicia. A cooler and more delightful ascent could not be imagined, and the constant shade prevents the least fatigue. These groves are tenanted with nightingales, or, as Bensaken our guide calls them, day-gales, as they differ, he says, from the race in the South of England, and sing by day and not by night. The Torre de Justicia is a plain, simple, almost square tower, with a horse-shoe arch at the entrance, of tapia-work, over which is a hand, which is, I think, correctly thought a type of the five commandments of the law—to keep the feast of Ramedan, pilgrimage to Mecca, almsgiving, absolution, and war against the infidel; and may at the same time be a talisman against the evil eye, such as is now used in Morocco and Naples.

Similar hands, sufficiently small to wear round the neck, are often found in Egypt, and were probably used by the ancient Egyptians for the same purpose. Over the arch is a cornice somewhat similar in appearance to an Egyptian cornice, but wanting its depth. The inner arch is more beautiful, and gives somewhat more promise of the splendour of the palace. Turning on the staircase, before the second door-way, the place is seen where the Judges sat in judgment between the gates. ("Judges shalt thou make in all thy gates." "Then he made a porch where he might judge, even the porch of judgment,") (1) deciding, as is the custom now in the East,

(1) Deut. xvi., 18. 1 Kings vii., 7.

according to common sense, which, when there is no corruption, is a better guide, and more satisfactory to litigants, than the refined distinctions, delay, and immense expense of many of the courts of civilized Europe. Over the second arch I should state there is a key, the symbol of knowledge. "The key of David that openeth and no man shutteth, and shutteth and no man openeth." (1) And the tradition of the Alhambra is, that the Moors believed that the gate would never be taken by the Christians until the hand grasped the key.

There is an image of the Virgin, now almost entirely covered up, which is said to be painted by St. Luke, and of course no one must doubt it; and an inscription recording the conquest and appointment of Lopez de Mendoza as alcaide. Passing this we arrived at the second door, which is of wood, the first being of iron. In the gateway were half a dozen soldiers keeping guard, very different from the brilliant host who once commanded it.

The Arabic inscription gives the name of the Sultan who built it, and the date of its erection, A.D. 1348. On the capital of the columns, on the right side, is an inscription, "Praise be to God," "There is no power or strength but in God;" and on the left column, "There is no deity but Allah, and Mohammed is his prophet."

We then came to La Torre del Vino, where, after the conquest, wine was sold, and which has its horseshoe arch, and two smaller arches. This gate, and some houses adjoining, belonged to my friend Sir Granville Temple. Here is the Plaza, the plain, simple, unpretending red towers of the Moors on our left, and the gorgeous palace of Charles V., on our right. The *façade* of the latter is not very bad, though I cannot say I admire it; the ground floor is too heavy Tuscan, the floor above is ornamented with Ionic pilasters, but the windows are heavy and too much ornamented, and in indifferent taste. The central entrance of the palace consists of three doors, over which are angels, and over the side-doors ovals, containing sculpture by Pedro Machuca, representing warriors on horseback, and combats with wild animals.

The doors are ornamented with double Doric columns, resting on pedestals, ornamented with better sculpture, representing

the battles of Charles V.; warriors fighting in a very spirited manner, said to be the Spaniards beating the Germans, in one apparently with their left hands only. The horses are well executed, but all the faces are defaced. On the other pedestals are represented trophies of war, and figures of Fame blowing her trumpet. The palace is a mere shell, save a few of the rooms, and among others a dining-room with a roof carved, though not in the best taste; but what I chiefly admired was the circus or court, consisting of two corridors, the lower one ornamented with thirty-four Doric columns, and the corridor above with as many Ionic columns. Without being quite Palladian, and far too large for the palace, this is really very good, and would be admired anywhere, though out of place in the Alhambra. The population of the Plaza, consisting of crowds of criminals in chains, is anything but attractive. They say there are two hundred of them, and many are here for murders, as they seldom execute prisoners for their first use of the knife, even when used with deliberation. It is now impossible to live in the Alhambra, or without danger visit it at night, as these men are divided into gangs of ten, under a corporal probably almost as bad as themselves, without any other control over them. If even honest, the corporal allows them to leave their quarters and ramble within the precincts of the Alhambra wherever they like, and any traveller known to take nocturnal rambles would run a great risk of being robbed if not murdered.

Charles V. destroyed the principal entrance into the Moorish Palace, and now a small humble door leads into the Patio de la Alberca, or the Court of the Fish-pond; so called from the piece of water about one hundred and twenty feet by twenty-five, full of gold-fish and neatly planted, which extends from the plain tower of Comares at one end of it, to a beautiful double corridor. Thin graceful marble columns support exquisitely ornamented arches of singular lightness, covered with ornaments and inscriptions as ornamental, from the extreme beauty of the Arabic and Coptic characters. Amongst other decorations, I observed the pomegranate, and the ornaments and scrolls in the gallery are of the most elegant description.

Through an open grated window we saw two of the boxes which contain the archives of the Alhambra. The locks are Moorish,

(1) Isaiah xxii.

and of a most complicated machinery, covering the whole of the exterior of the lids, and yet moveable with one key. There is in the same room a Moorish table, which they say is of marble, but it was so covered with dust that it was difficult to see, and there was also a splendid jar, made of baked clay, enamelled in blue, white, and gold, and said to have been found full of money.

Near this window a beautiful piece of work had been cut out of the wall, and the guide told us it had been done within eight days, and that the convicts were in the habit of committing these depredations, and selling the pieces to a person in Granada who sent them to London and Paris, or sold them to travellers. These robberies will be continued as long as the Government make the Alhambra a receptacle for thieves and brigands.

I was offered some nice pieces in Granada, and looked at them wistfully, as I might easily have sent them home in a case of pictures I had purchased, but I resisted the temptation, and trust all will do the same. They have made casts of some of the ornaments, and these are sold at Granada, and are almost as interesting. At the four angles of this court are alcoves for divans, exquisitely finished with blue and white honey-combed stalactite roofs. (I will for the future call this kind of roof stalactite only.)

The construction, says Mr. Jones, is remarkable for simplicity. Over the columns, which are of white marble, are built brick piers, with a breast-rummer of timber extending from end to end; the spandrels of the arches are filled in with tiles placed diagonally, to which are attached the perforated plaster ornaments, giving a singularly light and elegant appearance to the arches, and at the same time admitting currents of air, and distributing delicious coolness through the courts. A few traces of the gold only remain, but the effect of the blue and white colouring is very pleasing. The tower is partly covered with mosaic dados. To the Moors the inscriptions must have afforded endless delight, being well-known quotations from their Koran, and trite, flowery, sacred sentences, having to them all the charm of proverbs; while some are poems in praise of their beloved Alhambra and its founders.

(1) On the bands over the mosaics and round the windows and doorways.

(2) On the spandrel of the arch.

(3) Between the side windows.

These inscriptions are translated by Monsieur Gayangos, the best Spanish-Arabic scholar, and were published by Mr. Jones in his splendid work on the Alhambra; but as the great size, the necessary high price of that accurate and gorgeous volume, and its exclusively architectural character, will prevent its being seen by many, though all who care for art, and can afford, should purchase it. I copied most of them from his work before leaving England, and inserted them in the description I wrote at Granada. Others may perhaps be glad to know the nature of the inscriptions which cover the walls of this beautiful palace, and which in truth are so numerous that the best Arabic scholar would not have time to make his own translation, unless his visit to Granada exceeded greatly the usual length.

“Go and tell the true believers, that Divine help and a ready victory are reserved for them.” (1) “Glory to our Lord, Abu Abdillah.” (2) “There is no God but God, and Mohammed is His Prophet.” (3) “And there is no conqueror but God.” (4) “Blessing comes from God.” (5) “I am like the nuptial array of a bride, and endowed with every beauty and perfection. Look at this vase, and you will understand all the truth of my assertion. Examine also my tiara; thou wilt find it resembles the bright halo of the full moon. In truth, Ibn Nusr is the sun of this orb, (shining) in beauty and splendour. May he continue in the (noontide) altitude of his glory, secure (from all attacks), when the time for declension (is arrived). I am an honour to blessing; I am a sign by which felicity (itself) is enhanced. Thou might imagine the vase within to be like a (devout) man, always standing to perform his prayers, who has no sooner said one than he hastens to repeat it. Truly, through my Lord, Ibn Nusr, God has ennobled His servants, since he made him the descendant of Said Ibn Obadah, the chief of the tribe of Khazrej.” (6) “Blessed be he who entrusted to thee the command of his servants, through thee to extend and benefit Islam.” “For how many cities of the infidels camest thou to in the morning, whose inhabitants saw thee in the evening sole arbiter of their lives?” “When thou didst put on their necks the yoke of the

(4) Between the windows at the angles.

(5) On the escutcheons at the side.

(6) Round the small niches in the jambs of the doorway.

captives, that they might appear in the (ensuing) morning, building thy palace in servitude." "Thou conquerest the island by force of arms, thereby opening to victory a gate that was shut (before). And before that exploit, thou subduedst twenty fortresses, making all (things) within a prey to thy warriors. Indeed, had Islam a choice in what it most desires, it would certainly choose that thou live and be safe (for ever). Since such are the fires of excellence that shine at thy door, that generosity itself smiles whilst looking at them with a complaisant eye. Excellence whose traces are visible in every action (of thine) more transparent and bright than the pearls when threaded. O son of eminence, prudence, wisdom, courage, and liberality, who surpassest (in the height of these virtues) the altitude of the stars in the regions of the sky. Thou hast risen in the horizon of empire (like the sun in the vault of heaven), mercifully to dissipate the intervening shadows of injustice and oppression. Thou hast secured even the tender branches from the breath of the summer gale, and frightened the very stars in the vault of heaven. For if the planets quiver (in their orbits), it is only through dread of thee, and if the boughs of the Oriental willow bend, (it is) to be perpetually thanking thee." (1) "And there is no conqueror but God." (2) "Praise be to God! His is the power. Thanks to God! His is the majesty. Durability is God's, and there is no conqueror but God. Blessing!" (3)

It was a hot day, but the shady side of this court was deliciously cool. It was not merely the water, but the construction, so light and elegant, admitting the air to play along the corridors, which made this court so delicious. It reminded me somewhat of the Pasha of Egypt's garden at Shoobra, where he used to amuse himself with rowing his hareem, and it is exactly the form of the pieces of water represented in some of the paintings of the ancient Egyptian gardens. The entrance into the Comares gallery retains more of the gilding than any part of the Alhambra, and the gallery itself is exquisitely beautiful. The rich stalactite pendentives in the angles sparkle still with gold, and slight columns, partly embedded in the walls, sup-

port the arches at each end of this gallery, forming alcoves for divans, and at the doorway there are two niches for slippers.

The custom in Egypt is to leave the red slippers at the door, generally on the floor; but in Barbary they have often similar niches to these. The oval roof of wood is of a very intricate pattern, and so numerous are the different ornaments on the walls, that hours may be spent delightfully in tracing out the different designs. We then went to the Mezquita, near the entrance of which is an elaborate and beautiful niche—El Mihrab, for the Koran—ornamented with inscriptions containing the name of Abu Abdillah. This little mosque was turned into a chapel by Charles V., and sadly is it spoiled by his expensive gilded additions and the white plaster on the walls; but the beautiful inlaid roof of pine remains, and the columns supporting the beams are very elegant. The ante-gallery is very elaborately ornamented, but these walls are also spoiled with whitewash. The carved roof is very exquisite, resembling tortoise-shell work, and still sparkles with gold. From the window is a striking view of the Albaicin, where the Moors lived after the conquest. We then returned to the gallery of the Comares tower, and entered the Hall of the Ambassadors, which is a square of thirty-seven feet, and seventy-five feet high (Mr. Ford says) from the floor to the centre of the dome, and is wonderfully fine, though I think the gallery leading to it still more beautiful. At the doorway are recesses for slippers. There are three exquisite alcoves opposite the entrance, formed out of the extreme solidity of the walls, which are ten feet thick. Similar alcoves ornament each side, and were all doubtless for luxurious divans, and above them are inscriptions and elaborate ornaments, but perhaps less beautiful than in the other courts, and the roof of inlaid wood, of the time of Ferdinand and Isabella, is dark, and not equal to the general richness of the chamber.

The alcoves are deserving of careful examination, each differing from the other. Some have mosaic dados, and columns and capitals, ornamented with inscriptions. Nothing can be more beautiful than the azulejos in the alcove opposite the entrance; and, among other decorations, I observed particularly the pretty ornament formed of little columns. In the centre of the hall are square mosaic dados, with Arabic inscriptions. The ornament under the roof was done after the

(1) Over the mosaic under the gallery.

(2) On the capitals of the columns and round the arches, inscribed in Cufic.

(3) In the medallions and round the border of the arches.

Conquest, by Moors, or perhaps Spaniards, for, according to Mr. Stirling, (1) the vivid painting and beautiful stucco-work of the Moors, which had long been adopted in Christian palaces, began to be executed by uncircumcised artists even before the fall of Granada. Cean Bermudez gives a contract, dated 1476, by which one Garcia del Barco and another painter became bound to ornament with Moorish work the corridors of the Duke of Alba's castle at Barco de Avila, for the sum of five thousand six hundred maravedis.

The inscriptions on this hall are interesting.

"O God, Thine is the praise for ever, and Thine are the thanks for ever." (2) "May Divine help, solidity of empire, and splendid victory, fall to the lot of our Lord, Abu-l-Hajaj, Commander of the Moslems." (3) "O God, Thine is the praise for ever; O God, Thine are the thanks for ever;" alternating with "Praise be to God for His bestowing on us the benefits of Islam." (4) "Praise be to our Lord, the Sultan and warlike King, Abu-l-Hajaj. May God render him victorious." (5) "The best praise (be given) to God. I will remove all the effects of a malicious eye upon (our master) Yusuf, by repeating these five sentences, which are like (so many) verses of the Koran. I flee for refuge to the Master of the creatures. Praise be to God, the only One. Thanks to God; He is eternal; He is the power." (6) "By the sun, and its rising brightness; by the moon, when she followeth him; by the day, when he showeth its splendour; by the night, when it covereth him with darkness; by the heaven, and Him who built it; by the earth, and Him who spread it forth; by the soul, and Him who completely formed it (and inspired into it wickedness and piety), there is no Deity but Allah!" (7) "From me Thou art welcomed, morning and evening, by the tongues of blessing, prosperity, happiness, and friendship. That is the elevated dome, and we (the several recesses) are her daughters; yet I possess excellence and dignity

above all those of my race. Surely members (we are all of the same body) but I am (like the heart) in the midst of them; and from the heart springs all energy of soul and life." (8) "True, my fellows here may be compared to the signs of the zodiac in the heaven (of that dome); but I can boast of that which they are wanting (among them), the honour of a sun. Since my Lord, the virtuous Yusuf, has decorated me with the robes of glory and excellence without disguise, and has made me the throne of (his empire), may its eminence be upheld by the Master of Divine glory and the celestial throne." (9) "There is no Deity but Allah, and Mohammed is his messenger." (10) "Whatever you possess of good things in this world comes from God." (11) "Durability is God's. Glory to God." (12) "He whose words are good, and whose deeds are illustrious." (13) "Let thy words (when thou meetest him) be preceded by salutation." (14) "Praise be given to God, for his bestowing on us the benefits of Islam." (15) "And there is no conqueror but God. Glory to our Lord, the Sultan, Abu-l-Hajaj. God help him. Glory to God. God is eternal; God is our refuge in every trouble." (16)

Some of the inscriptions are in very large characters, and look very ornamental. The mosaic azulejos between each recess are admirable; and the view, looking back to the Patio de la Alberca, is exquisitely beautiful. It might be the palace of Aladdin, the work of fairies, so charming is every part. Nature and art here rival each other, for not less beautiful are the prospects from the windows. "Ill-fated the man who lost all this," said Charles V., when he saw these views.

We then went to a window, where Ayesha let down Boabdil in a basket, to save him from the enmity of her rival, Zoraya. It is said that he was confined in the adjoining tower. Then, retracing our steps, we passed through some of Charles V.'s clumsy work, and a Moorish colonnade, the columns of which are very elegant, to the Tocador de la

(1) Vol. i, p. 84.

(2) Over the mosaic dado, in Cufic characters.

(3) On the cornice over the doors.

(4) On the band under the stairs.

(5) On the band under the windows.

(6) On the right niche of the doorway of the principal entrance.

(7) On the left niche.

(8) Over the mosaic dado in the centre recess of the wall opposite the entrance on the right.

(9) On the left.

(10) On the capitals of the columns supporting the arches, right column.

(11) On the left.

(12) On the cornice over the mosaic dado.

(13) On the capitals of columns in the centre recess.

(14) Left column.

(15) On the capitals of columns in the centre recess, each right and left.

(16) On the ornaments on the walls and in the ovals in the cornices.

Reyna, or dressing-room of the Queen ; but a room with so many open windows is not likely to have been used as a dressing-room, more likely a *boudoir*. It is about nine feet square, and painted in the style of the loggie of Raphael, by Julio and Alessandro, pupils of Giovanni da Udine, who are said to have introduced fresco painting into Spain, in the time of Charles V. Some of the ornaments are well done, but the architecture is more beautiful than the painting. There are three small arched windows opposite the entrance, and three others on each side ; the centre one of the three double the width of the others. The chamber is paved with azulejos, but few of them are old.

The views from the windows, and from the exquisite portico which environs this little room, supported by light elegant marble columns, are charming, of the beautiful hills rising immediately behind the ancient town ; the Generalife, with its gardens and white sparkling buildings ; the river Darro, and its banks lined with poplars ; the verdant Vega, and the Sierra Nevada, with its snow clad summits.

In the interior of the Tocador is a slab, with sixteen holes, said to be for incense to rise through. We saw a plain marble fountain in a court we passed through, on our way to the Garden of Lindaraja, which is full of orange, lemon, standard peach-trees in blossom, and other shrubs, and contains a still more beautiful fountain, with an Arabic inscription round it. Afterwards passing through a small whispering gallery, made by Charles V., to amuse the children, we came to the Baths, which are very similar in their arrangement to those now used in the East. The saloon at the entrance is small, but very pretty. This leads into the vapour bath, thirty-three feet by eighteen, paved with white marble, and ornamented with eight columns, which support the dome, in which are small openings like stars, which light the bath. The domes of the hrara'-rahs in the East have similar apertures, which are always glazed. The recesses formed by the columns had probably divans, where the manipulations were performed. A door to the left leads to another room, which is smaller. There are two marble baths, one, said to be for the King, twelve feet by eight, at the end of the room, in a pretty recess ornamented with circular pedestals for lights. There is another marble bath in this room more retired, in a recess in the thickness of

the wall, said to be for the Queen ; but in the East males and females never go to the bath together, and these were probably the hot and cold baths, usual in the han'-a-fee-yehs of the East. The rooms are lined, to the height of about seven feet, with azulejos, the designs of which are large, but the effect good. The room for reposing in after the bath was closed for repairs, and a gallery above is supposed to have been for musicians to amuse the bathers reclining in their luxurious divans after the fatigue of the bath, during that period of delicious lassitude which all feel after an Oriental bath.

The baths had also their inscriptions. Besides the usual ones in honour of God, we have "May Divine help, solidity of empire, and splendid victory over his enemies, fall to the lot of our Lord, Abu Abdillah, Commander of the Moslems." (1) "Glory to our Lord, Abu-l-Hajaj Yusuf, Commander of the Moslems. May God Almighty render him victorious over his enemies." (2) "And what is mostly to be wondered at, is the felicity which awaits in this delightful spot those who, like our Sultan Abu-l-Hajaj, place their reliance in Divine help, and the splendid victory which is the gift of God." (3)

We afterwards passed the Carcel de la Reyna, where Juana the Fool, the only surviving child of Ferdinand and Isabella, is said by the guides to have been confined. There may be as little ground for supposing it to have been the prison of Ayesha.

CHAPTER XII.

The Court of the Lions.—Sala de los Abencerrages.—Sala de las dos Hermanas.—Torre de la Vela.—Splendid View.

THE Court of the Lions, in spite of the whitewash on the walls and the vile tiled roof, and notwithstanding the mischief bad taste and the destroyer man (worse enemies in this climate than time) have accomplished in disfiguring this patio, it is still wonderfully perfect. In a court one hundred and fifty feet by fifty, one hundred and twenty-eight exquisite white marble columns glitter in the sun, supporting the elaborate and beautiful arches of a portico which surrounds the court, and a pavilion at each end. The columns are arranged with little order, and yet the effect is admirable. To give an idea of

(1) On the beams which support the galleries of the saloon.

(2) On the ovals over capitals of columns.

(3) Round the niches in the inner chambers.

the confusion, on the side near the entrance, there is at each angle a cluster of four columns, then two columns stand singly, then a cluster of four columns, then one of two, then two single columns as before, and then another cluster of four. Clusters of light columns, when greater strength is required, are infinitely more elegant than columns double or treble the diameter, which would of course appear to want height—there could not indeed be a more beautiful illustration than these, that union is strength.

At the door near the entrance, and opposite, two pavilions advance into the court. The columns in the length of the court are sometimes single and sometimes double, and are about eight or nine feet high, with beautiful capitals, similar in outline but different in design, and over each are inscriptions, and the most exquisite, the most elaborate decorations. The arches are very lofty for the breadth, which varies. They are generally circular, with the most delicate stalactite ornaments. The pendentives at each angle, with similar ornaments, are very beautiful. The domed roofs over the pavilions are of pine wood, elaborately carved, and well preserved. The roof of the portico is much injured, but sufficient remains to be able to appreciate the tasteful pattern. The pavilions have three stalactite arches on each side, and are most delicately and wonderfully decorated inside and outside. They have three columns at each angle, and two single columns between each cluster, but the weight supported by single columns only is always proportioned. The space between the arches is double the width when the spandrels are supported by two columns that it is when they are supported by one only, so that the columns, light and elegant as they are, never look too thin.

In the centre of this magnificent court is the Fountain of the Lions, celebrated, it is said, for sanguinary deeds, and for none worse than for the murder of his children, by Muley Abu-l-Hasan, to satisfy the ambition of his wife, La Zoraya (the light of the dawn), who wished to see her own son on the throne of Granada. The fountain consists of a splendid alabaster basin, in form dodecagon, supported by twelve marble lions, quaintly sculptured. The lion was in all ages, in the East, the type of power, the favourite ornament of kings and princes, the emblem of strength and durability. The ancient Egyptians, reclining in their splendid chairs, leant

their arms on lions. Seats, sofas, and tables were made there of that form. The Lombardians had this animal and others as bases for their columns. These are rudely executed, and yet look well, the outline being tolerably correct, but the Moors do not seem to have excelled in sculpture as in architecture, and the art of painting and decoration. The colouring, like that of the most ancient Egyptian sculptures, consisted generally of the primitive colours—blue, red, and yellow. The blue, being a metallic colour, has frequently become green, especially in the grounds of the mosaic dados, which also exhibit other colours—purple, brown, and orange. The capitals of the columns consisted generally of a red ground, with blue leaves, and other ornaments on the surface, and all the bands and inscriptions were in gold. Mr. Jones thinks the shafts were gilt, but although I know the pains he has taken to make himself master of this subject, having met him at Athens, where we traced the colours on the temples there, and having met him again in the Valley of the Nile, yet I cannot think these beautiful white marble shafts were coloured; I searched and found no traces of colour, and the poem in the Hall of the Two Sisters calls them blocks of pearl, which expression would be applicable to white marble, but not to gilded columns, and many of the inscriptions show they fully estimated the whiteness and transparency of marble. The azulejo dados in the different halls are remarkable for their beauty, and intricate as these interlacings sometimes appear, they are formed, says Mr. Jones, on the simplest rules. If a series of lines be drawn equi-distant, and parallel to each other, crossed by a similar series at right angles, so as to form squares, and the spaces thus given set off diagonally, intersecting each alternate square, every possible combination may be obtained, or an equal variety will result by drawing equi-distant lines diagonally, and setting off the spaces at each square, at right angles.

The inscriptions are:—"May power everlasting and imperishable glory be the lot of the owner of this palace." (1) "There is no conqueror but God." (2) "Glory to our Lord, Abu Abdillah." (3) "Glory to our Lord, the Sultan, Abu Abdillah." (4) "Glory to our

(1) The inscription on the band round the spandrel of the arch, in Arabic.

(2) In Cufic and Arabic characters.

(3) On the capitals of the single columns.

(4) On the double columns.

Lord, the warlike and great Sultan, Abu Abdillah." (1) The inscription round the basin of the fountain is: "Blessed be he who gave the Iman Mohammed a mansion, which in beauty exceeds all other mansions. And if not so, here is the garden containing wonders of art, the like of which God forbids should elsewhere be found. Look at this solid mass of pearl glistening all around, and spreading through the air its showers of prismatic bubbles, which fall within a circle of silvery froth, and then flow amidst other jewels, surpassing everything in beauty, nay, exceeding the marble itself, in whiteness and transparency. To look at the basin, one would imagine it to be a mass of solid ice, and the water to melt from it; yet it is impossible to say which of the two is really flowing. Seest thou not how the water (from above) flows on the surface, notwithstanding the current (underneath) strives to oppose its progress. Like a lover whose eyelids are pregnant with tears, and who suppresses them for fear of an informer. For truly, what else is this (fountain) but a beneficent cloud, pouring out its abundant supplies over the lions underneath? Like the hands of the Khalif, when he rises in the morning, to distribute plentiful rewards among (his soldiers), the lions of war. O thou, who beholdest these lions couching, fear not. Life is wanting to enable them to show their fury. And O thou, the heir of the Aussar! to thee, as the most illustrious offspring of a collateral branch—belongs that ancestral pride which makes thee look with contempt on the kings of all other countries. May the blessing of God for ever be with thee. May He make thy subjects obedient to thy rule, and grant thee victory over thy enemies."

Two beautiful arches lead from this court into the Sala de los Abencerrages. The alcoves are formed by a light elegant pillar, supporting two charming arches. The stalactite-domed roof is exquisite, beyond description—blues, light and deep, and brown, red, and gold, I traced in the dome; at the sides, green, which seems to have been the colour originally, but I suppose it is changed from a blue. With the back to the wall, there is a charming view, looking over the fountain in this court, through the three arches to the fountain in the Court of the Lions; the vile roof of the latter is then scarcely seen. All is the work of the Moors, and truly exquisite. The people might well imagine that

(4) Over the triple columns.

their King who built this beautiful palace was skilled in the occult sciences, and furnished himself with gold and silver for the purpose by means of alchemy. The inscriptions add to the richness as much as the variety of ornaments, which however appear to have been restored. Amongst the latter I observed the *fleur-de-lis*. It was at the fountain in this charming court that the Abencerrages, who had espoused the cause of Zoraya, are said to have been slain by Boabdil, and the guides show the stain of blood on the marble, no doubt as authentic as that of Rizzio's at Holyrood; but never was murder committed in so unsuitable a place. The natural influence of such a scene would lead to joy and peace; one can imagine luxurious divans, black-eyed houris, clothed in rich garments, and sparkling with jewels and gold, soft wild music, groups of dancing girls, and the energies of King Boabdil lost in soft dalliance and sensual delights; but not deeds of blood and violence, in such a spot. In this hall, which has been often restored, there are few inscriptions, and what there are are said to have been transferred from the Hall of the Two Sisters.

We then went back to the Court of the Lions, and entered the Sala de la Justicia, which is a corridor on the eastern side of the Court of the Lions. It is ornamented with six stalactite arches, rising from small columns. The roof is beautiful, and indeed the whole of the corridor is tastefully and elaborately decorated; and the traces of colouring are more frequent, especially on the roof, than in any part of the Alhambra, being less exposed. Over three deep alcoves there are some interesting paintings, on concave wooden cupolas, embedded in fret-work of stucco. The centre one represents ten bearded Moors, supposed to be sitting in judgment; hence the name given to this corridor. The painting is in flat tints, says Mr. Jones, without shadow, and first drawn in outline in a brown colour. They are painted on the skins of animals, sewn together, and united to the wooden dome, a fine coating of gypsum forming the surface to receive the painting. The dress of each one differs more or less from the others, but all of them have swords in one hand, whilst the other is raised as laying down the law. They are probably the sheiks of different provinces, and are hard and stiff, though the expression of some of the figures is good. The ground is gilt, and decorated with stars.

The other pictures are interesting. One represents a fountain, surmounted with a dog vomiting a flood of water; and in the basin are some small figures, and over each side of it leans an elegant female. On one side is an animated representation of a boar attacking a Christian knight on horseback, the horse worse executed than the cavalier, while dogs of different sizes are attacking the hind-quarters of the animal. A boy, drinking out of a gourd, is perched up in a tree, safe from danger. Then follow two Christian knights contending with a lion; one of them, on horseback, has pierced it with his spear, and the other has both hands on the handle of his sword, and is in the act of giving the animal a cut with all his strength. The next two figures have bows and arrows, and the Christian knight is represented dismounted from his horse, and humbly kneeling, presenting the dead boar to his mistress, an elegant-looking lady, attended by her maid. The figure of the Christian knight is almost destroyed. The other side of this picture represents a Moor spearing a boar; others of the same nation with spears; and a picturesque group loading an ass with the dead animal; then the Moor is represented laying the boar at the feet of his mistress; but he is painted standing, the respect of the Moslem for women never in any age extending to the bending of the knee. The lady is elegant, and her dress and ornaments are different to the other. They are standing on each side of a castellated fortress, surrounded with trees, filled with various kinds of birds and apes; and aquatic birds are sporting in the fountain. Two entrances are represented as leading into the interior; one is guarded by a woman, and the other by a man, perhaps representing a eunuch; the firmament is represented by yellow stars, on a red ground. In the other picture, a knight (almost entirely destroyed) and a lady are under a tree, full, as usual, of birds, with a chess-board between them. Their valet and maid are apparently watching their lord and mistress out of two of the windows of a castellated building behind them.

On one side of this group is a spirited representation of a Moor spearing a stag, and two of his dogs attacking it. On the other side, a Christian knight, on foot, is contending with a lion, I think, but it is much injured; and a graceful figure of a Christian, with no other armour than his sword, is fighting with an animal which has flown at

the neck of his horse. The Moor is then represented killing a Christian, and a lady, in a castellated building, with uplifted hands, is interceding for him. On the other side, a strange-looking hoary savage (an African, perhaps) is grasping an elegant female, who has a chain in her hand, which is attached to a sleeping lion. A Christian knight, on horseback, is rescuing the lady, and spearing the savage. In this painting, also, are palms and cypress-trees, full of birds.

If these pictures were done after the Conquest, the first may be an allegorical representation of the customs and manners of the two nations, drawn to induce the vanquished Moors to conform to the habits of their more civilised conquerors; and the other picture may be descriptive of the long wars—the Moors killing the Christians, the Christians killing the Moors; but the lion of war is at last chained, Africa conquered in Spain; and the reverse of the picture depicts domestic happiness, only disturbed by the dangerous but manly chase of wild animals.

The Koran forbids the representation of animated beings; and if the lions in the court prove they were not strict in complying with the law, the very exception shows they were not capable of executing such pictures as these. It is said they might have been done by Christian renegades or prisoners (and it is possible they may have been so, while the Alhambra was the palace of the Moorish kings); but I think it is more probable that the most exquisite rooms of the Alhambra were selected by Ferdinand and Isabella for their abode, and these paintings then executed.

In this gallery may be seen, close together, three different styles of work. The first, by Abu-l-Hajaj, rather rude; the second, by Abu-l-Hasan, the father of Abdillah; the third, by Abu Abdillah. The azulejos columns of the arch at the end are beautiful.

The central entrance into the corridor from the Court of the Lions is extremely elegant, consisting of an arch comprising within it three stalactite arches, the centre one double the width of the others; and nothing can exceed the delicacy and beauty of the ornaments which adorn them.

The traveller should pause ere he enters La Sala de las dos Hermanas. The double arches of the entrance, the exquisite court about twenty-nine feet square, the arches of the rooms beyond, and the beautiful window looking into the Patio della Lindaraja, form

the most magical picture that can be conceived. Fable or romance never created anything more charming. This suite of rooms derives its name from two equal-sized marble slabs, which form a portion of the pavement, and are called the "Sisters." The door leading into it was hung like the doors in the East. There are exquisite arched alcoves on each side, probably for divans. In the centre is a fountain, which diffused a delicious coolness, and over it a superb stalactite-domed roof.

The decorations of this fairy abode are more exquisite, if possible, than any of the others; the *fleur-de-lis* and a dozen different ornaments, amongst others the pomegranate, and others entirely Moorish, may be traced. Above the centre arches were latticed windows, through which the hareem of the King might see and enjoy the fountain without being seen; one of them still remains, and is quite like the Egyptian lattices. The *azulejos* in this room are also very beautiful, and the stalactite roof is magnificent. The conical ceilings of this hall, and also the Halls of Justice and Abencerrages, as well as the arches of a similar construction, attest the wonderful power and effect obtained by the most simple elements. Nearly five thousand pieces, says Mr. Jones, enter into the construction of the ceiling of the Hall of the two Sisters, and though they are mostly of plaster, strengthened here and there with pieces of reed, no part of the palace is, in the present day, in a more perfect state of preservation.

This room leads into a gallery splendidly decorated, with a delicious alcove ornamented with one large window, looking into the garden of the Lindaraja, and divided by slender marble pillars from a smaller window on each side. As you enter the gallery there is a niche for the slippers to be deposited, and the decorations of the arch forming the entrance of the alcove are charming; nothing, indeed, can surpass the richness of this delicious retreat.

It appears, says Mr. Jones, to be the spot of this enchanted palace, on which the poets, painters, and architects of that day bestowed most of their attention. All the varieties of form and colour which adorn the other portions of the palace have here been blended with the most happy effect. Its chief ornaments are the inscriptions, which address themselves to the eye of the observer by the most beautiful forms of the characters, exercise his intellect by the difficulty of decipher-

ing their curious and complex involutions, and reward his imagination when read by the beauty of the sentiments they express, and the music of their composition.

This suite of rooms is almost perfect, and with the floor above is now more habitable than the other parts of the palace; a more beautiful, more magical, more enjoyable residence cannot be imagined. Oriental luxury and taste never created anything so voluptuous and so charming. No wonder Boabdil was enervated in such an abode, furnished with Oriental magnificence and crowded with the most beautiful houris in the world. The atmosphere it still breathes is more calculated for luxurious indolence and repose, than to nerve a hero for the battle; it is not, therefore, surprising, that the weak Abdillah yielded to its influence and lost his throne.

This part of the palace has clearly been used as a residence, and there are no apartments now remaining where it is more probable the hareem existed, and certainly a more charming residence for love and beauty does not exist in the world. When also the imagination restores the gorgeous yet harmonious colouring, and rich but well-toned gilding, of which considerable remains still exist, the splendid dresses, jewellery, rich draperies, voluptuous divans, and the Oriental amusements, music, dancing, crowds of beautiful slaves, etc., anything more approaching the dreams of the Arabian Nights cannot be conceived. A long poem sings its praises and the king's.

1. I am the garden, and every morn I appear decked out in beauty. Look attentively at my elegance, thou wilt reap the benefit of a commentary on decoration.
2. For by Allah! the elegant buildings (by which I am surrounded) certainly surpass all other erections in the propitious omens attending their foundation.
3. How many delightful prospects I enfold! How many objects, in the contemplation of which a highly-gifted mind finds the gratification of its utmost wishes.
4. Here is the wonderful cupola, at sight of whose beautiful proportions all other (cupolas) vanish and disappear.
5. To which the constellation of the Twins extends the hand of salutation, and to converse with which the full moon deserts her station in heaven.
6. Nay, were they both to abide (here,) in its two aisles, they would hasten to pay it such homage as would satisfy all the neighbours around.
7. No wonder if the stars grow pale in their high stations,

and if a limit be put to the duration (of their light). 8. Here, also, is the portico, enfolding every beauty. Indeed, had this palace no other (ornament) it would still surpass in splendour the high regions of the sky. 9. For how many are the gorgeous robes in which thou, (O, Sultan!) hast attired it, which surpass in brilliancy of colour the vaunted robes of Yemen. 10. To look at them one would imagine them to be so many planets revolving on (the arches of this court as on) their orbits, in order to throw in the shade (even) the first rays of morning. 11. Here are columns ornamented with every perfection, and the beauty of which has become proverbial : (columns.) 12. Which when struck by the rays of the morning sun, one might fancy, notwithstanding their colossal dimensions, to be so many blocks of pearl. 13. Indeed we never saw a palace more lofty (than this) in its exterior, or more brilliantly decorated in the interior, or having more extensive apartments. 14. Markets (they are) where those provided with money are paid in beauty, and where the judge of elegance is perpetually sitting to pronounce sentence. 15. Which when the breath of the zephyr expires before the noontide rays, appear surrounded by a light which throws into the shade all other lights. 16. Between me and Victory the closest relationship exists; but the most striking resemblance (between us two) is the splendour (we both bear). (1)

There are other inscriptions less lengthy.

“And there is no conqueror but God. Praise be to God, the only one.” (2) “Every art has gifted me with its elegance; nay, has given me all its splendour and perfection.” (3) “Those who behold me take me for a female addressing this vase, whose favour (as her beloved) she wishes to obtain.” “Indeed when the spectator has attentively examined my beauty, he will find reality to exceed the most extravagant conceptions of his fancy. He will see the full moon beam forth from among the rays of my light, and its halo leave me to enter the mansions of the sky. This is a palace of (transparent) crystal, those who look at it imagine it to be a boundless ocean. And yet I am not alone (to be wondered at), for I overlook in astonishment a garden, the like

of which no human eye ever saw.” “I was built by the Iman Ibn Nusr; may God uphold his majesty (as an honour) to other things, and perpetuate his high station and glorious rank as long as, like the sun or the new moon, he continues to rise in the high region of the sky.”

In the alcove (La Ventana) there are numerous inscriptions.

“Brightly doth (our Sultan like) the full moon of direction shine in the high regions of empire. May his praiseworthy deeds for ever last, and his radiant light never tarnish. For what else is he but the sun taking up his abode in this sign, therefrom to dissipate all the shadows around. From me (as from the horizon) to overlook the court of his empire, whenever he appears on the throne of the Caliphs like a bright luminary. Let him but direct a glance to the quarter in the sky where the zephyrs joyfully play, and the fugitive breezes shall instantly return to their usual abode. Apartments are there unfolding so many wonders, that the eyes of (the spectator) remain for ever fixed on them provided he be gifted with a mind to estimate them.” (4) “Glory be given to our Lord Sidi Abu Abdillah Alghani-billah. May God prosper his empire and perpetuate his happiness.” (5) “God is the best of protectors. He is the most compassionate of the compassionate. God Almighty is true (in his words). (6) Wherein the warm gale descends to mitigate the cold of winter, thereby producing a salubrious air, and a mild temperature. Truly so many are the beauties of every kind that we unfold, that even the stars of heaven (come down to) borrow their light from us. And how can it be otherwise, when we are built by the command of a king, whose illustrious deeds and commendable actions are already recorded by the historians.” (7) “May divine help, solidity of empire, and splendid victory over his enemies fall to the lot of our Lord, the Commander of the Moslems.” (8) “As to me, I am like a beneficent eye (overlooking) that garden. I never cease to repeat certainly he is the Lord Mohammed, the extolled for his liberality and courage; he whose fame knows no bounds,

(1) Over the mosaic dado.

(2) In the corridor on the left of the hall.

(3) On the jambs of the doorway at the entrance of the alcove of the Two Sisters.

(4) On the bend round the windows, in Arabic.

(5) The Coptic inscription in the panel beneath.

(6) The inscription in Arabic, enclosed by the tails of the Coptic letters in the centre.

(7) On the right wall, on the bend round the window.

(8) The Coptic inscriptions above these.

and whose righteous deeds in religion cannot be surpassed." (1)

There are other inscriptions giving glory to Abdillah.

"Praise be to God! With my ornaments and tiara I surpass beauty itself; may the luminaries in the zodiac (out of envy) descend to me. The water vase within me is like a devout man, standing towards the Kiblah of the Mihrab ready to begin his prayers. Against the current of times my generous deeds are insured. I shall always quench the thirst of the thirsty, and remedy the wants of the needy. Indeed it looks as if I had borrowed liberality (itself) from the hands of our Lord Abu-l-Hajaj. May he continue to shine a bright luminary in my sky, as long as the full moon beams forth through the shadow of night." (2) "Delicately have the fingers of the artist embroidered my robe after setting the jewels of my diadem. People compare me to the throne of a bride; yet I surpass it in this, that I can secure the felicity of those who possess me. If any one approach me complaining of thirst, he will receive in exchange cool and limpid water, sweet without admixture. As if I were the bow of the clouds when it first appears, and the sun, our Lord Abu-l-Hajaj, a monarch, whose hands distribute gifts to the needy (as often and profusely) as the waves (succeed each other.) May his Court be revered and visited as long as the house of God (Mecca) shall continue the resort of the pilgrims." (3) "And there is no God but God. Glory to our Lord Saed. God help him. Glory to God. God is eternal. God is our refuge in every trouble." (4)

These inscriptions are long, perhaps tedious; but really the eye rests more upon them than the ornaments, which are often so minute as at first not to attract so much attention. On entering the Alhambra, the stranger is astonished at the general richness, but when recovering from the delight excited by the general effect, he looks around more closely; every examination discovers fresh beauties, more minute, but not less beautiful than he had observed before.

We then went to the Patio of the Mezquita, which had better be seen at the same time as the Mezquita. There is a beautiful *façade*, with exquisite decorations untouched by the

destroying hand of restorers. A representation of a cornice, almost of Egyptian form, adorns the beam which supports the roof, and under the cornice there is a rich stalactite ornament. This *façade* is unfortunately much injured by a modern gallery. Around the archivolt of the windows are the following verses from the Koran:

"I flee to God to protection from Satan, the pelted with stones. In the name of God, the merciful, the compassionate Allah; there is no deity but him, the living, the eternal, whom neither sleep nor slumber overtakes. To him belongs whatever is in heaven and whatever is on earth. Who is there on earth who can presume to intercede with him except with his acquiescence. He knows what is before men, and what is behind them, and they comprehend nought of his wisdom except what he pleases. He has exhibited his throne (over) the heavens and the earth, yet the protection of these gives him no trouble (whatever). He is the high, the great."

After the mind is weary of the enjoyment of examining this mine of Moorish art, there cannot be a greater relief or a greater delight than to ascend the Torre de la Vela, where you see around you a splendid panorama embracing every beauty, distinguishable from the windows and terraces I have mentioned. It is a view which must dwell in the recollection for ever. On one side is seen the Homage Tower; beyond it the Generalife—the white shining villa—with its magnificent cypresses and beauteous gardens; and above it the Moorish ruin, the Silla del Moro, where the King might well delight to sit, and exult in the beauty and riches of his Vega.

Beyond the palace of Charles V. are seen the Church of St. Helen, the beautiful shady walks of the Alhambra, tenanted with nightingales, the magnificent Sierra Nevada, some Moorish arches, a splendid cedar, the Campo Santo, and the luxuriant Vega, seventy miles in circumference, with white farms sparkling amidst the verdure, which the Moors might well compare to "Oriental pearls set in a cup of emeralds."

Looking towards the very picturesque Vermilion Tower, at the end of the Alhambra, beyond it is seen the dome of a convent, and two towers of St. Augustin's Church, and the mountains leading into the grand range of the Alpujarras; the Xenil river, with its umbrageous banks; and to the right the little

(1) On the left wall, round the window.

(2) On the niche to the left, in verse.

(3) On the niche to the right.

(4) On the arch above.

hill called the Last Sigh of the Moors, where the conquered King Abdillah took leave of Granada and happiness; then the immense town, forming a semicircle around the Alhambra, with its cathedral and promenades; and in the distance Santa Fé, where the Christians were encamped; Soto de Roma, the country retreat of Charles V., which now belongs to the Duke of Wellington, and yields him, they say, 5,000*l.* a-year; the Gorge of Loja, the Sierra de Elvira, and Parapanda, the barometer of Granada; beyond, and more picturesque than these hills, which are low, the defile of Moclin; and looking towards this range, the Vega appears extremely rich, the colouring more brilliant even than usual. Plantations of prickly pear-trees, mulberries, cypresses, oranges, etc., surround the town, in which there is scarcely a house of any size that has not its little garden, redolent with fruits and flowers. It is indeed a splendid view; and, great as must every one's expectation be in visiting Granada, disappointment need not be dreaded here; and when one thinks of the celebrated siege, of the gallant challenges which were given and accepted on this Vega, celebrated as the arena for more than two centuries of Moorish and Christian chivalry, every inch of its soil, as has been truly said, fertilized with human blood, and reflects on the misfortunes of the gallant defenders of this glorious palace, one cannot but feel the thrilling associations are like the lapis-lazuli sky above, which gives a vivid colouring to the scene unequalled in colder and more prosaic lands.

We then went to the Torre de las Infantas, the residence of the Moorish princesses, beautiful for its decorations, machicolated roof, and portico leading into a pretty gallery. Two arches, with a slender column between them, are exquisitely ornamented. All will recollect Washington Irving's story of the three Moorish princesses who fell in love with noble Christian prisoners working in the gardens, and how two escaped, and one was too timid to descend the window, and when her lover fled with her sisters how she languished and died; but as the window is fifty feet from the ground, it is less surprising that she was timid than that the others had the courage to descend.

We then went to the Torre de las Puertas, which is ornamented with two little arches, divided by a column. Near there are five arches, filled up, said to be the stables; but I should not think they would be beyond the fortifica-

tions. The walls are worth examining, as some portions of them are very ancient. Our tour of the Alhambra concluded with a visit to the Tower de los siete Suelos. Three minutes' walk above it is the doorway which Boabdil passed through, never to return, when it was closed for ever. "This gate shall be shut, it shall not be opened, and no man shall enter in by it." (1) A section of an arch is visible, showing it never could have been large. Out of this small gate went Boabdil, to avoid the imprecations of his subjects, indignant that an ineffectual resistance should not be continued. Truly this war of Granada was a melancholy instance "that a kingdom divided against itself cannot stand."

CHAPTER XIII.

La Capella de los Reyes.—Interesting Sculptures.—Sepulchres of Ferdinand and Isabella.—The Generalife.—Gipsies.—El Cuarto Real.

AFTER the Alhambra, the great object of interest at Granada is the Capella de los Reyes. Though forming part of the cathedral, it is quite independent of that edifice, and well adapted for the interesting sepulchres it contains. A rich Gothic portal leads into the chapel, where the attention is instantly rivetted on the splendid reja, or iron railing, of a beautiful design, which guards the treasures of the chapel. Through this reja the two magnificent sepulchres of Ferdinand and Isabella, and of their daughter Juana and her husband Philip, are seen—tombs really worthy of the conquerors of Granada. But passing these, I examined first the representations of Ferdinand and Isabella, kneeling near the great altar. The King is in armour, with his straight hair nearly covering his brow, and his countenance heavy-looking. Isabella, on the other side, wears a scarf, which almost covers her forehead and hair, and her mantle is of deep crimson and gold. They are both represented as tolerably good-looking, and rather like each other; but the Queen is plump and ruddy in the face, too like a dairy-maid. There is a carving behind the King, of St. James of Arragon on horseback; and behind Isabella, another of St. James, on his white steed killing the Moors; the horses are well executed.

There are two intensely interesting sculptures, one of the Alhambra, with its picturesque walls and towers, and Boabdil in his turban and red and green garments, with

(1) Ezekiel xliv., 2.

features in which care and sorrow may almost be traced, although they are shamefully mutilated. He has descended from his white horse, which a boy holds, and is on the point of offering the keys of the Alhambra to the royal Christian party. Behind him is a string of Spanish prisoners, dressed as Moors, walking two and two out of the gate of the palace. The royal party on horseback consists of Ferdinand and Isabella, Mendoza, and the Great Captain. Mendoza, privileged to wear gloves, is in the act of putting forth his hand to receive the keys of the Alhambra, which Boabdil is presenting. The Cardinal's features are perfectly jesuitical, sharp and acute, with an aquiline nose, and thin cheeks so peculiar and so characteristic that there can be no doubt of its being a likeness; but if we can trace the fanatic in his expression, we can also discover those great talents which seconded Isabella in every great and useful work, and earned him the title of "the third King of Spain." Behind the royal party is a host of knights and halberdiers.

The other *basso-rilievo* records the treachery of the Spaniards, who, after promising the Moors religious liberty, compelled them to adopt the Catholic religion or abandon their beloved Granada, as it is doubtless a representation of the baptism of some of the fifty thousand Moors Ximenes forced into the fold of a church whose doctrines they did not understand and hated, and whose relapses supplied fuel for the fires of the Inquisition. These sculptures are also interesting for the Oriental costumes of the women. They are very fairly executed, by the same artist who did the sepulchres, Filipe de Vigarney, who was born at Burgos, and flourished early in the sixteenth century—telling their tale simply and with effect.

Having seen the representations of the great achievements of their lives, in which both took such an active part, Ferdinand constantly in the field, and Isabella, with her extraordinary energy and zeal, furnishing supplies, and when despair was creeping into the camp dispelling it with her presence, we turned to their sepulchres. How true are the words of the Psalmist, "that all is vanity!"

Spain has ever acknowledged the reign of Isabella as her Augustan age; and certainly never was there a monarch in the country whose reign was more glorious and more conducive to the happiness of her people. Isabella, with hands folded, is represented

in relief on this splendid tomb of alabaster, with an expression of sweetness and calm characteristic of the purity of her life; her face is perhaps too full, yet still beautiful. Ferdinand has a more haughty expression, but talented, and his hands rest on the sword which was so useful to him.

The tomb is overloaded with ornaments. How much more imposing would be simplicity in such a sepulchre as this; yet the execution of the figures is good, especially of the doctors of the law at the four corners, the Apostles, and the St. James on horseback fighting the Moors. The little ovals containing the Annunciation and the Baptism of our Saviour, and the angels supporting the arms of Ferdinand and Isabella, are very pretty, especially two at the back.

Isabella did not die at Granada, but it was her wish to be buried where she achieved, what her predecessors had failed in accomplishing, the recovery of her native land from a Moorish domination which had lasted nearly eight hundred years, and, what she valued more, the triumph of the Cross.

The other tomb, of the same size and equal magnificence, is very interesting, being that of their child, Juana, and her worthless husband, Philip of Burgundy.

Great was the grief of the Catholic Sovereigns when they lost their talented and only son, and their first-born child, the Queen of Portugal (Isabella); and though the discovery of America, and still more the glorious conclusion of the religious war, filled their cup with joy, they had their sorrows; and immense must have been their misery when their only surviving child lost her intellect at her confinement.

Both Juana and her husband are represented as remarkably handsome, the former with perfectly Grecian features. This tomb is loaded with ornaments, in the same style as the other; and yet the figures and decorations, however much they may deviate from the required simplicity, have not a bad effect. Some of them on this tomb are also very well executed; the figures of the Evangelists, the medallion containing a Holy Family, and the angels are good, though not first-rate sculpture. The Deposition from the Cross and the angels, on the opposite side to the grand altar, are well done; and undoubtedly the general effect of these tombs is very imposing.

Passing from the representations, we descended by a flight of stairs to the reality—

the lead coffins actually containing the inviolated remains of the Catholic Princes. It is no ordinary matter to visit the tombs of those whose career has thrown a halo over the dreary history of their country, whose reputation is not merely local, but European, for the then known world was agitated with the discoveries made during their reigns and with their assistance, and every Catholic was scarcely less excited than at the time of the Crusades by the religious war they waged against the Infidels. The initials designate the tombs. Juana's and the Prince Don Juan's interest but little, but Ferdinand's, and especially Isabella's, immensely. Spain has a right to be proud of them, but take even a Spaniard's estimate of the character of the King : (1)

"Ferdinand is justly celebrated. No one without injustice can deny him the glorious titles of liberator of the kingdom of Granada, of restorer of order and public tranquillity, of conqueror, of great ; but at the same time, while we must confess the eminent talents for government with which Heaven had endowed him, we cannot disguise the defects which to a certain extent obscured them. The excessive suspicion and extreme distrust he showed even to those who had served him with the greatest fidelity ; the bad example which he gave to his successors of want of faith in not adhering to his treaties ; the indirect vanity which he exhibited in ridiculing his confidential friends ; the excuse which he invented for marrying the unfortunate Baltraneja, taking her from a convent where she had lived retired many years, without any other motive than that of reviving his claims to the throne of Castile, only to revenge himself on his son-in-law, forgetting entirely what he owed to his deceased wife, whose reputation would have been injured by such a marriage ; his subsequently marrying Dona Germana de Foix, in order that she might have a son who would inherit the crown of Arragon, and disappoint his son-in-law, Don Philip—all these are blemishes which have contributed not a little to make it doubtful in what light posterity should esteem him."

As all his faults were exhibited after the death of his wife, we may, I think, give her the chief credit for the great deeds which they accomplished together ; and, with every respect for Ferdinand's talent, we can have little sympathy for one who was so unjust to

the Great Captain Gonzalo di Cordova, who with inadequate forces overran Calabria, gaining victory after victory, and whose powerful assistance at the siege of Atella compelled the French to surrender, and ended triumphantly the Italian wars. (2) Yet the last years of this great man were embittered by the contumely and neglect of a sovereign for whom he had gained a kingdom. Isabella is undoubtedly the most interesting of Spanish sovereigns. All will recollect the glowing pages of Prescott. The fortitude and energy which under every difficulty she exhibited, in promoting the Moorish wars, pawning her very jewels to purchase the necessary supplies, the spirit and zeal which she infused into all ranks, and by her presence in the camp inspired the soldiers, the hardships and dangers she encountered ; and when the Moorish war ended triumphantly, her wise reforms, gentleness, taste for literature, and acts of piety, charity, and munificence, endeared her to all her subjects. Perhaps the brightest feature in her character was the constancy of her friendships. Columbus, whose discoveries were alone sufficient to immortalize his patron's name, would not have had the means to undertake his eventful voyage, and, when sent back to Spain in chains, would never have overcome the malice of his jealous enemies, if Queen Isabella had not been his friend. Ximenes assailed the corrupt habits of the clergy, the most powerful body in the kingdom, and must have fallen a victim to their opposition, had not the Queen supported him. Even the great captain of the age, Gonzalo di Cordova, who first distinguished himself at the siege of Granada, and whose career in Italy was a continual succession of brilliant exploits, would not have been allowed to retain his command, if it had not been for Isabella. Pity it is, that with her excellent sense, admirable judgment, sincere piety, and unbounded generosity, Isabella should have established the Inquisition, and given her consent to a decree which condemned the Jews, her most useful and wealthy subjects, to banishment from the kingdom, and the dreadful sufferings that sentence entailed upon most of them. We must, however, recollect that the head of her Church, the Pope himself, had avowed the principle, that zeal for the purity of the faith atoned for every crime. Isabella being born and educated a

(1) Escaragota, *Historia de Espana*, lib. xi., p. 249.

(2) Ferdinand and Isabella, vol. ii., p. 299.

bigot, and engaged during a great portion of her life in a religious war, may account for a woman of her sound judgment yielding to such a principle, and allowing her confessor to influence a heart which must have shrunk from cruelty, as it broke at last, overwhelmed with her severe domestic bereavements.

There are various interesting relics, bequeathed by Ferdinand and Isabella. The royal standards at the altar, used at the conquest, the sword of the King, of fine-tempered steel, and solid gold handle, the guard turned down in a semi-circular shape, and a plain silver-gilt crown. The Queen's missal, with a heavy binding, with silver hasps, ornamented with pretty paintings, the Adoration of the Magi, and Christ entering into Jerusalem, are good; but the Crucifixion is the largest and the best, the figures looking up, and the decorations of flowers and arms are excellent. They also exhibit a small painting framed in silver, being the portable altar of the Catholic Kings, representing an adoration of the Kings, by Hemling, richly coloured, and beautifully drawn. In the Chapel Royal, there are other works of art worthy of attention, besides those connected with Ferdinand and Isabella. In a side chapel, St. John and the Lamb, by Juan de Sevilla, almost equal to a Ribalta. St. Joseph and the child Jesus, by the same, but not so good. In the sacristy, a Deposition from the Cross, by Alonso Cano; the figure of Mary above our Saviour is fine, but the painting is much injured, and colouring indifferent. There also they exhibit some priests' robes, partly worked, they say, by Isabella. In a gorgeously gilt chapel, beyond the *reja*, are two curious hard paintings, by Gallegos, who was born at Salamanca, and died there in 1550, the Deposition from the Cross, and the Crucifixion, the last the best. There are apparently no services in this chapel and the people are excluded, and therefore there is nothing to disturb the solitude and silence, which enhance the effect of what is, in truth, a vast mausoleum. Pilgrims of every nation, and every rank, visit it with reverence. General Concha and his family were there at the same time I visited the chapel; and though Spaniards are vain of their country and its marvels to a fault, we can excuse their being proud of such monarchs as Ferdinand and Isabella, and the splendid monuments erected to their memory.

The Generalife is the next most interesting sight of Granada. Pedestrians should follow the centre walk of the Alhambra gardens, which leads to the farm-house, or the entrance of the grounds; but if any of the party are on mules or donkeys, the gardens must be left at the fountain, and the first turn taken to the left. The views of the towers and walls of the Alhambra, following the curves and dips of the hill, are very interesting, often picturesque, and still more beautiful, when combined with the town and Vega in the distance. The approach to the villa from the farm-house is neatly kept, and the road through the avenue of cypresses, with a hedge of roses on each side, is also in good order. There is really now no reason to find fault with Spain for the bad preservation of the Moorish remains, or the order and neatness of the gardens, except that prisoners are employed of the worst class, and injuries sometimes committed. The Generalife is not quite as trim as a seat in the south of England, but it is surprising to see it so well kept, as the noble family it belongs to never resides there. This avenue of cypresses leads to the villa, where from the corridor there is a beautiful view of the Alhambra, and its walls and fortifications. The form is almost that of a myrtle leaf, and with the numerous houses upon it, the church, the palace of Charles V. in the centre, and the fortifications following the lines of the hills, it is very picturesque, though the exterior is extremely plain.

Beyond the Alhambra is the beautiful Vega, with Santa Fé in the distance, and round the base of the hill on which the palace stands is the immense town appearing from here, from the narrowness of the streets, one mass of houses; and far in the distance a picturesque range of hills. Passing along this corridor, we came to the remains of the ancient palace. The first gallery or portico is ornamented with a large circular arch, with a smaller one on each side, supported by white marble columns, with an alcove on the left, and a beautiful roof. Three arches, the centre one higher and wider than the side ones, and supported, as usual, by very thin columns (which, neither here nor in the Alhambra, ever appear too slight, so delicate is the work they support), lead into a gallery, where some of the ornaments and the stalactite cornice, supporting the beautiful inlaid roof, are admirable. We then entered a delightful little room, ornamented with windows

covered with lattices in stucco, of a very pretty pattern. Most of these windows are now closed, but, when open, this must have been a deliciously cool retreat in summer, commanding charming views.

The villa is surrounded with gardens, through which the river Darro rushes like a torrent, and is truly delicious this hot weather.

There are some portraits which are curious, if one could give any credit to their being likenesses. El Rey Chico has not the least appearance of a Moor. Musa is rather better; Sidi Yahye certainly looks mean enough to change his religion, or, as Condé says of him, betray his country; Alonso, his son, is an improvement on the father; Ferdinand more like his character than the portraits I have seen elsewhere; Isabella dairy-maidenish; the Great Captain is the best of all the portraits. There were also some vile daubs of the Conquest of South America.

We then went to the cypress-trees. The celebrated one, under which the frail Zoraya is said to have been surprised with her lover, the Abencerrage, is five feet in diameter. The court is delightful, with its pond in the centre, surrounded with hedges of roses; and in a little island, behind an enclosure of box, are coloured flower-pots, filled with choice plants. In the garden behind is a bower, consisting of a cane frame-work, Moorish in its shape, and covered with laurels, cypresses, and myrtles, some of the latter of an extraordinary size. The view from the garden, looking towards the gallery of the villa, is very pretty; but the one from the top of the summer-house is the finest, and little inferior to the celebrated view from the Silla del Moro above, the ascent to which, though short, is steep and fatiguing on a hot day. The Moors delighted to sit there, and enjoy one of the finest prospects in Spain; and well might the Andalusian poet exclaim: "Granada has not its like in the world; neither Cairo, Bagdad, nor Damascus, can compete with it. We can only give an idea of its great value, by comparing it to a beautiful bride, of whose dower those countries should form part." (1)

There you see the Vega, in all its extent and beauty, on one side; the Sierra Nevada, almost one mass of snow; the Alhambra, the plan of which is seen admirably from that

point, Charles V.'s palace seeming nearly filled by the large circus or court in the centre; the Albaicin, the principal abode of the Moslems; the caves in the hills, chiefly inhabited by the gipsies and the poorest Spaniards; and the rivers of Granada, the Darro and the Xenil. The Silla consists of a small fragment of tapia-work, apparently of a square tower.

Descending, I observed the Torre del Pico, the only tower of the Alhambra which has battlements, and in all probability they were added after the Conquest, and then went to the Campo Santo, which contains no monuments of any taste, and is only worth seeing for the fine view of the Sierra Nevada, though some of the dark-grey marbles, of which many of the tombs are constructed, are pretty. We afterwards passed the convent of Los Martires, now a vast ruin, where the tower is worth observing; and then proceeded to the gipsy quarter, where we were soon beset by lively groups, begging and dancing in a style very like the almæ in Egypt. The hills where their caves are situated are covered with prickly pears, which increase their picturesque effect. I penetrated some of the habitations, which appeared to consist of only two little rooms, and are not to be compared to the spacious excavations at Purullena. If, however, these holes indicate extreme poverty, they have at least the enjoyment of the finest and richest view of the Vega.

Strong as the Government now is, the thievish propensities of the gipsies are greatly checked, though indeed such is their adroitness, they are seldom caught when guilty of theft. They live by tinkering, iron-work, horse-dealing, and other employments requiring more wit than labour. Their features are quite different from the Spaniards, and their complexion much darker.

El Cuarto Real, a Moorish royal palace, is well worth visiting. The shaded avenues of laurels, myrtles, cypresses, and beautiful bowers, are Moorish in their designs, and have probably not been changed in form since the time of the Conquest. "The cypress and the myrtle, like the lover and the beloved, grow side by side." When the sun is powerful, as it is to day, they are delicious with their fountains.

The arches of the portico of the palace, at the end of the avenue, supported by double slender columns, are very pretty, and lead into a lofty room, ornamented with four ex-

(1) Mohammedan Dynasties, vol. i.. p. 43.

quisitely-decorated arches, above which are as many windows on each side, now filled up, Their decorations, and those also on the walls, are like the richest point-lace, and the roof is beautifully inlaid, like some in the Alhambra. The azulejos columns, and the green and white tiles, with gold scrolls, are charming, and the arched alcove, with its pretty window, looking over a portion of the town and Vega, is also very beautiful. When weary with sight-seeing, this is a delightful room to repose in, and enjoy the cool breezes and the murmuring of the fountains.

CHAPTER XIV.

Cathedral.—Carthusian Convent.—Convent of San Jeronimo.—San Juan de los Reyes.—Convent of Santo Domingo.—Moorish Houses.—Maria Pineda.—Splendid Views.—Santa Fé.—Padul.—The last Sign of the Moor.—Zubia.—Inns and Guides.

THERE is little to see in Granada beyond the Moorish remains. The exterior of the cathedral, built by Diego de Siloe, is detestable; and the interior, which is very large and lofty, and might easily have been admirable, is almost as bad. The five aisles are formed by clusters of four Corinthian columns, resting on frightful high pedestals, and having, on the capitals of the columns, heavy clumsy attics, of the most outrageous description. The pavement, of dark-grey and white marble, is excellent; but it is easier to say what there is to praise in this church than what to censure.

In the chapel of San Miguel is some of the celebrated serpentine or green of Granada, and a Mater Dolorosa, by Alonso Cano, very good, but it does not exhibit much feeling. Close to this chapel is an inscription, stating, "No one can walk, talk with women, or be together in these naves, on pain of excommunication, and two ducats fine;" a regulation which English tourists never attend to, though the same liberty is not allowed during services in the churches of Spain, as in St. Peter's at Rome.

In the chapel of the Trinity is a charming Holy Family, by an excellent pupil of Cano's, Pedro Atanasio Bocanegra, who was born at Granada, and died there in 1688, his death supposed to be hastened by his jealousy of contemporary artists. There are two Riberas—a Joseph and Child, and the other, St. Francis, both good.

In the chapel of St. Francis are two very fine Riberas—one a St. Jerome, and the other a Martyrdom of St. Sebastian, one of the best

paintings of this master I have seen in Spain; the Saint is on the ground, before being bound to the tree, imploring Heaven for support. There are on the same altar-piece some Alonso Canos. A Saviour and Virgin, very pretty painting, by that master; Christ bearing his Cross, in which the Magdalen is good; a St. Francis and a St. Augustin, the former tolerable; but none of these are first-rate Canos, and some of them very doubtful. The cimborio, or great dome, near the grand altar, two hundred and twenty feet high, is very fine; the arch supporting it, one hundred and ninety feet in height, is curious, as from behind it seems only half the width in the centre as at the spring of the arch. This part of the church is richly decorated with columns, ornaments, two galleries, and a double row of windows above, with rich stained glass. Near the high altar is a figure of Ferdinand kneeling on one side, and Isabella on the other; and there are also two heads of Adam and Eve, in circular medallions, said to be by Alonso Cano, but so spoiled by repainting, that from an immense distance below they seem rather from a perfumer's window in the Burlington Arcade than the production of the wonderful chisel of Alonso. Above the first gallery are seven paintings by that artist, which are deserving of the highest praise, and which indeed must be considered as his chief works. They are too high to be fully appreciated from below, and, being painted for that height, will not bear a close examination; but they may be best seen from the gallery, looking across the cimborio, though even there the distance is rather too great. The Assumption is a charming painting, the Virgin exquisite, and the drapery admirable; but I do not like so much the angels supporting her. The Virgin and Child, in the Purification, are very beautiful; the Visitation looks extremely well from below; the Annunciation is also an exquisite painting; the expression of the Virgin is meek, and full of religion and beauty. The other paintings, the Presentation at the Temple, the Birth of the Virgin, etc., are not so good; but there is a grandeur in the composition of all these paintings, and a pleasing richness and harmony of colouring, which certainly entitle Cano to be ranked among the very best of Spanish painters.

In the gallery are some St. Juan de Sevillas, who was born here in 1627, but of no great merit. In the sanctuary are a series of small paintings, which are said to be by Cano, and

one bears his name. They are called Las Obras di Misericordia, and contain a great many figures, some of them well done; but they are not equal to his paintings in a more elevated style. His larger figure there of our Saviour is good. The gems of the cathedral, also in the sanctuary, are a beautiful little Conception, by Alonso Cano, about eighteen inches high, carved in wood, and coloured, the face very lovely, the hands large, but delicately executed, are clasped together; the Virgin is standing, and apparently in deep thought; her drapery consists of a pale-green robe, with a purple garment thrown over one shoulder, and crossing her body. There is there also, by the same artist, a beautiful Madonna and Child, with a sweet expression; the head of the Virgin particularly well executed. They exhibit also a little image of our Saviour, gorgeously attired, said to have been brought to Granada by Ferdinand and Isabella; and some rich brocaded dresses, decorated with birds and flowers, at which Isabella is said to have worked; but, from the freshness of the colours, they appear less ancient.

We then saw a painting of a Conception, by Alonso Cano; a pale and beautiful figure, the colouring of the flesh white, and the drapery light-blue, like Guido's, and an expression full of grace and beauty. There is also a Saviour by the same master.

Returning into the cathedral, there are a few paintings worth observing. The Virgin feeding St. Bernard; the milk like a silver thread falling from a great height, by Torregiano, who is thought a great deal of here, more, I think, than he deserves; the drawing is not bad, but the picture is not pleasing. The best I observed by this master here is the Holy Family and St. Bernard, with six little angels.

In the chapel of the Virgin de la Antigua are two fine paintings of Ferdinand and Isabella on their knees; the King has a splendid mantle on, and is intelligent-looking; Isabella, with her hands clasped, and in a purple robe and blue cloak, seems all thought, gentleness, and goodness. They are copies by Juan de Sevilla, from paintings by Rincon, and may therefore be considered the most authentic portraits of the conquerors of Granada. There is also a head of Christ, by Cano, under a glass.

The chapel of the Virgin of the Pillar is rich in marbles; the altar especially is very beautiful. Over the principal entrance of the

cathedral is a Virgin and Child, by Alonso Cano, but too high to see it well; and there is also a similar subject by St. Luke—believe it who will.

In this cathedral there is a large painting of St. James on horseback; and as I have often mentioned this subject, which so frequently occurs in the churches and galleries of Spain, it will only be respectful to the patron saint to give some account of him. The Virgin Mary, it seems, sent this apostle, with twelve disciples, into Spain, to build a church to her honour. When he arrived there, he raised an old Pagan prophet from the dead, who had been buried 600 years, and, having baptized him by the name of Peter, consecrated him Archbishop of Barezza. One night, when St. James was at Cæsaria Augusta (now Zaragoza) the Virgin Mary came riding in the air on a jasper pillar, attended by thousands of angels singing Ave Marias, and ordered him to build a church on the spot, which he did. Then he returned to Jerusalem, where he was martyred. His twelve disciples carried his body to Joppa, and put it on board a marble ship, in which they sailed with it to Galicia, whence they travelled to a wood where the city of Compostella now stands, and buried it in a vault in a marble coffin. About eight hundred years afterwards the body was found by Don Theodmir, Bishop of Iria, and the King (Alonso el Casto) built a church over it, and endowed it with lands. St. James soon after rendered the most signal service to his devotees in a war with the Moors. The Spaniards were then tributaries to them, and the annual tribute was a hundred Christian virgins. Don Ramiro refused to pay. The Moors attacked him (at Clavijo). Ramiro raised forces and resisted, and St. James in full armour, riding on a stately white horse at the head of the troops, mowed down whole squadrons of Moors, and freed Spain from the tribute. Hence came the rich and numerous military order of St. James; hence he was made patron of Spain; hence that knight errantry which the author of "Don Quixote" endeavoured to subdue by ridicule. (1)

The Carthusian Convent is worthy of a visit. A handsome staircase leads to the terrace before the chapel, where there is a delightful view of the richest part of the Vega and the gorge of Moclin. The *façade* of the chapel is extremely plain, but over the door there is

(1) Robinson's Ecclesiastical Researches, p. 178.

a good marble statue of St. Bruno. In the corridor of the old convent there is a series of revolting but extraordinary paintings, representing the martyrdom of the Carthusians during the reign of Henry VIII. One friar has a spear through him, and is as calm as if it had passed under his elbow. In the first large painting, the man with an axe on the point of striking the Carthusian is well drawn. The next to it is very good, especially the angels succouring the martyrs. The one that follows represents our Henry VIII. judging four Carthusians. The English King has more the appearance of having been dieted all his life on Spanish fare than on the roast beef of Old England, and certainly never was represented so thin, before or since; but the heads of the Carthusians, with crowns of thorns, are excellent. Another painting represents St. Bruno bowing to the cross, and the cross in acknowledgment bowing to him. St. Bruno carrying a sack of flowers to some princes is the best coloured of the series. The Madonna in Glory is very good. One painting represents four Carthusians dragged to execution, and three hanging on a gibbet. Another, a Carthusian hanging with a weight at his feet. St. Bruno making the water to gush from the dry rock, like a second Moses, and other dreams and miracles of that saint. The dining-room of the convent is large and arched.

The door leading into the chapel is of tortoise-shell, ivory, and cedar-wood, and extremely beautiful; also the screen, and two large paintings—one is the Baptism of Christ, said to be by Rincon, who was born at Guadalajara in 1446, and therefore one of the oldest of Spanish painters; but from their style, and from what I have heard, I think these and the other pictures in this church attributed to Rincon are most probably painted by J. Sanchez Cotan, a Carthusian friar, who was born more than a century later. The other, by the same artist, is a Holy Family, the Madonna and Child sitting under a palm-tree, and St. Joseph helping himself to bread and cheese, and the angels playing above—well coloured. Above are other large paintings, said to be by the same master, Rincon—the Presentation the best.

The chapel is richly gilt, and consists of a single nave, with carved stalls all round, above which are plateresque ornaments; but this chapel is certainly one of the best specimens of that over-ornate style. There are

many large paintings, said to be by Rincon, but most probably by Cotan. The Marriage of the Virgin appears to me one of the best. The Madonna is beautiful, with her white dress and blue mantle, and a very sweet expression. The painting is well drawn, nicely coloured, and the composition pleasing. There is also a charming Madonna and Child, by Alonso Cano. The child is admirable, very natural, and the drapery excellent. The pale clear tint of the brow of the Virgin is like Guido, and in the richer colouring of the boy one is reminded of Titian. There is also there a little Head of our Saviour, said to be by Murillo. The grand altar is very rich in marbles.

A beautiful door leads into the sanctuary, where no expense has been spared. Such a profusion of valuable marbles and ornaments is rarely seen, but greater simplicity would have had a better effect. The cabinets of tortoise-shell, mother-of-pearl, and cedar-wood are, however, superb.

The Convent of San Jeronimo is very interesting. It is now made a barracks, and horses were frisking in the handsome court, ornamented with elliptical arches. There is also another patio, with circular arches and marble pillars. The church contains the sepulchre of the Great Captain, but his bones were scattered by the mob when the convents were destroyed. The tomb is before the altar, covered with a mat, and consists of a plain slab, with this inscription:

GONZALI FERNANDEZ DE CORDOVA.

QUI PROPRIA VIRTUTE

MAGNI DUCIS NOMEN

PROPRIMUM SIBI FECIT, OSSA

PERPETUÆ TANDEM

LUCI RESTITUENDA

HUIC INTEREA LOCULO CREDITA SUNT,

GLORIA MINIME CONSEPULTA.

The retablo of the grand altar of this church is rather fine, covered with tolerably executed saints and religious subjects. On one side of it kneels Gonzalo, and on the other his wife; and behind him is a painting representing the Pope giving him a sword, which was represented by the one which was actually given to him. Many of the nails which fastened it are remaining, but the French appropriated the weapon. Such an indignity to the bravest of Spaniards looks as if they had not forgiven his victories over them in Italy.

San Juan de los Reyes is very curious and quite Moorish, with the arches of the tower supported by slender columns. The church contains no works of art; the portraits of Ferdinand and Isabella by Rincon, mentioned by Mr. Ford, have vanished.

The Convent of Santo Domingo, which has a fine colonnade in the court, is the Museum of Granada, and contains a vast quantity of poor paintings; a few only can be distinguished which are tolerable. Some San Juan de Sevilas. A Ferdinand and Isabella; the light is bad, but it seemed good. It has occurred to me since, that it is possible this may be Rincon's, from San Juan de los Reyes. A Virgin and Child of the school of Cano (38), and a fine Albert Duro. The figures of saints and apostles, carved on stalls by Berruguete, are very good. The Convent of Santa Catalina contains a painting of St. Catherine bearing a cross, but not I think by Cano, as it is said to be.

Granada is an interesting town, and many of the streets are very picturesque; every window having a gay-coloured awning over its balcony, which is frequently ornamented with brass knobs, and sometimes the iron railing is enclosed with glass. The windows of the lower floors, and frequently the upper, are covered with lattices. The best streets, where there are no shops, look pretty and picturesque, but some, such as the Zacatin and the Alcaiseria, quite Oriental, have a still more striking appearance, and many beautiful bits of Moorish architecture will attract the traveller wandering in the narrow lanes and plazas. The latter are not remarkable for size or effect, though the Plaza de la Constitucion contains some few Moorish houses, with square windows and balconies, and some of the smaller plazas contain charming bits of architecture.

The Casa de los Tiros belongs to a family formerly Moors who changed their religion. It has square windows, in which the Moorish guns are still remaining. The Pescaderia is extremely picturesque; a long building extends on one side with shops partly enclosed with wood-work, and above them most picturesque wooden galleries projecting considerably. The groups crowded round the baskets of anchovies, for I did not see any other kind of fish, were very interesting. The Casa del Carbon is quite Moorish, and consists chiefly of a large arch with stalactite ornaments still preserving their colour. The ancient wood roof and decorations, as rich as

point lace, are very beautiful. Under the arch are two little shops, where now they sell rabbit skins and other furs. Some of the streets in the Albaicin, the old Moorish town, are very narrow, scarcely more than a stride across, and picturesque corridors and galleries attract the attention in every direction. The modern fashion of painting the *façades* of the houses adds greatly to their pleasing appearance. Some of the new streets are a good width, and the balconies and gay verandahs look very pretty. The respectable families take great pride in their little gardens, and generally they are full of flowers, and orange and lemon-trees.

There is little art in Granada, the birth-place of the celebrated sculptor Montanes, and Cano. We visited many private houses to see their collections of paintings, but saw very few that were good. In some I found some tolerable Canos, and in one collection I stumbled upon eleven, by Morales, just imported from a convent in Estramadura by a gentleman who has property there. The Deposition from the Cross, admirable, but much injured, some of the faces quite destroyed, St. John Preaching, Christ at the Column, bearing his Cross, and in Limbo, were very fine, but many of them were already destroyed by restorers. I was struck with the neatness and cleanliness of every class of houses. A porch, generally paved very prettily with small stones in the form of flowers and arabesque patterns, leads into a small court ornamented with marble pillars, in which there is frequently a fountain surrounded with shrubs and flowers. The furniture was much plainer than in the houses in Valencia, but always neat. The shops are pretty good, but I see few booksellers, and fewer good books, though this city is the birth-place of many distinguished authors.

Granada is an excellent place for purchasing Majo costume, and I got one for my boy in England. Few English travellers now adopt this dress, and they are right, as they never would be taken for Spaniards, and could gain nothing by being supposed to belong to any other nation. Let an Englishman, therefore, hoist his colours manfully, and when asked his country, which is not likely, as we are easily recognised, say, as Mr. Ford suggests, "Gracias à Dios son caballero Ingles," and no one will think the worse of him, especially if, when travelling, he has a good double-barrelled gun at his side. In these days there is such a variety

of cloaks, coats, and hats, our dress affords every advantage of the Majo costume except the ceinture; and I found a good belt under the vest is as great a support in riding, and perhaps as useful a precaution against cholic, the disease of the country.

The promenades are pretty. The Alameda del Triunfo is for the people, and never visited by the nobles. In it is erected a tasteless monument to Maria Pineda, a lady of good family and great beauty, who in 1831 was strangled here for treason, though her innocence is now acknowledged (Cosas d'Espana); near it is a large hospital for insane people. Then there is a promenade for the red and a promenade for the blue blood, the most aristocratic, on the banks of the Xenil. I followed the river for a long way, and the views were sometimes pretty. The body of water is considerable, but it has a snowy or marly hue, like the streams in Switzerland, near the glaciers.

The views, after the Alhambra, form the great attraction in Granada. We made a delightful excursion to San Nicolas church, where there is a most charming prospect, I think the most beautiful of any. You have not only the Alhambra, but the Generalife, the Silla del Mora, and the Sierra Nevada, and a magnificent view of the city and the Vega. We then went to San Miguel, a ruined convent, where the view is also splendid, but not equal, I think, to the one from San Nicolas. We afterwards went round the bleak hills to get on the other side of the defile, dividing San Miguel from the Sacra Monte, a picturesque convent where there is also an exquisite view, and from there descended to the Darro promenade and passed through another quarter of gipsies and poor Spaniards, living in caves surrounded with prickly pears, and here for the second time we find these people have chosen the most lovely spot near Granada for their abode. The pretty defile is clothed with foliage, and the Alhambra and its towers and walls, and buildings rising above, are picturesque in the extreme.

Granada is truly a charming place for an artist. No pencil can do justice to the interior of the palace, the exquisite details baffle all attempts at correct delineation; but there are picturesque views without end, and if he sits down to sketch the first day of his arrival, thinking nothing can be more beautiful than the point he has first selected, the chances are that he will in a very

few days see a dozen views ten times more attractive.

We had a delightful excursion to Santa Fé, the Last Sigh of the Moor, and Zubia.

Starting at seven, two hours' ride through a perfect garden brought us to Santa Fé. After Isabella had joined the army the camp was consumed by fire, to the great astonishment of the Moors, who suspected some artifice, and this town was then erected, the first and last example of a besieging army adopting so energetic a measure. It had its effect on the Moors, who from that moment despaired of resisting an enemy so determined and powerful. The town is built of brick and mortar, and coarse tapia-work. There is little to observe except the *façade* of the church which is tolerable, and the unusual military regularity of the streets.

The ride of three hours from there to Padul, the Last Sigh of the Moor, is extremely beautiful, along a natural terrace, passing several villages, where the people seem well off, and commanding delicious views of the rich and verdant Vega; such crops of wheat, flax, and beans, as are seldom seen. In the distance Granada, sparkling in the sun, and beyond the plain different ranges of mountains, and the Sierra Nevada with its snowy summits partly capped in the clouds. The foreground to the view consisted of a wood of olives, most of them with picturesque old trunks. Ascending the road, the last point where a small portion of Granada is seen, but nothing of the beauty and the richness of the Vega, is the place called El Suspiro, the Sigh of the Moor, where Boabdil and his suite, gazing for the last time, on a city once so powerful, so happy, and so rich, but then conquered and degraded under a foreign yoke, saw a light cloud of smoke burst from the citadel, and presently a peal of artillery told them that the throne of the Moslem kings was lost for ever. "God is great," he said; but, unable to refrain his grief, burst into a flood of tears.

"Weep not," said his mother, the Sultana Ayesha; "weep not as a woman for the loss of a kingdom, which you knew not how to defend as a man."

Jusef Aben Tomixa, who accompanied him, said:

"Recollect that great and remarkable misfortunes confer on men who support them with courage and fortitude as much renown as prosperity and happiness."

"Ah! what misfortunes," sobbed the un-

fortunate prince, "were ever to be compared to mine."

Fifty devoted followers accompanied him to the district assigned him in the Valley of Purchena, in the mountains of Alpujarras; but Boabdil could not forget that he had been a king, and his vizier, seeing his misery, sold his territory to Ferdinand for eighty thousand ducats of gold, and they sailed to Africa, where he was well received by the King of Fez. Thirty-four years after the surrender of Granada, he assisted that monarch to subdue a rebellion. A fearful battle took place, and in the midst of a dreadful carnage, Boabdil fell, truly called through life El Zogoybi, the Unlucky, dying in defence of the kingdom of another, after wanting spirit to defend his own. M. Gayangos, however, says he lived at Fez, until 1538, leaving children, and his posterity were beggars at the mosque doors—a truly melancholy instance of the sins and weakness of the father visited upon the children, unto the third and fourth generations.

Skirting the plain, we rode on to Zubia, a village situated on the opposite side of the Vega to Santa Fé, and yet it is said to have been in this village that Isabella and her brilliant Court, attended by a gallant band of the most celebrated warriors, sallied from the camp, which was too far distant to enable them to see Granada, and, entering one of the houses of a hamlet which had been prepared for their reception, enjoyed a full view of the city from its terraced roof. The ladies of the Court gazed with delight at the red towers of the Alhambra, rising from amidst shady groves, anticipating the time when the Catholic Sovereigns would be enthroned within its walls, and its courts shine with the splendour of Spanish chivalry. The prelates and friars looked with serene satisfaction at the triumph that awaited them, when the mosques and minarets they saw would be converted into churches, and goodly priests and bishops succeed to the infidel fakeers. This curiosity caused the Moors under Musa to sally out. They endeavoured in vain to provoke the Spaniards to single combat, Ferdinand having forbid that description of warfare, as the Moslems were generally successful. At last a renowned Moor appeared with an inscription of Ave Maria at his charger's tail, dragging it through the dirt. A short time before, fifteen Spanish cavaliers had surprised a gate of Granada, and one of them had dashed through the city, and, after nail-

ing this inscription on the principal mosque, fought his way back to the camp. Outrageous at this indignity to the Holy Virgin, Ferdinand allowed one of his Cavaliers, Garcilassa de la Vega, to encounter the Moor. The Christian was victorious, and a general engagement ensuing immediately afterwards, the Moslems were driven back to Granada with a loss of two thousand men. (1) The house is still to be seen, Washington Irving says, where the Queen saw the battle; but inquiring before I got to the village, of some of the inhabitants, and learning nothing of it, I turned off to Granada at the river, Mrs. H—— being wearied with our long ride, satisfied with seeing the village, its pretty towers, and beautiful situation, at the end of the cultivated portion of the Vega, backed by rocky hills, remarkable for their deep furrows, and reddish and grey tints.

We were about an hour in riding to Zubia, the distance about five miles, and the same time from there to Granada, passing by the hermitage of St. Sebastian. Ferdinand and Isabella there met Boabdil, who surrendered to the Sovereigns the keys of the capital of his kingdom, the last relics, as he called them, of the Arabian empire in Spain. He implored the King to receive them with the clemency he had promised. Touched with his misfortunes, they would not permit him to do homage, and the Queen, to console him under his adversity, delivered to him his son, who had for years been with her as a hostage. During this ride from Padul, we crossed a great number of rapid streams, which irrigate the Vega, by means of innumerable channels, producing what is beautiful to see in this dry climate, a never-fading brilliant verdure. The peasants are well off, earning their tenpence or one shilling, at the least, a-day—high wages where everything is cheap. The farmers complain, like the town-people, that they are taxed heavily, which is certainly the case, and they assert that the friends of the Government pay less than others, but the truth is, all pay largely to support an immense army, and a still greater force of *employés* and pensioners. The following list is copied from the Herald, and will give a good idea of the wretched system which impoverishes the country:—

In the office of the War Department . . .	1,516
“ “ Treasury . . .	34,000

(1) See Conquest of Granada.

"	Admiralty	3,492
"	Minister of Commerce	4,176
"	Home Department	3,801
"	Minister of Justice	2,582
"	Foreign Affairs	246
"	"	20,185
Minister of War, Generals, Officers, including those on the reserved and retired list		151,367
Passive classes (not including the pensions of the judges), officers waiting for restoration, and the heirs of deceased pensioners of all the Ministers		53,589
		274,954

And the army is said to cost one million sterling more than is requisite for the country.

I saw few of the ladies of Granada in the promenades, but many on their balconies, with their hair always dressed with flowers. Very few were good-looking, and they seem inferior to the Valencians in style and manner, as well as in beauty. The world seems to be growing more serious and thoughtful, and even in Spain dancing is seldom seen. A schoolmaster for three dollars got up a ball, to give us an opportunity of seeing the national dances. The boys and girls were prettily dressed, the former in white leather knee breeches, Majo jackets, and sashes; the girls in blue and white dresses, reaching to their knees, and exhibiting to advantage their pretty figures. Nothing could exceed the grace and ease with which they danced the fandango, cachuco, bolero, and various other dances of the same class, and so resembling each other, that a more experienced eye than mine is requisite to describe the difference, which sometimes consisted in whirling round and round more frequently, sometimes in springing higher, or in throwing back the head as in the cachuco. The room was full of the children's parents and other relations, and as every other dance consisted of grown-up women, with long heavy petticoats, we were soon tired. Spanish dances certainly require Spanish dresses. The children danced remarkably well, without the least straining or exaggeration, accompanied with the cheerful click of the castanets of the dancers, and occasionally with the voice.

The population of Granada is, they say, now seventy-five thousand. Formerly, as I have said, in the time of the Moors, four times, and at last more than six times that number; but the valleys were the richest in the world, the mountains full of minerals, and excellent ports afforded the wealth which

commerce produces. Well might the Moors^s delight in their Granada. Like Naples or Rome, it is impossible to leave it without regret, and without acknowledging that it is one of those few places which have realised all our expectations.

The Fonda della Minerva is very comfortable, charges reasonable, twenty-five reals (five or six shillings) each a-day, and the best rooms look over the most cheerful plaza in the town, and have a fine view of the Sierra Nevada. The dinners are occasionally Spanish, but the strong oil may always be avoided, and there is no lack of simple dishes. The sherry is tolerable, and the common table wine, for which no charge is made, is a very pleasant valdepenas. Servants may here be sometimes hired, but the guides are a sad set, and, to take their own accounts of each other, some have committed murder, and all been in prison for theft. We had the best, Bensaken, the father, evidently a Moorish name; but, like all Spaniards with Arab blood in their veins, he denied he was of Moorish extraction. His son is a good-looking fellow, speaks excellent Spanish, and I should probably have taken him as a servant for the rest of our journey, but he endeavoured not only to cheat me but his own father, declaring that he was ill and could not attend us, when in came Bensaken, as well as ever he was in his life. The indifference with which he treated this attempt to deceive him made me think he was accustomed to such tricks. Bensaken the father's charge is a dollar a-day in Granada, and two for travelling. He is very intelligent, and I think honest. It is very difficult to find a good travelling servant in Spain. We could not get any kind of one at Barcelona and Valencia. They were unwilling to leave their homes for less than a year; and now our roughing and riding are almost over, I regretted less being unable to meet with one here, and Mrs. H—— being timid, I engaged a man to walk by her horse, and attend to our luggage, etc., on the road.

CHAPTER XIII.

Alhama. — Robbers. — Malaga. — Moorish Castle. — Streets. — Shops. — The Cathedral. — View from the Tower. — Terracotta Images.

WE left Granada at six o'clock, and for two hours our road lay through the Vega. The crops of beans and wheat and flax were admirable, and the views splendid, looking back on Granada and the Sierra Nevada. M. L—— joined our party again, and a Mr. T—— who

was going to Malaga. Mrs. H—— used to call our worthy French friend comical, he was so full of fun and so very lively, sometimes seated on his horse like a lady, and as often, when he wanted to talk, with his face towards the tail; but now, poor fellow! he is very melancholy at leaving Granada, where he has buried his friend. He, however, undertook again to pay the accounts, which he managed with great good-humour, and quite sufficient economy, preferring to submit, as all travellers should, to a few impositions rather than have angry disputes, and nothing could exceed his vigilance in watching the pot containing our dinner, guarding it from saffron, oil, garlic, and other Spanish nastiness, and cooking himself some excellent omelets.

After leaving the well-irrigated Vega, we came to a barren waste, a perfect contrast. We descended to the village of La Mala, a wild dreary place, but rich in salt-pits, and, after breakfasting at the venta, proceeded to Alhama. The first three hours of our route lay through sterile districts, little or not at all cultivated, and most uninteresting, and we then descended one of the most bleak Sierras in Spain, to the little village of Casin, surrounded by trees, and after crossing a river and ascending another steep hill we came in sight of the city. The first view of it is beautiful, appearing from there as if built upon the slope of a verdant hill, the streets rising terrace-like one above another, and behind a fine range of mountains, the Sierra of Alhama, the Tegada, eight thousand feet above the level of the sea. The course of the river winding through the valley is easily traced by the trees and shrubs on its banks, except in one part where it passes through a splendid rocky gorge. The approach to Alhama, up a long, broad, inclined entrance, suitable for a metropolis, destroys the first impression, for you then find that the city is situate on an eminence, surrounded by a deep rocky chasm—an immense natural moat, through which the river Marchan foams amongst wild romantic rocks mingled with beautiful foliage, picturesque mills, and bridges, with Moorish houses perched above, forming one of the most romantic scenes in Spain.

Many parts of the city have a very Oriental appearance. There are baths in the neighbourhood, which we distinguished before we arrived, by the vapour rising from them, whence the name of the place, Al Hamam (bath in Arabic). An ancient aqueduct, which

still supplies the inhabitants with water, crosses the plaza on circular arches, which appeared to me Moorish, though very like Roman. Alhama was the richest place in the Moorish territory, and, from its strength and peculiar position, was called the Key of Granada.

Notwithstanding its vicinity to the capital, the Marquis of Cadiz determined to take it. The warlike troop under his command set out in 1482, from Seville, and passing through the gorges of the Alpujarras arrived without being perceived within half a league of Alhama. They remained concealed in a deep valley formed by steep rocks (probably the one we passed), where they waited for night. When the Spanish General thought the inhabitants would be asleep, he set out with three hundred soldiers, and, by means of ladders they had brought with them, mounted the ramparts of the castle which command the town. Killing the sentinels, they rushed to the gates, which they secured, instantly opened, and admitted the rest of their forces. The inhabitants of Alhama, surprised but not conquered, courageously flew to their arms, and barricaded the entrance of the city on the side of castle. At the dawn of day they were attacked by the Spaniards, but resisted obstinately, until night put an end to the combat.

The next day the Castilians, who had received reinforcements, renewed the fight. The Moors defended themselves in the streets, in their plazas, and in the houses; but at last, overwhelmed with the increasing number of their enemies, and covered with wounds and worn out with fatigue, they could resist no longer. The city was pillaged, and most of the inhabitants put to the sword. The women and children, who had taken refuge in the mosques, were torn from those asylums by the furious conquerors, and even their lives were not spared.

Thus fell Alhama, and the once flourishing city became in two days a vast sepulchre, a scene of desolation; the streets, formerly crowded with a joyous and wealthy people, were strewn with ruins and the dead bodies of the slaughtered Moors. Thrice did the King of Granada attempt to recover this important place, but without success.

This was the first conquest of one of the bulwarks of his kingdom. Fortress after fortress, city after city, were besieged and taken, and after nearly ten years' war, Granada, like a second Troy, was at last subdued. The

mournful little Spanish ballad, "Ay de mi, Alhama" (Woe is me, Alhama), translated by Byron, is supposed to be of Spanish origin, and written soon after the event, to depict the grief of the people of Granada on the taking of this strong city.

Passeavase el Rey moro
Por la Ciudad de Granada,
Desde las puertas de Elvira
Hasta las de Bivarambla.
Ay de mi, Alhama!

Cartas le fueron venidas
Que Alhama era ganada.
Las cartas echo en el fuego,
Y al mensajero matava.
Ay de mi, Alhama!

Hombres, niños y mugeres,
Lloran tan grande perdida.
Lloravan todas las demas
Quantas en Granada avia.
Ay de mi, Alhama!

Por las calles y ventanas
Mucho luto parecia;
Llora el Rey como sembra,
Qu'es mucho lo que perdía.
Ay de mi, Alhama!

As the posada is said to be wretched, we went to the Casa de los Caballeros, which looks clean; but I had also good reason to exclaim "Ay de mi, Alhama?" for my bed was full of creepers.

We left the city at a quarter past four o'clock, in the dark; but the day soon dawned, and we had a wild ride, ascending but an indifferent path. The view of the chasm of Alhama is very fine; afterwards the grand mountain of Tegada attracted our attention, and, illuminated as we saw it with the golden tints of the rising sun, it was truly splendid.

Having reached the summit of the mountain pass, we descended a rough path into a wild and beautiful valley, and had a very picturesque view of a rocky gorge on our right. The dogs in these mountainous regions are armed in a very formidable manner with strong collars, on which are several, or sometimes only one, long sharp pike in front, and are trained when they attack men to throw back their heads and trust to their weapon, and not their teeth. Being very large powerful animals, their whole weight thus thrown on the bristling collars would inflict a wound on their victim which would probably be fatal.

When about two leagues from Alhama, we saw five very suspicious-looking fellows, with, however, only one gun. They assembled on the road, as if to stop us, when they

saw only Messrs. L—— and T—— in advance; but, when the rest of the party came in sight, they moved off towards the hills. Monsieur L—— distinctly observed one man drawing the attention of the others to my double-barrelled gun. The roads have the reputation of being so safe, we should have had no apprehension of their being robbers; but their manner was so suspicious, we were convinced that they were brigands. Our suspicions were confirmed when soon afterwards we met two parties of the *guardia civil* who were in search of them, and gave us descriptions of their persons, which agreed exactly, and their opinion was they would undoubtedly have robbed us if they had not seen my gun and I had not been on horseback. They are the remains of a band of upwards of twenty, whose Captain, José, has been as celebrated for several years as the famous José Maria. He was found murdered on the road six weeks ago, apparently by his followers, who then became very imprudent, and robbed a *guardia civil* of his horse and gun. Energetic measures were taken, and first twelve, and afterwards four more, were apprehended. The rest of the gang attacked a grandee and General in the army, on his way from Malaga to Madrid, in his carriage, and wounded him severely. All the guards and soldiers in the district turned out in search of them, and every effort was made for their discovery. One of the brigands betrayed his friends, and they were taken, and all of them, not excepting the betrayer, instantly shot. Mr. T——, whom I afterwards met at Madrid, said he saw the dead bodies brought into Malaga, flung over donkeys like so many sacks of corn, but he could not say if they were the same we saw.

In Andalusia it is certainly prudent to carry arms, as all Spanish travellers do; but three or four Englishmen, with double-barrelled guns, need not fear any attack from bands of brigands or single footpads (*rateros*), who turn out when they see an opportunity of attacking unarmed strangers.

We stopped an hour for breakfast at the Venta del Almondin, opposite the fine mountain of Tegada and the village of Alcacin. I had a very small teapot, canisters for tea and sugar, gridiron, cups, and a supply of knives, forks, and spoons in a strong mahogany dressing-box, which I had made into a canteen. The spoons were of silver, and the mistress of the venta, thinking the forks were of the same material, and seeing that I

was too busy sketching to detect her, managed to steal one of them.

We started again, and in an hour and a half after leaving the venta arrived at Vinnuela, which seemed as we approached to be situated in a basin, surrounded with hills and groves of oranges, whose delicious and almost too powerful flowers perfumed the air; but we soon found it was only the commencement of a rich but narrow valley, through which the Avila flows, through pleasant groves of oranges, lemons, aloes, and prickly pears, which, combined with the verdant hills and rich cultivation, made the valley look like a little paradise after the dreary mountains we had passed.

Our route was in the broad bed of the Avila, sometimes crossing its narrow stream; and glad we were of such a flat road after the rough steep paths we had crossed in the mountains.

About two o'clock we approached Telez el Malaga, picturesquely situated, with three hills rising behind the town. Some remains of walls and towers of the Moorish castle exist on the centre hill. Ferdinand took this place in person, killing a Moor with his own hand. The view from these hills must be very splendid of the rich plain and fields, hedged round with prickly pears and lofty rushes, and hills covered with pretty little white farms, with their frames for drying the grapes, larger but similar in shape to cucumber-frames, and beyond this rich garden a magnificent range of mountains.

In an hour we came to the Mediterranean and an uninteresting country, but soon afterwards left the good diligence road, and followed a path between the sea and some wild picturesque rocks. This path soon joins again the public road, and immediately afterwards we passed a strong fort and several martello towers. Both to-day and yesterday we have seen occasionally on the hills round watch-towers, apparently Moorish; and we observed also in the valley of the Avila some old picturesque bridges, of the same period. The ride is pretty to Malaga, through a succession of rocks and valleys, richly cultivated towards the sea, but entirely by raising water from wells, by *sakeeas*, sometimes worked by a donkey but generally by a mule. The rocks approaching Malaga seemed very picturesque; it was, however, nine o'clock when we entered the town, and therefore almost quite dark.

I was much interested in observing the

wild-looking hills and valleys which surround this place. It was in similar deep rocky gorges, dry beds of torrents, that the peasants, roused to resistance by the valiant El Zagal, the brother of Abu-l-Hasan, utterly routed the Marquis of Cadiz and the flower of the Andalusian chivalry. The peasants hurled stones and darts from the rocks and precipices. Courage and skill were useless in paths almost impassable to horses, and in defiles too narrow for many to pass at a time. The Marquis, attended by his faithful lances, escaped; and some others, after great sufferings, were equally fortunate. The most moderate account states that two hundred and fifty, and Pulgar asserts that four hundred, persons of rank, and thirty commanders of the military fraternity of St. James, were slain; and, according to some authors, eight hundred were killed, and double that number made prisoners.

"All Andalusia was overwhelmed by this great affliction. There was no drying of the eyes that wept in her. There was scarcely a family in the South but had to mourn the loss of some one of its members by death or captivity." This disaster was cruelly revenged. Ferdinand besieged Malaga with an immense host, and his Queen, Isabella, appeared in the camp, to encourage the assailants.

The battle raged with fire and sword, above and under ground, along the ramparts, the ocean, and the land, at the same time. The siege lasted three months, the Moors exhibiting the greatest skill and courage in the sallies which they made, and in defence of the fortifications. The Christians were brave, as usual; but a famine which raged in the town was of more service to them than their valour.

As the population was very numerous, and no provisions could be introduced, the inhabitants experienced in a short time privations which became every day more severe and intolerable. The rich citizens, who could not support hunger, assembled secretly to consult as to the means of surrendering the town to the Castilians, without exposing themselves to the rage of the people. They commissioned Ali Dordux to negotiate with the Christians; but this chief, according to an Arabian historian, bribed by Ferdinand, admitted the enemy at night into the fortress of Gebalfaro, from whence they spread into the town, which was pillaged by the soldiers. Many of the inhabitants perished in the con-

fusion, others lost their liberty, and some few escaped by sea. The Spanish chroniclers say Ferdinand refused to grant any terms, and the inhabitants, after protracted negotiations, threw themselves on the mercy of the conqueror, reminding him of the liberality of their ancestors, when Cordova and other Christian cities were taken, after a defence as pertinacious as their own.

The Governor, Hamet el Zegri, made a most gallant and obstinate resistance; and as he did but his duty to his country and his king, and only yielded to the slow advances of famine, he deserved a better fate than chains, a dungeon, and perpetual slavery. It is, however, some slight palliation for Ferdinand and Isabella, that one thousand six hundred Christians were found prisoners, some menialservants to the Moors, and others in chains in the dungeons. The arts which adorned the Alhambra had not softened the religious bigotry and cruelty which then prevailed.

The brave followers of El Zegri, the renowned Gomeres, were made slaves, and sent as presents to the Pope; and even the Moorish maidens were also made captives, many given to Joanna the Queen of Naples, to the Queen of Portugal, and the great ladies of the Court of Spain.

Ferdinand added duplicity to cruelty, and, fearful lest they should conceal their effects, proclaimed that he would receive thirty dollars a-head as a ransom for the whole population, if paid within nine months, and that their personal effects should be admitted as part payment. The people gave in a full inventory of their goods, but, not being able to raise the full amount, Ferdinand obtained complete possession of the persons and property of his victims. There is no greater stain on the characters of Ferdinand and Isabella than their cruelty to the unfortunate inhabitants of Malaga, condemning all, without distinction, to slavery, for their obstinacy in defending their city and religion, with the most heroic courage—unmindful of the generosity of the Moors to the Christians, when they conquered Spain. (1)

The Moorish castle, now repaired, still defends the city; and a line of interesting forts (sometimes so numerous as to be almost close together) and walls, picturesquely following the ascent and slopes of the hill, leads

up to the fortress. The view from the summit is very fine, of the sea, the port—which is very much exposed, but full of small vessels—the immense city, and the surrounding hills. We did not quite reach the summit, not having an order; but a soldier on guard, as a favour, admitted us to a point where the view was as fine almost as it could be at the top; and, what is wonderful in Spain, he refused a present of a peseta.

The sights of Malaga are seen in an hour or two, but the town requires longer time, as it contains a population of ninety thousand. There are a great number of good streets, some of them very regularly built; and all the houses had the lower windows covered with iron railings, and those on the other floors adorned with balconies, covered with glass or gay-coloured awnings, and even the highest loaded with beautiful plants in full flower.

The Plaza de la Constitucion is larger than the generality of plazas in Spain; and the Plaza del Triunfo is pretty, with its little promenade in the centre, ornamented with a monument to the forty-three patriots who were entrapped and executed in 1831. An Englishman's (Mr. Boyd's) is the sixth or seventh name on the list.

The grand promenade of Malaga is the Alameda, which is planted with trees; but many a smaller town in Spain can boast of a finer; the houses on both sides are excellent. The Zacaton is picturesque, with its gay shops. There is not now so much wine exported as formerly; ten thousand butts are supposed to be the quantity. A great deal of this is sent to Cadiz, and thence forwarded to England as sherry.

There is considerable luxury in the houses and furniture in Malaga, and they are very dear; but, to make this show, they say they live very poorly. The women, who have such handsome dresses and mantillas, have petticoats with embroidered flounces, and the upper part, they say, of the coarsest material. They seem ladylike in their appearance, but not particularly pretty. There are about one hundred English residents, many of them labourers in the iron and cotton manufactories, and some families residing here for climate; but as it is a town purely commercial, without arts and without literature, I wonder Valencia is not preferred, where good Spanish society may be enjoyed, and the climate is equally fine. Coal and hardware are the chief importations, and indifferent wine and

(1) Condé, vol. iii., p. 238; Prescott's Ferdinand and Isabella, vol. i., chap. ex., and vol. ii., chap. cxiii.; Conquest of Granada, p. 128.

one hundred and fifty thousand boxes of raisins the principal exports.

There is not a single gallery worth seeing, but the English Consul has some, and one very curious painting of Queen Isabella, they say by Juan de Leyden; (1) and there is an old inscription in Spanish, on the back, stating that it was drawn from nature. It is very hard, but expressive, and seems to have been taken when she was about forty-five. She is not represented at all pretty, but with full cheeks, and not even a pleasing expression. A cap fits close over her head, covering almost the whole of her forehead, but allowing her auburn hair to be seen; and that part is well painted.

The church of Santiago was once a mosque, but it is not worth seeing. There is a tolerable Christ at the column. The exterior and interior of this church are equally execrable. The cathedral is worth visiting. The *façade* is ornamented with Corinthian columns, and wanting in simplicity. The tower is decorated in the same style, but the effect is better. The view from the summit richly repays the trouble of the ascent, and is indeed splendid. The fortress, with its Moorish towers and walls, extending from the castle to the town, is extremely picturesque. In the distance, Africa and the blue Mediterranean covered with vessels, and calm as a lake; the immense town one mass of roofs, most of them without chimneys; the Plaza de Toros, many churches, but few of them with towers, and those not picturesque; the convent of Victoria, where the Christian forces had their head-quarters, at the foot of a little hill; La Trinidad very striking in the plain, and the convent of Los Angeles still more beautiful surrounded with wood at the entrance of a mountain gorge; the dry bed of the river and the immense city fill up almost entirely the little valley in which it is situated, an apparently narrow strip of land separating the suburbs from the fine wild furrowed mountains—admirable natural fortifications, which might easily be defended.

Near the sea are some lofty chimneys of the cotton-manufactories and iron-foundries, which can scarcely answer, as they are obliged to import their coal from England. There are also extensive soap-manufactories, and they say they export great quantities to America.

(1) I presume they mean Lucas de Leyden; but this artist was only born a few years before the death of Isabella, and it is not like his style.

The interior of the cathedral is as bad as the exterior; three naves, formed by clusters of Corinthian columns, of the same kind I have described in the cathedral of Granada. The wood carvings in the choir are very beautiful; an Apostle or Saint above every stall, admirably done; the marble pulpits are good; and there is also an Annunciation in marble and two tombs in the same chapel, well executed. The Madonna del Rosario, by Cano, is not one of his best; the colouring is too red, but the composition is excellent. The Madonna has the child in her arms, and around there is a group of angels, and six saints below are looking up in adoration. The design of the grand altar, by Cano, is simple and elegant.

The terra-cotta images, for which Malaga is celebrated, representing chiefly majos and contrabandistas, with their wives on horses and mules, are excellent; but they looked so friable, I did not venture to purchase any; the best are at Leon's old shop, Calle Sa. Lucia.

The grand Hotel of the Alameda was full. We found La Fonda de la Danza very comfortable. Matias Balcon, an honest Galician, is the chief valet in the hotel, and speaks English; and having had proof of his honesty, I strongly recommend him.

CHAPTER XIV.

Baths of Caratraca.—Ronda.—Siege.—Chasm.—Peasants.—Gaucin.—Arrival at Gibraltar.

WE left Malaga at half-past six o'clock, and were two hours in crossing the plain, which appeared so small from the cathedral tower. The country appeared less cultivated as we receded from the city, and was very uninteresting, until we arrived near Catama, formerly a Moorish town. At the venta we breakfasted, and had to give an *employé* two pesetas to save our luggage from being examined.

I observed an immense number of stunted palmitas, with clusters of foliage precisely like the leaves of the doum-trees, or fan-leaved palms. They cut them annually for fire-wood, and call them palms, but say they never grow high. We passed some men working at the aloes. One man was beating the leaves on a stone, whilst another separated the spongy matter from the fibrous, which is used for ropes. They told me they earn from tenpence to one shilling a-day.

We soon afterwards lost our road, and in

place of taking the path to Bonjas, we turned to the right instead of the left, and before meeting any one to inquire our way, we were far advanced on the route to Carratraca. Though two leagues were added to our journey, I did not regret it, for the ride was beautiful, and bad as this road is, they say the other is much worse, and any amelioration is an advantage when there is a lady of the party.

The rocky bed of the river was frequently extremely picturesque, and once we came upon a little valley, filled with gardens of oranges. Our road often lay in the bed of the river, which we crossed and recrossed continually, and then we ascended to the village of Carratraca, situated on a high hill. On the opposite side of the defile there is a splendid mountain.

Carratraca must be a cool residence, even in the summer or autumn, for now it is quite cold compared to Malaga. There are baths, which have a great reputation in Andalusia, of sulphuretted hydrogen, of the temperature 14 deg. Réaumur, says Mr. Ford. The accommodation seems to be but indifferent, but I only saw the exterior, as the key was not to be found; the whitish-looking water was flowing fast from the premises, and felt warmish.

At the posada they had nothing, not even an egg or a potato, and we congratulated ourselves on having brought a supply with us. A traveller in Spain should never move without ham, chickens, etc., in his basket. The baths are much frequented, generally between three and four thousand strangers in the autumn. Some come for change of air, many for the waters. There are forty private baths and a large public one, and they say fifteen hundred persons bathe every day. The water which flows from the baths irrigates the land, and produces excellent crops. The visitors will not allow the gardens to be watered in the same way, and refuse to eat any vegetables or lettuces which have been thus irrigated, though the soil would filter all impurities; the idea certainly is not pleasant, of eating vegetables grown and strengthened with water which had flowed from the baths of persons afflicted with cutaneous and still more disgusting diseases.

We started in the morning at six o'clock, and, after an hour's ride, passed the village of Aldales, picturesquely situated on the slope of a hill, with a castle on a perpendicular rock adjoining, built of tapia-work,

doubtless the work of the Moors. The country is verdant around, and the hills green, almost to their summits. Soon afterwards we saw on our left the castle of Durong, which has several towers, and is more perfect. The Moors seemed to have fortified themselves in every place; sometimes even the houses are castellated. We then proceeded over hills, partly cultivated, to Cerato. Numbers of men were weeding the corn, but women are seldom seen working in the fields in Spain. An hour afterwards we passed a valley planted like a park, with splendid evergreen oaks, as large and as picturesque as our common ones. There were other oaks just bursting into foliage, but not the same as the English. There was also a great variety of shrubs, laurels, tamarinds, and many smaller plants, odoriferous in the extreme. We afterwards rode through some wild rocky hills, their grey tints forming a striking contrast to the vivid green of the partly cultivated valleys.

At two o'clock we came in sight of Ronda, and the fine Sierra rising behind, and in the distance, the longer and more magnificent Sierra of Grazalena. We distinguished a Moorish castle on a hill, called Ronda la Vieja, of which they say there are only a few remains of the castle, the habitations having been used as a quarry, for the construction of the modern city. As we approached Ronda, we saw more interesting remains of the Moors. A splendid aqueduct, now ruined, but even at a distance I could distinguish seventy or eighty arches of this magnificent work, which Christians, with all their civilisation, never attempt to restore. The valleys in approaching the city were very pleasing; on our right the hills were covered with olive-trees, vines, and verdure, and on our left the country appeared still more cultivated, and studded with white cottages glittering in the sun.

At five o'clock we entered Ronda, celebrated for its siege in 1485, by Ferdinand, who taking advantage of its brave commander, Hamet el Zegri, being absent on one of those marauding expeditions so common in this war, surrounded the city with a mighty army, but the siege lasted a long time. The river-girt perpendicular rocks, strong fortifications, and a numerous garrison, well supplied with provisions, were formidable obstacles. The Christians formed five camps to protect themselves from the sallies of the brave Moors, and to enable them to erect

batteries for the lombards, used, some say, for the first time at this siege. With these terrible machines they set fire to the houses and public buildings, and spread terror and dismay amongst all ranks. The women, children, and old men, panic-struck at their severe effect, filled the air with their cries. The old chief, El Zegri, on his return, was frantic with rage, to see his towers, deemed impregnable, tottering under the fire of the terrible lombards, and his city blazing at night like a volcano, and yet all his efforts to break through the Christian camp, and relieve his people, were ineffectual. The Moors, perceiving that preparations were making for an assault, compelled the garrison to capitulate, and the Castilians, anxious to avoid destroying the town, granted to the inhabitants their liberty and property, and to the soldiers their arms and baggage. An immense number of Christians, more than four hundred, many of them knights of the best blood in Spain, were rescued from the dungeons, with beards reaching to their knees, and bound with chains, which now hang, as trophies of this victory, against the exterior of the Church of San Juan de los Reyes, in Toledo.

Modern Ronda is the prettiest of Spanish towns. The houses, contrary to the usual construction in Spain, are exceedingly low, having only one story; but the principal streets, especially those we passed through on entering, are long and straight, and the effect is beautiful of the balconies covered with flowers; every house fresh and clean, as if it had been whitewashed yesterday, and what enhances greatly the picturesque effect, the sashes of the windows are parallel with the walls, but the iron lattices rest on pedestals, and above are pretty mouldings. Within the iron railings are wooden lattices, in pattern similar to what may now be seen in the Alhambra, and everywhere in the East, and such effectual screens, that the women of Ronda (and many were fresh and good-looking) who were at their windows, had to stand and look over them, which was certainly not Oriental. No doubt they have preserved this custom of the wooden lattices from the time of the Moors, which is not surprising, as so many families are of Moorish origin. In Granada, I was informed by one who had been years a resident, that one-fourth of the families were descended from the Moors, and probably it is the same here. The exterior of the city is curious. Perpen-

dicular (pudding-stone) rocks form in many places the walls, and, being weak, arches were constructed to strengthen the foundations for the houses; in many places the picturesque arches exist, though the houses have vanished. The town has also a Plaza de Toros, one of the best of the kind, and wonderful is the description they give of the bull-fights, costumes, etc., at the great fair on the 20th of May. There is also a pretty Alameda.

The great object of attraction at Ronda is, however, the Tajo, and certainly it is magnificent. The view of it from the bridge is the finest. A dark chasm of gloomy perpendicular rocks, six to seven hundred feet high, where the sun never penetrates, and the dizzy depth of which is fearful to behold, enhanced by the dreary solitude of the wild glen, without a single habitation of man visible, destitute also of vegetation except a few prickly pear-trees near the summit, and in the distance, spanning the gorge, a fine picturesque old Moorish bridge, which would be called a *pont du diable* in any other land, form one of the grandest and wildest scenes imaginable. The Guadalvin (in Arabic, the deep stream), black as Styx, reflecting the dark tints of the rocks, struggles audibly through its rocky bed, until it reaches the bridge, a marvel of art itself, crossing the chasm, with an arch six hundred feet high, and one hundred and ten broad, supported by solid buttresses, fifteen feet thick, rising from the stream below, and strengthened by other masonry and smaller arches. If the dark chasm might be supposed, from its fearful gloom, to be the very ideal of the valley of the shadow of death, the view on the other side might well be called the abode of light and happiness, especially as I saw it, the grand perpendicular rocks reflecting in a perfectly golden tint the warm rays of the declining sun, and crowned with a tiara of pretty white sparkling cottages.

As a sluggard roused to activity and usefulness, the Guadalvin, after being pent up in the narrow gorge, and wasting its sweetness on the barren cliffs, bursts forth tumultuously, sometimes hid behind projecting cliffs and luxuriant foliage, or forming cascades as beautiful as liquid silver, as it dashes from rock to rock, and when it has lent its friendly aid to one picturesque mill, foaming to another beneath, and grateful at its escape from the gloomy glen, offering up to heaven its thanksgivings—"the everlast-

ing incense of its waters." There is a supply for all; mill after mill (above a dozen of them) profit in their turn of the abundance, and many a stalwart miller, and many a ruddy-cheeked family, who act as guides to travellers through the intricate passages amongst the ivy-clad rocks, owe their bread, their wealth, their all, to the useful Guadalvin, who rushes on joyfully, until its over-redundant life is spent, and it glides through the distant verdant vale, a calm and fertilising stream.

We lingered with our pencils in the beautiful valley, until the setting sun reminded us there were other sights to see; but, after all, the Tajo is Ronda, and even the remembrance of Alhama fades before such a scene as this.

In the old town, divided by the bridge from the new city, the streets are tortuous and not so pleasing as in the latter; but some of the houses are really Moorish, and very picturesque. The ancient battlements surround the place, and there are also considerable remains of the citadel.

We put up, in the modern town, at a clean-looking fonda, which is also, as is usual with this description of inn, a *café*, and they gave us an excellent dinner; but our beds were full of fleas and creepers.

Before starting next morning, I went into the market-place, near the bridge, and saw some hundreds of men assembled, chiefly round golden heaps of oranges. There are said to be eighteen thousand inhabitants, and in the time of the Moors the occupants of this mountain fortress had always the reputation of being the most active, robust, and warlike of all mountaineers, and the Spaniards, partly perhaps their descendants, retain this character. A finer and more healthy set of men I never saw, and most picturesque they looked, dressed in their russet-brown costumes.

Spain is said to be indebted to Ronda for its bravest bull-fighters, and most fearless smugglers and brigands also, when that trade was flourishing. Some of the men I saw seemed capable of anything, and even now, in these safe times, our men seemed more than ordinarily cautious not to say which way we were going.

Our road lay along the well-wooded and cultivated valley. We then ascended and descended, but chiefly ascended, for two hours, steepish hills, enjoying occasionally fine views of Ronda, with its perpendicular

gorge, apparently inaccessible on that side. In another hour we reached the summit of the hills, and had a splendid view of the mountains, and at eleven o'clock arrived at Atazale, situated close to some picturesque rocks, and in the distance there was a fine view of the valley and range of mountains. The valley is planted like a park, with splendid evergreen oaks, space being allowed between each tree to permit them to collect the acorns, which are larger than those of the English oak, and are relished by the peasants here as much as the chestnuts in the Apennines, and the taste is rather similar.

At half-past two o'clock we passed on our left a village, with a Moorish castle, called Ben Adalid, close to it, better constructed than the generality of those fortresses. It is a square massive building, situate on a hill projecting into the valley, with a round tower at each angle, and on the side where the approach is defended by another in the centre over the entrance. The situation of this castle and village is very picturesque, in a rich and verdant valley, surrounded with a splendid amphitheatre of mountains, some of them covered with trees and verdure, and others of a grey tint, the most barren of all sierras. We then proceeded up-hill and down-hill, a fine mountain ride, and at about three o'clock, at the village of Laridano, came in sight of Gibraltar. The view was very fine; the valley studded with picturesque villages, the blue Mediterranean calm as a lake, and Africa beyond, the white houses of Ceuta perceptibly glittering in the sun. It was impossible to resist the impression that the little rock of Gibraltar is part of the range we were traversing, and should belong to Spain, and not to England, and certainly it is not surprising that the Spaniards are jealous of our possessing it. We then turned to the right into a different and still more charming valley, richly wooded; some of the mountains covered with foliage, even to their summit, and others more lofty, raising their grey rocky peaks almost to the delicate, white, fleecy clouds playing above them, while the river Guadiaro, like a silver thread, crosses the verdant vale. Soon we returned to the other valley we had left after passing Ben Areba, and thus the road continually changed from one valley to another, sometimes affording us views of Gibraltar, and then of the rich vale which became still more wooded as we advanced. I observed

to-day, and indeed every day since we left Granada, enormous lizards, actually as thick as my wrist. They were in form more like young crocodiles than the thin little timid things I have seen basking on the walls of Italy and in other countries of the South.

At five o'clock we arrived at Gaucin, situated at the foot of some steep picturesque rocks, looking down on a plain wavy and broken as the sea in a storm; and in the distance, Gibraltar, the range of mountains forming the mountain barrier of Spain, and the hills of the African coast, between which are the Straits. It is a splendid view, but more extensive than picturesque. Several of the villages we have passed to-day have Moorish names, and were probably the last abodes of the unfortunate Moriscoes. We passed several fragments of highroads, paved, doubtless, by the Moors, but now the pavement is often as rough as a flight of stairs, and almost as difficult to ascend. The peasants we saw on the road were always civil, respectful, and obliging. If they were eating, they invariably asked us to partake, as is the custom in the East; and nothing can exceed their industry, every plot of land being cultivated with the greatest care.

We left Gaucin at half-past five o'clock in the morning, and were two hours in descending a steep path into the valley of the Guadiaro. The views of Gaucin, perched among wild rocks, are very picturesque, and towards the sea it is also very fine; Gibraltar glittering in the sun, and Africa looming in the distance. From many points the rock had the appearance of a bridge-bit, and such it is for this Mediterranean lake, and for Spain and France. The valley of the Guadiaro, where we first joined it, is narrow and very beautiful, filled with gardens of oranges, laden with fruit, and perfuming the air with their flowers, and some cypresses still more picturesque, with a background of fine rocky mountains. Our road being now in the valley, we had to ford the broad river twenty times, broad I should call it for Spain, where the rivers in fine weather are seldom wider than our brooks in England. This was often thirty to sixty feet wide, but the water was never deeper than our horses' knees. The valley soon became wider, and we left the river and rode over rich land covered with fine crops of wheat and flax.

At twelve o'clock we crossed the stream again at a broad ford, and breakfasted at the

Venta de Guadiaro. After resting there an hour and a half, we started for Gibraltar, and entering a wild district covered with shrubs—what is called, I believe, the cork-wood—we lost the track, but after trying several I found one which seemed to go in the right direction, and, calling to M. L.—to follow me, descended into a gorge. My party took a different route, but, having observed accurately the situation of the rock and the hills, I made out my way, and after a couple of hours got into the road to St. Roque, a neat clean-looking town, and in an hour reached Gibraltar. The approach on this side is very fine. The perpendicular grey limestone rock appears longer than from other points, but is very imposing, and the city is extremely picturesque at the foot of the hill, street above street rising terrace-like above each other. It looks like the abode of peaceful prosperity and wealth, and at a distance gives little indication of the eight hundred mighty guns which, with the extraordinary natural fortifications, render the rock impregnable.

I was glad I had an opportunity of making a sketch before my party came up. An officer rode round me whilst I was thus engaged, but being satisfied I presume with his scrutiny, that my pencil was not very dangerous, he rode away. The sentinels are ordered to challenge all who draw, but their vigilance may be easily eluded, and an official very frankly advised me to do so whenever I felt inclined. There is no danger of offenders being marched to prison, as is not unfrequently done in Spain. The officials at the lines give little trouble, and the narrow flat strip of land, called the neutral ground, which connects the rock with the main land, is soon crossed.

On entering the fortress, square holes are seen in the steep cliffs, the apertures to excavations, which are in fact batteries. It was pleasant to see the red coats again, and not idling and sleeping like Spaniards in the shade, but on the alert, and marching with as much precision as if an enemy were at the gates; and this discipline should never be relaxed, for it can only be by a surprise that Gibraltar can ever be taken. The first entrance leads through a large barrack, an excellent contrivance, for if an attempt were made to seize the place, the sleeping soldiers would soon be roused to give assistance. As we approached the rock we met gay parties of English in carriages and on horseback,

taking their rides into Spain. The Club-house (the best-looking hotel) being full, we found at Griffiths' a drawing-room, with carpets, chairs, and a piano, entirely in English taste; and for dinner we had beef-steaks and heavy joints, all excellent in London, but not suitable to this climate, where better mosquito nets to the beds and cool floors would be more desirable. I had lost my passport on the road, and had considerable difficulty in procuring one at the rock. The authorities required a certificate from some person that I was an Englishman, and were not satisfied with my showing them Herries' circular letter, and Baring's letter of credit and letters of introduction to the Consul at Cadiz, and the *chargé-d'affaires* at Madrid, and my card with the address of my residence in London. My letter of credit from Baring's fortunately included the American Consul, at Gibraltar, and he gave me a line that to the best of his knowledge I was an Englishman, and this satisfied them. It was extremely absurd, but I could not see Mr. Paget, the magistrate, himself; and his clerk was not only wanting in civility and judgment, but seemed also to delight in creating unnecessary difficulties.

CHAPTER XV.

Gibraltar. — Town. — Alameda. — Heat. — Fortifications. — Commerce. — Contrabandistas. — Advantage to England. — Monkeys.

GIBRALTAR, anciently called Calpe, was the European Pillar of Hercules. Tarik, the one-eyed Moslem General, on the 30th of April, 711, attacked this stronghold, defended by a handful of brave but undisciplined men, and to commemorate his victory changed the name of the promontory, and called it Gibel Tarik, or the rock of Tarik, which in process of time was changed to Gibraltar. Guzman el Bueno took it from the Moslems in 1309, but in 1333, the people, despairing of being able to defend themselves, surrendered to the Moors, and the Commander el Alcayde Vasco Perez, dreading the indignation of the King and the hatred of the people, passed into Africa. Another Guzman, in 1462, recovered this jewel of the Spanish crown, and in 1704, during the war of the succession, Sir George Rooke attacked it suddenly, when the garrison, consisting only of eighty men, had recourse to their relics and saints, but made no resistance. England has, since that period, retained this important key of the Straits. Immense efforts were made by Spain

and France, during a siege of four years, to recover this fortress, which ended on the 13th of September, 1783, in the destruction of their floating batteries. The additional fortifications adapted to the new system of warfare, which may be expected from steam-frigates, have rendered the rock impregnable.

The town, containing about twenty thousand inhabitants, has little to recommend it; the houses are in the worst possible style for a hot climate, and the Calle Reale, where the principal shops are, is the only good street. There is nothing picturesque, and little in good taste to be observed in the place. The stores are plentifully provided with English goods, but there is not one handsome shop, and the prices are considerably higher than in London. Tea is an exception, admirable Souchong may be procured for four shillings a-pound, and the opportunity of filling the tea-canister should not be neglected.

The pride of the city is the charming Alameda, laid out in the English style, with undulating twisting walks, which make it appear larger than it really is. The geraniums are numerous and beautiful, and at this season of the year covered with flowers. It has also its bowers, monument to the Duke of Wellington, a bust and shield on a column, and a grotesque figure of General Eliot. At the entrance of the Alameda is a large flat piece of ground, where the regiments are drilled, and the music of the bands enlivens greatly the promenade. The views from there are very beautiful of the sea—the Straits and the coast of Africa. Beyond it, is what is called the South District, the most picturesque part of Gibraltar. The Alameda is the fashionable lounge, and in the cool of the evening, full of young officers of the garrison, pretty natives with fine figures and graceful mantillas, and English girls sustaining the reputation of their country, for the fairest complexions and the bluest eyes in the world. The town must be insufferably hot in the summer and autumn, for even now (20th of April) it is scarcely bearable. It is not the height of the thermometer, 27 deg. in the shade, and 24 deg. in the room, of Réaumur, but the want of circulation of air, which makes Gibraltar intolerable. The rock rising immediately behind the town reflects the heat and checks the currents of air, and causes, even at this season of the year, a stifling feeling extremely disagreeable. I prefer being on a mule ex-

posed all day to an Andalusian sun, than lying on a luxurious English sofa in Griffiths' comfortable drawing-room. Fortunately Gibraltar is soon seen, as one excursion up the mountain will satisfy the curiosity of most travellers. Permission is granted (on application) to see the Signal Towers, the O'Hara Tower, and the excavations. We first passed the Moorish castle, which is not shown. It is very picturesque, the entrance being ornamented with a fine circular arch, and it has evidently, from its battered appearance, done much service. We then went into the excavated galleries, which certainly are wonderful. Those towards the base of the rock, which were intended to be used for troops to retire into, and which are not shown now, existed before our conquest of Gibraltar.

The galleries the English have made, partly in imitation of these, contain thirty-seven guns. They say that the passages are not inconveniently filled with smoke when they are fired, except when there is a strong easterly wind. The holes for the mouths of the cannon are too small to be distinguishable until nearer the rock than any enemy could approach, and too small marks to hit, even if they saw them. A portion only of these guns (twenty four-pounders) are pointed towards the Spanish lines. Others are smaller, to defend the works, and prevent the lodgments of an enemy under the rock, where other guns could not reach them, and some are mounted on stocks, which rise and fall like a pair of scissors, so that the level can be instantly changed. I forget what I was told was the length of the Spanish lines, I believe about fifteen hundred feet, and yet one hundred and sixty guns bear in this direction, not so much for the defence, as Gibraltar might well trust to its natural fortifications, but for the purpose of demolishing any works the Spaniards might erect. Besides the galleries, which are wonderful as tunnels, and the admirable way they are lighted, there are two rooms particularly deserving attention, the Cornwallis and the St. George's Hall. The latter is about fifty feet by thirty-five, and well proportioned in height. To an unscientific eye, these excavations seem the very perfection of fortifications, and not less wonderful are the different lines of works at the foot of the rock, which are best seen from the different openings in the galleries.

From the excavations we went to the Signal Tower, where the view is really splendid of

the fine range of the Spanish mountains, St. Roque and Algeciras; of the two lines of hills forming the Straits, which from here appear to be rather low, and of the African coast, Ceuta very distinguishable, and Tangiers just perceptible. Gibraltar lies like a map beneath you. On one side, the lines, the cemeteries and kitchen gardens, and Catlin Bay, chiefly inhabited by fishermen, and on the other side a beautiful view of the South District, which is certainly the most picturesque part of the rock. Houses, one large one belonging to a mess, barracks, and hospitals, are mingled beautifully with cliffs and trees. At a distance, Gibraltar seems quite barren, but all the crevices of the rocks are filled with aromatic shrubs, and wild flowers, and towards the South District I observed a great quantity of the palmitas, with foliage like the doum palm-trees, the favourite food of the monkeys, the tenants of the rocks. From the Signal Tower we went to the Cave of St. Michael, which is worth seeing, even without light, and must be fine illuminated. Penetrating as far as the darkness would permit, the view is striking; looking towards the entrance, the stalactites hanging from the lofty roof are picturesque, and there are natural pillars standing in the centre, which in that dim light have the appearance of giants, with immense heads and broad shoulders, enveloped in mantles. From the Cavern we went to the O'Hara Tower, of which little but the ruin remains. The view from there of my favourite part of the island, the South District, is extremely beautiful. We then returned, through avenues planted with geraniums, to our hotel. An abominably stupid *valet-de-place*, who pretends to speak and understand four languages, and really cannot speak or even understand one, and without a grain of information, or common sense, said we must have horses, which were only an incumbrance to us. We were an hour and a quarter reaching the highest point, including the long time we were in the galleries, and the ascent is so easy, and road so good, any lady who is a tolerable walker might dispense with a horse. We had to pay one and a half dollar each for them, one third of which was, I suspect, pocketed by the valet. I was sorry we did not see the inhabitants of the rock, the monkeys, who have the good sense to take refuge in the highest, coolest, and most inaccessible portions of the hill. Gibraltar bristles already with eight hundred guns, and other fortifications are in progress. It is im-

possible to view such an impregnable place, and to see and even feel the inconvenience of the rigid discipline, without acknowledging that it is an excellent nursery for our young soldiers, and without confessing that England has indeed reason to be proud of such an acquisition. It may be true, as Mr. Urquhart asserts, that the fortress has cost us fifty millions, but how many millions have English subjects gained by the commerce, illicit it is true, with this country. The quantity of our manufactures imported into the South of Spain was enormous, but at present the government has with a strong hand almost extinguished the unlawful trade, and the prosperity of Gibraltar is very much diminished. Several of the most extensive dealers have left, others are leaving, and the contrabandists as a class have almost become extinct. Some have turned thieves and robbers, but generally on a small scale, and travellers are safe from their attacks. On the way to St. Roque, I met a man who asked me if I had seen three contrabandistas, who had stripped his house of every article of value. A few still carry on the hazardous trade, and only yesterday the magistrate was employed in taking the deposition of an officer who had been stabbed by one of them. On the way from Granada, I asked my muleteers to be particular in pointing out to me every contrabandist we met; but so few of them are there now in the country, we only saw one, a fine-looking fellow, armed with a gun, and covered with a brown cloak, which reached to his Andalusian leggings. He was mounted on an excellent horse, and, when we met him, turned out of the direct road into the hills. If, however, the commercial advantages of our possession of Gibraltar are for the present greatly diminished, a liberal tariff may probably soon establish a more legitimate trade, and the rock is of great political importance—it is a bridle on the ambition of France.

The Spaniards cannot like our retaining it, but when the Governor is as liberal as the present General, a good feeling always exists between the English and the Spanish population in the neighbourhood, who profit greatly from the advantages they derive in supplying the markets of Gibraltar. The Spaniards are apt to forget the services we have rendered them, and this check on their pride, especially as it is possible they may some day have an Orleans Prince for a King, may in many ways be serviceable. The French wish to make the Mediterranean a French lake,

but their dream is impossible, so long as we have Gibraltar at one end, and Malta and the Ionian Isles at the other.

The magnificent remains which still adorn the French colonies in Africa, and show us how Rome made every conquest an acquisition of power, appear to have no influence in suggesting to the French a better system of colonisation. England and Europe have no cause to envy the French possessions in Africa, which have hitherto only served as a safety valve to exhaust the treasure and overwarlike spirit of that country. Morocco is, however, our ally, and it is well we should be able, if requisite, to prevent their adding that kingdom to their other extensive conquests. Besides, what is Little Britain without its colonies? Should we not sink almost to the rank of a second-rate power without them, and shall we begin by abandoning the one that is most easily defended? Our colonies are splendid fields for the active spirits who create revolutions in other countries, and the sources of wealth to thousands. Long then may we possess “this bright pearl of the Ocean Queen’s crown.”(1)

Gibraltar has its English church, a spacious temple, ornamented with horse-shoe arches, a wretched imitation of Moorish architecture, and the roof supported by columns in very bad taste. Every religion is of course tolerated, and there are many in this little place. The Jews are very numerous, and their costumes, and also those of the more picturesque and cleaner Moors, add greatly to the attractions of the streets, shops, and walks. We had our passport arranged for Tangiers, but the wind being contrary, and no chance of a change, and nothing but small craft going, who never sail without a fair wind, we were obliged to abandon our excursion, which I cared less for, having spent eighteen months in Africa. The heat is already oppressive for an English lady, and our tour is only half completed.

CHAPTER XVI.

Algeciras.—Tarifa.—Mountain Pass.—Wild District.—Chiclana.—Arrival at Cadiz.—Museum.—The Capuchin Convent.—The Cathedral.—Puerta de Santa Maria.—Sherry Wine.—Voyage to Seville.

WE had our passport arranged for Cadiz, and left disagreeable hot Gibraltar without a single regret, except that we had not seen the monkeys. To speak to a native of these ani-

(1) Handbook, p. 408.

mals, is like talking to a Dutchman of tulips; they immediately become extraordinarily animated; magnify their numbers from less than two thousand to four thousand; talk of their being divided into three or four bodies, of their battles with each other, of their great size, large as men; and yet these enthusiastic admirers of the wonderful monkeys could not say how these vast hordes exist on the barren rock.

About an hour after leaving Gibraltar, we crossed the Guadarranque in a ferry-boat, and then passed the site of Carteia, a Phœnician city, of which scarcely a vestige remains; and, after crossing the river Palmones, we arrived at Algeciras, ten miles from Gibraltar. The town is pretty; the houses are low, but beautifully white, and the lattices of the windows and balconies, painted green, have a very pretty effect. We had a good dinner, and, as usual, plenty of fleas, at the Posada d'Espana.

We left Algeciras at seven o'clock, and, after passing an aqueduct, soon began a steep ascent, and were three hours and a half in reaching the Venta de Ojen. I had arranged to go to Tarifa, an old Moorish town, called after Tarik, the Moslem chief, according to Mariana, but more probably after Tarif-An-najai, who commanded half the forces of Tarik. (1) I should have liked to have seen the Moorish castle of Guzman el Bueno, who allowed his infant son to be murdered before the walls, rather than surrender to the Moors; and I should also have liked to have seen a city which was the last abode of the Moriscoes in Spain; such, at least, is the belief of the learned at Tetuan, as a very intelligent Moor informed me; but I did not find out, until far too late, that my guide had taken a shorter road by a league. I was annoyed, as I take such interest in every vestige of the Moors; otherwise, the views we enjoyed were splendid—of Gibraltar, the Straits, Africa, Algeciras, and a foreground of wild crags, beautiful shrubs, and magnificent cork-trees. The path was the roughest I ever crossed, and four out of six horses fell; but every turn presented beautiful combinations of rocks and foliage. The ventorillo, the lowest kind of venta, furnished us a dozen eggs and some hot water, for which they charged five shillings. Mrs. H—— being fatigued with having been compelled to walk most of the way, I got the peasants to fasten

a strong pole on each side of a chair, and carry her at a good pace to the next venta, a league further; but the road was good, compared to what we had passed.

The Handbook calls this a wild dangerous road, and especially at the Trocha Pass, which is infested with smugglers and charcoal-burners, who occasionally become rateros and robbers; and certainly it is a place where any deed of darkness might easily be committed. Except at the two ventas, we neither met with habitations or men, and the few peasants that gathered round the venta were sad rough-looking fellows. The people of the neighbourhood are mostly charcoal-burners, and still have a bad reputation. Our friend, Monsieur L——, having the responsibility of carrying back to Toulouse his poor friend's will, thought it requisite to follow his Consul's advice, and hire an escopetero, or peasant, armed with a gun, as an additional protection through this wild district. He was connected with the country, perhaps an old robber himself.

In the East, the guardianship of one Bedouin is a security against all his tribe, and the assistance of one escopetero was probably as good as a dozen, otherwise the addition of but an indifferent gun and another arm would not have protected us from attacks. He was a quiet unassuming fellow, extremely taciturn, and walked on before the party at a rate we found it difficult to keep up with.

We were six hours afterwards in reaching La Barca, a posada, prettily situated at the foot of a range of hills, on the summit of which is the little town of Veger. A bridge, leading over the river to the posada, increases the picturesque effect. Since we left the venta, our route has been over large plains, little cultivated, but the soil generally admirable. We observed here, as in many other places, La Era, or a piece of ground, near the houses, beat down hard, and often cemented, which is the thrashing-floor of the Bible. In Egypt, the sheaves are placed upon it, and the corn trod out of the ear by two oxen dragging a kind of harrow; here, they say, they use horses.

Many of these plains are inundated during the winter, for want of proper canals and drains, and burnt in summer; but nothing would be more easy than to make them as fertile as any country in the world. Wells and water-wheels would turn the desert into a garden. Now they are covered with immense herds of cattle—horses, bulls, cows,

(1) Mohammedan Dynasties, vol. i., p. 268.

sheep, pigs, donkeys, and mules. The peasants live in cottages thatched to the ground, resembling, at a distance, stacks of hay. The plains are generally surrounded with low hills, sometimes thickly planted with fine cork-trees and evergreen oaks, and having almost the appearance of a park in England. The Venta de Barca has a fair outside, but, as usual, nothing to be got but eggs.

The fatigue of the mountain ride seemed to have sent every one to bed sooner than is usual in the ventas, but the silence was soon disturbed by the screams of a lady, who had jumped into hers with too much agility, and the ricketty affair came down bodily, with a crash of rotten planks, enough to startle the strongest nerves. Being in the dark, and well read in the horrors romances have depicted in solitary inns in Spain and other lands, her alarm was very great, not knowing what would happen.

We left Vejer at seven o'clock, and had an uninteresting ride of four hours and a half to Chiclana, over plains covered with flowers and shrubs despoplados, tenanted only by herds of cattle, where occasionally there was pasture. On our left lay the sandy lines of Trafalgar. "England expects every man to to his duty," was the last and great command of Nelson, and it seems to be written on every British sailor's heart. Afterwards we passed the Knoll of Barossa, where Graham gained a more disputed victory.

It was extremely hot (at eleven o'clock, in the shade, 26 deg. Réaumur). Before arriving at Chiclana we passed a forest of pines, but they were too poor and too thinly planted to afford any shelter from the heat, and we were therefore glad to arrive at an excellent fonda, where we had an admirable breakfast of fish and cutlets, and very delicate good wine, and yet paid no more than for water and a little bread in the miserable ventas.

Chiclana has still open drains, exposed to an African sun, for the benefit of the children who are sent here to nurse, and invalids to feed on a soup chiefly made of long snakes, which are said to effect miraculous cures. The town seems tolerably pretty, but the country round has little beauty to boast of. We were glad to change our horses for the diligence to Cadiz, which however was nothing better than an omnibus. We passed St. Fernando, in the island of St. Leon, an extremely pretty clean-looking town. The white houses, with their green lattices and balconies, have a very pleasing effect; and

the Calle Reale, which we passed through, is one of the best streets for length and width I have seen in Spain. In the diligence were two good-looking Spanish officers, and two very pretty Cadiz girls; the latter appeared shy at first, but a flirtation was soon established, and long before the journey was over they were the best of friends.

The view of the Bay of Cadiz seemed flat, after the scenery we have visited, but the fortifications, on entering, appeared strong. Our trunks were examined at the gate, and we walked from there along the port to the Hotel of the Alameda, which was full; and, after trying several others, we were glad to find excellent rooms at the Orient, a French hotel.

Cadiz was founded by the Phœnicians three hundred and forty-seven years before Rome, says Mr. Ford. In 1596, the city was sacked by Lord Essex; and in 1628 and 1702, other ill-planned attempts were made by the English, and without success. The city strikes you, on entering, as perfectly beautiful—such a number of handsome houses and clean streets; but, like Malaga, it is a commercial town, and therefore has little fine art. In the museum are a few paintings, worth seeing. Several portraits of St. Bruno, by Zurbaran, remarkable only for the good colouring of the drapery; two angels with incense, the higher parts of these figures are very graceful, but the lower parts badly drawn. The best, by Zurbaran, are two small paintings—St. Lorenzo and St. John the Baptist, Nos. 15 and 17. These are almost Raphaelesque in colouring; the embroidery of St. Lorenzo's garment elaborately painted. There is also in the museum a good Murillo—a Conception—from the convent of San Felipe Naris; it has the signature of the artist written in full, and looks like an original, but not one of his best; yet the expression of the Madonna is very beautiful, and the angels are well grouped. The painting has been badly restored in several places, especially the two little angels on each side of the Virgin. The museum contains a tolerable collection of casts for students.

The Capuchin convent contains several Murillos; one over the grand altar, consisting of a large centre painting, representing the Marriage of St. Catherine; above which is a small picture of the Father Eternal, with angels, very different from the same in our fine painting. There are also two more on each side of the large one; a St. Francis,

above which is a Guardian Angel; and on the other side a St. Joseph and the Infant Jesus, and above the latter a St. Michael. All these, said to be by Murillo, are interesting as his last works; and there is no doubt that, when painting the St. Catherine, he fell from the scaffolding, and never recovered from the injuries he received, dying shortly afterwards at Seville. The paintings were finished by his scholars. I should not think he had painted any portion of the St. Michael and the Guardian Angel, very little of the St. Joseph, but perhaps more of the St. Francis, which is good, only the large figures of the Marriage of St. Catherine; and these are unfinished, and want the warmth and life of his finishing touches.

The children are all by Osorio, with large heads quite out of proportion, and wanting entirely the exquisite grace with which his master painted cherubs. The composition of the painting is fine, and the attitudes of St. Catherine and the large angels full of grace.

In the same chapel, in the side aisle, is a dark picture of St. Francis receiving the Stigmata, by Murillo; the head of St. Francis is remarkably fine, full of expression and religion. On the opposite side of the chapel is a Conception, by Murillo, but the Virgin has not the beautiful expression of the one in the museum, though the cherubs supporting her are graceful, especially the one at her feet.

The *façade* of the new cathedral is in wretched taste, though the interior is rather a good specimen of churrigueresque. The aisles are formed by clusters of Corinthian columns, with heavy attics above the capitals. In the sacristy there is a good Magdalene, which they say is by Murillo; but it is not at all like his style—much more like Ribalta's.

There is in another chapel a Conception, by Murillo, but not in his best style; the lower part of the figure of the Virgin is too wide; but the expression is good, and the cherubs, especially one, are very pretty. There is nothing else worth observing. The old cathedral is not worth visiting.

Cadiz is certainly the fairest city in Spain. The Torre de Tebiri should be ascended, whence the situation of the city, almost surrounded by water, may be seen, only a small narrow strip connecting the city with the continent; and the immense mass of sparkling houses, white as snow, contrasting vi-

vidly with the lapis-lazuli heaven above. The streets are so narrow, few are visible from this point; the long street of the Sacramento is the only one of importance that looks like a thoroughfare. The roofs of the houses are flat, and ornamented frequently with flowers; and many have small square towers, with sentry-boxes, for the inhabitants to enjoy the view and fresh air, sheltered from the oppressive heat of summer or the cold of winter. The yellow dome of the cathedral, and the churrigueresque church of the Carmen, are the most conspicuous buildings. The view of the fine bay is beautiful, but the country around is flat and uninteresting.

The views of Cadiz I admire most are from the fortifications near the Alameda, and more especially from the sea. The city seems to rise fairy-like from the deep blue waters, and the trees of the Alameda, which are of a good size, and the gay bright houses, with their green balconies and iron lattices, have a charming effect.

All seems new at Cadiz, so clean are the habitations and the streets; indeed so very fresh is the white colouring and also the green paint, it seems like a city which had sprung up by enchantment all at once, and not the work of ages. Turn which way you will into the very long straight streets or the short ones, or the Plaza de la Constitucion, or others smaller, the same freshness, the same bright colouring, the same remarkable cleanliness, are everywhere distinguishable.

The shops are good, but they make little show, most of the goods being inside. They appear to dread the evil eye, as none of their treasures are exposed to the jealousy of passers-by. The women seem justly celebrated for their easy, graceful, and natural walk, but I did not see much beauty.

We crossed over to Puerta de Santa Maria in a small steamer, which makes the voyage three times a-day. The town is pretty, and in the same style as Cadiz. We went into Messrs. Gaztelu Yriartes' bottega, an immense store, containing a prodigious collection of butts of sherry. We tasted the new wine, which was not drinkable, and afterwards, splendid Amontillado and brown sherries. We also tasted some delicious Muscatel, and very excellent Manzanilla, and made some purchases. About forty thousand butts are exported every year, three-fourths of the quantity to England, and almost all the rest to America. I have learnt that forty-two

thousand five hundred and eighty-eight butts were exported from the Bay of Cadiz during the year 1850. The bottega was kept in excellent order, and it was really an imposing sight to see such an immense array of enormous butts of fine generous wine.

On our return to Cadiz, I went to Mr. Wetherell's, and saw some few tolerable paintings, and, among many drawings, a very beautiful one by Alonso Cano, charmingly coloured. I saw also some impressions of Roman inscriptions, which he found at Italica, and which he has sent to England. I saw also this evening other galleries, but none containing paintings of any merit; and bad as they were they asked exorbitant prices for them.

We heard that a steam-boat was leaving for Seville, and that there would not be another for three days, an immense period to remain in a place, where yesterday the thermometer was $27\frac{1}{2}$ deg. Réaumur in the shade, and mosquitoes and fleas intolerable; no works of art, and nothing in the world to see, all the streets being so much alike. Besides the anxiety of M. L—— to get on, and my own impatience to arrive at Seville, the prospect of seeing a bull-fight—the last, I was erroneously told, that would occur before June—made me determine to leave Cadiz this morning, and give up Xeres, which I regret, not for the sake of the wine bottegas, as I have seen a large one, which is all that is requisite; but there are there some Moorish remains, an old castle and a gateway worth seeing, and I should have liked to have surveyed the scene of the eventful battle between the Moors and the Christians. As we passed by sea we could perceive the flatness of the land, uninteresting in the extreme, but admirably calculated for a great conflict. It was on the banks of the Guadalete that King Roderick lost his crown, and the Crescent was triumphant over the Cross. The pomp with which Don Roderick went forth to war is characteristic of the times. (1) He was arrayed in robes of gold brocade, his sandals were embroidered with pearls and diamonds, he had a sceptre in his hand, and he wore a regal crown resplendent with inestimable jewels. Thus gorgeously apparelled, he ascended a lofty chariot of ivory, the axletrees of which were silver, and the wheels and poles covered with plates of burnished gold. Above his head was a canopy of cloth of gold,

embossed with armorial devices, and studded with precious stones. This sumptuous chariot was drawn by milk-white horses, with caparisons of crimson velvet embroidered with pearls. A thousand youthful cavaliers surrounded the car, all of the best blood and noblest spirit; all knighted by the King's own hand, and sworn to defend him to the last. Roderick called upon his soldiers to summon up the ancient valour of their race, and avenge the blood of their brethren. "One day of glorious fighting," said he, "and this infidel horde will be driven into the sea, or will perish beneath your swords. Forward bravely to the fight; your families are behind you, praying for your success; the invaders of your country are before you, God is above to bless his holy cause, and your King leads you to the field." The army shouted with one accord, "Forward to the foe, and death be his portion who shuns the encounter!"

When the two armies were advancing upon each other, and the eyes of Roderick fell upon the men in the front ranks, he was horror-struck, and was heard to exclaim, "By the faith of the Messiah! these are the very men I saw painted on the scroll found in the Mansion of Science of Toledo." The third day of the fight, El Tarik perceiving that the Moslems were losing courage, addressed them, and said: "O, Moslems! Conquerors of the West, where are you going? What will avail a base and inconsiderate flight? the sea is behind, the enemy in front, there is no safety but in your valour and in the assistance of God!"

The Christians struggled desperately, and for a while successfully, for they fought for their country and their faith; and the Moors were overcome by the multitude and fury of their foes, when Bishop Oppas and the two princes, sons of the late king, who had hitherto kept their forces out of the fight, went over to the enemy, and turned their weapons upon their astonished countrymen. From that moment the fortune of the day was changed, and the field of battle became a scene of confusion and bloody massacre. The last that was seen of Don Roderick was in the midst of the enemy, dealing death at every blow, but Al Makkari and Condé say he died in battle; and this seems the best opinion; otherwise, as Mr. Gayangos says, why did he not seek for refuge in the mountains of Asturias, where the relics of the Gothic nobility had assembled for the defence of the

(1) Legend of Don Roderick, p. 49.

country. (1) The Christians were seized with a panic. They threw away their arms, and fled in every direction. The alarm spread throughout the land, but there was dissension and even traitors in the cities. Except in the mountains of the North, where a gallant band maintained their independence, Spain was conquered by the Moors in fewer months than the centuries required by the Spaniards to recover their dominions.

We left Cadiz at ten o'clock, and arrived at Seville at five in the evening. It blew fresh at starting, and a great scene of confusion existed, carrying the passengers in small boats to the steamer; the Cadiz sailors being as noisy as Neapolitans. We passed Rota and San Lucar, considerable towns, otherwise there was nothing of the least interest to observe, the country being fearfully flat; sometimes the meadows were covered with immense hordes of cattle. The river is as broad as the Tiber near Rome, and the colour is somewhat similar. As we approached Seville, hills planted with olives and orange-trees were a relief after the monotonous country we had passed.

The entrance to the capital of Andalusia is very striking; the elegant Giralda, towering above every other building, was visible long before we arrived; and when we entered the city, the Plaza de la Constitucion with its picturesque houses, the Ayuntamiento, and the cathedral and several other buildings, convinced me that Seville would not disappoint my expectations. No wonder that the Arabs thought it one of the handsomest cities in the world, and that its inhabitants, in such a luxurious climate, were famous for their indolent habits and love of pleasure. (2.)

CHAPTER XVII.

Surrender to the Moors.—Abdu-l-Aziz and Egilona.—Sieges.—Ferdinand III.—View from the Giralda.—Streets.—Houses.—Alcazar.—Casa de Pilatos.—Casa Carasa.—Casa o Lea.—Casa de Las Tiberas.—Duke d'Alvas.

THE foundation of Seville has been attributed to Hercules, to Bacchus, to the Hebrews, the Chaldeans, and the Phœnicians. Mariana says Hispalo founded Seville, called in Latin Hispalis. Julius Cæsar made it his capital, and fortified the city with towers and walls, but Italica and Cordova were the

favourite residences of the Romans. In 582, the Gothic Prince, Hermenigild, when he abandoned the Arian faith, was besieged here for a year by his father, Leovigild, the King of the Goths; and the brothers St. Laureano and St. Isidoro, the chiefs of the religious war, and successively Archbishops of Seville, are now the tutelar saints of the city. St. Isidoro and St. Laureano induced their nephew, Hermenigild, to wage a rebellious war against his father, Leovigild, the just King of the Visigoths, who was guilty of no crime, except that of not believing that Jesus was God, quite equal with the Father. Hermenigild distributed a medal, importing that an heretic, though a king, was to be destroyed. Hermenigild did not, however, succeed in his parricidal attempt—Leovigild subdued and cast him into prison. There he finished his days, and the Spanish Church worship this breaker of the fifth commandment as a martyr, and annually keep the 12th of April, in commemoration of him. The saints Laureano, Isidoro, and John the Monk, were canonized for assisting him in a rebellion, which there was nothing in the government of Leovigild to justify. All parties enjoyed liberty. Even Jews held offices, and Laureano himself, who was a monk, and an enthusiast, and not of the religion of the King, was employed in the honourable character of Ambassador at the Court of Constantinople. (3)

The courage which the Sevillians exhibited in protecting a son from the resentment of a justly enraged father was not shown in 711, when they surrendered, after only a month's siege, to the infidel Moors. Sectarian zeal is, however, always more active than real religious faith. The defeat of Don Roderick had, moreover, created a panic which seemed to paralyse every heart in Spain. Seville was always a favourite residence of the Jews, the great allies of the Moors; and their wealth and influence probably increased the alarm, and prevented the citizens being more resolute in defence of their religion and their homes. When the Court sat the example, and Egilona, the wife of Don Roderick, became the bride of Abdu-l-Aziz, the son of the conqueror Musa-Ibn-Nosseir, it is not surprising that the people soon became reconciled to the Moslem yoke. The loves of Abdu-l-Aziz and Egilona is a fearful tale. The Arab chief's union with a Christian ex-

(1) Mohammedan Dynasties, p. 272; Condé, vol. i., p. 31.

(2) Mohammedan Dynasties, vol. i., p. 56.

(3) Robinson's Researches, p. 208.

cited the suspicion of the Moslems ; and the doting woman, in the recesses of their luxurious palace, would gird the brows of her husband with Don Roderick's crown. Palace walls have eyes and ears, and the news soon reached the Caliph, already incensed against his father, and their brief hour of bliss ended ignominiously on the scaffold. Condé, however, says this tale was only spread amongst the people by those who were charged with the Caliph's command to kill him, lest the soldiers, who loved Abdu-l-Aziz, should espouse his cause.

During the fortunate reigns of the Umayyah Caliphs Seville enjoyed peace and prosperity, but when that dynasty was overturned, and those dissensions commenced which ended in the triumph of the Cross, the Sevillians were too powerful to keep aloof from the struggle for independence. In 1091, Seville supported the Rebellion of Al-Mu'tamed, the Governor of the city, who was taken prisoner and sent to Africa, with his family. In 1145, the Almohades raised again the standard of revolt against the Almoravides, and elected a King, whose descendants united Cordova to their own dominions. In 1147, the Almohades took Seville, and for a century were sometimes masters, and sometimes driven out of the city ; but great was the struggle for power in Andalusia in those days. (1) Ferdinand III., King of Castile and Leon, having seized upon Cordova and Jaen, Seville formed itself into a republic, under a chief called Axarafe (called a king by Mariana), and was governed by its own laws. Ferdinand, observing these dissensions, appeared before Seville, and one of the most memorable sieges recorded in the annals of Spain took place, yielding only in interest and importance to the siege of Granada. Ballads and poems illustrate the gallant deeds that were performed, and even the grave pages of Mariana (2) become animated in relating this great event. He describes the importance of the capital of Andalusia—the strength of its walls, arms, and population, its public buildings like royal palaces, its commercial advantages, connected as it is by a river navigable for large vessels, with the Ocean and the Mediterranean, and is eloquent in the description of the olive farms, for which the environs of Seville are still famous.

After alluding to Don Jaime's conquest of

(1) Mohammedan Dynasties, vol. ii.

(2) Third book, chap. vii.

Valencia, a place with a much smaller population, and the great efforts Ferdinand made to ensure equal success, he says the siege began on the 20th of August, 1247. The Moors made valiant attempts to destroy the Spanish works, but without success. Every care was taken to prevent the entrance of provisions, and the country destroyed for miles round. Carmona, six leagues from Seville, yielded to the Spaniards, yet still the Moors were not discouraged, and made great but vain efforts to destroy the Spanish fleet. Amongst the Christian chiefs who distinguished themselves, Garci Perez de Vargas is mentioned with great honour. He was with a single companion, when suddenly seven Moors on horseback made their appearance. His friend advised that they should retire ; but Perez, preferring death to shame and the appearance of cowardice, advanced alone, his companion having fled. The enemy, notwithstanding their number, had no inclination to encounter such a hero, and, to the astonishment of the King and the army, he passed them in safety. We cannot have a greater proof of the dissensions which were the ruin of the Moors, than the fact recorded by Mariana, that Ibun-l-Ahmar, the King of Granada, joined Ferdinand with a large body of soldiers most opportunely, when the Christians were almost worn out with the length and difficulty of the siege. Several grandees also joined the King with their forces, but no progress had yet been made, and the Moors laughed at the efforts of the Spaniards. The General of the army, Bonifex, determined to attack the bridge which connected the faubourg of Triana with the city, and cut off that source of supplies. The enterprise was most difficult, but was at last effected with great skill and courage. The want of provisions soon began to be felt, and the citizens seeing that the Spaniards were as fortunate as they were brave, agreed to surrender the city. Honourable terms were granted to the besieged, and one hundred thousand Moors, comprising men, women, and children, left Seville ; some passing over to Africa, and others taking refuge in different Moorish cities in Spain. After a siege of fifteen months, Ferdinand entered Seville on the 22d of December, 1248, and high mass was performed in the cathedral, which was consecrated for this great occasion. Ferdinand died here on the 30th of May, 1252, and in 1668 was canonized by Clement IX.

Seville was always faithful to the Spanish

Crown, and profited immensely by the discovery, and the monopoly she enjoyed, of the commerce of the New World, and doubtless it is to the gold of Mexico and Peru, lavished by the merchant princes who resided here, that the city is chiefly indebted for her splendid churches and public buildings, her streets of palaces, and wondrous works of art. The French invasion stripped her of her ill-gotten wealth. The city surrendered to the French without a blow, on the 22nd of February, 1810; but notwithstanding this submission, Toreno (1) estimates the French plunder at six millions sterling. After the battle of Salamanca, Soult fled from Seville, and the English were received with acclamations. The renowned bridge was also the scene of English valour. Sir John Dounie, as brave as the Spaniard Garci Perez, charged it three times, and when taken prisoner, threw back his sword that its honour might remain unsullied. Seville was besieged by Espartero for nine days, and bombarded for six, but the damage was said to have been only twenty killed, and a few wounded.

Our first wish was to ascend the beautiful tower of the Giralda, which is so easy an undertaking that, except for a small portion at the last, the ascent up the inclined plane might be made on a donkey or on horseback. We passed a clock, the machinery of which is worth observing by those curious in such matters. The view from the summit, that is, the highest point strangers are allowed to visit, is fine. The Guadalquivir, winding beautifully through the verdant plain, with plantations of olives on the banks, large groves of those trees covering the adjoining hills, and numerous villages and farms, formed a pleasing prospect, though not picturesque. The city is, however, the great attraction of this view, with its immense mass of houses, and many striking objects. The Plaza de Toros; the Infanta's newly purchased palace on the banks of the river; La Torre del Oro, the San Franciscan convent, with gardens and fountains; the Cartuja and its groves of oranges; the Plaza de San Francisco, and the Plaza del Duque, and their shady promenades; the church of San Salvador, with its gay dome; L'Hôpital de la Sangre; San Jeronimo in the distance; San Pedro and its tower; the church of Los Menores, with its azulejo dome glittering in

the sun; the barracks, cannon-foundry, and San Domingo, and beyond this part a flat extensive plain, but not destitute of trees, were all interesting. The Alcazar is, architecturally, the most striking object with its Moorish arches and towers. The streets of Seville seem to wind in every direction but a straight one, and are as pleasing as fresh white colouring, and green paint can make them.

Leaving the tower, we took a general view of the exterior and interior of the cathedral; the mixture of Gothic, Moorish, and Italian architecture, spoils the exterior; but nothing can be finer and grander than the interior; the effect is most imposing of the magnificent lofty pointed arches, the splendid windows, all of the richest stained glass, and the multiplicity of paintings and sculpture, forming indeed a perfect museum of art. I was glad it was Sunday, and the cathedral too crowded to examine it in detail; it was quite sufficient enjoyment to ramble through the mighty aisles, to listen to the deep rich tones of the organ, lost in admiration at the splendour and magnificence of this noble temple. After breakfast we went to the Earl of W——'s, where, in a simple unadorned room, an English clergyman, passing through Seville, read our unpretending service, and preached a sermon suitable to sojourners in this foreign land; the contrast to the gorgeous functions at the cathedral was striking.

Before commencing sight-seeing regularly, we had a ramble through some of the principal streets of Seville; the houses are unusually low for Spain, often consisting of only two stories. In summer, the upper floor is very hot, and they abandon it for their courts, which are extremely beautiful, generally surrounded with arches supported by elegant marble pillars, and paved with a mosaic of dark grey or black and white marble, and decorated with beautiful flowers, and shrubs in ornamental vases, and sometimes with fountains. Small porches paved with tapia-work, or marble, lead through open-worked iron gates into these courts. More charming, more luxurious dwellings for a hot climate, cannot be imagined. Pompeii, Damascus, or Grand Cairo have none more enjoyable, and the time was when they were decorated with the finest sculptures of Montanes, and the walls covered with the *chefs-d'œuvre* of Murillo and other great artists; they all seemed exquisitely

(1) See Handbook, p. 246.

clean, a perfect Dutch cleanliness; no dirt or dust ever to be seen.

After a glance at the Cathedral, the other Moorish remains will interest every one; almost all Seville is built in the fashion of the Moors, and there is much architecturally interesting. The Alcazar, rebuilt by Don Pedro in 1364, is extremely beautiful; and though it would have been better to have seen it before the Alhambra, yet even those who, like ourselves, are fresh from Granada, must admire it. The gate of the Montaria and the *façade* have been restored, and now glitter with gilding. The colouring is undoubtedly less harmonious than it was originally, but still the effect is tolerable, and the beautiful forms of the arches and the slender columns retain their chief beauty, and are indeed exquisite.

On entering, we observed pretty little rooms to our right and left, with charming azulejos. We then passed into a gallery, with a large alcove at each end, and an ancient roof, and, turning to the right, observed a beautiful doorway, with three little windows over it, with lattices. This leads into the little Patio de las Munecas, ornamented with ten columns of different coloured marbles, and supporting exquisite arches. Amongst the ornaments of this room are numerous inscriptions; but I believe the name of the Prophet does not exist in the Alcazar, showing clearly that it was decorated for Christians. We then went into a gallery, which they are now restoring, and with the exception of a few heads, not Moorish, they are doing them in more tolerable taste than formerly. The best restorations in the Alcazar are effected by simply picking out the whitewash with which the beautiful Moorish work was covered in 1813, and thus discovering many of the old ornaments, though much of the delicate painting and gilding was then entirely obliterated.

We afterwards went into the Hall of the Ambassadors, which is certainly magnificent. It is about thirty-six feet square. There is a large pointed arch on each side, which is partly filled up with a circular arch on one side, and on the other three sides these large arches contain within them small horse-shoe arches, supported by two slender marble columns. Over the latter on each side, and filling up the pointed arch, are three little beautiful windows, with open lattice-work, rich as point-lace. Above the large arches is a row of little windows, now filled up, and

over these are some full-length portraits of kings of Spain, much injured; and still higher, around the dome, are heads of queens. These portraits were introduced with wretched taste by Philip II.

The lofty domed roof is magnificent, and the rich stalactite angles are still more than half covered with gilding. The azulejos on the walls around this hall are also charming. Curious ancient doors lead into the Patio de las Doncellas, which is about ninety feet by seventy-five. A corridor runs round it, ornamented with arches, supported by white marble columns. At the angles there are clusters of three columns each; and besides these at the ends of the court, four clusters of two columns; and at each side, six similar clusters. The capitals of the columns in the Alcazar are not Moorish, or, at all events, a Moorish adoption of the Corinthian and composite, often adorned with open work; they destroy the effect, and tell the tale that Christians built the Alcazar, though Moors might be their architects and workmen. Above this corridor is another, ornamented with plain circular arches, supported by slender marble columns; sometimes clusters of three and two, and sometimes one only. This fine court is paved with marble, and in the centre is a fountain. Beautiful azulejos cover the walls to the height of about six feet.

We afterwards saw several small rooms, where we observed Moorish work, covered with whitewash. We then went up stairs, and passed through many chambers with ancient inlaid roofs, and enjoyed charming views of the gardens, filled with orange-trees; shrubs quaintly cut, probably in the time of the Moors, into the shape of passages from the Koran, which the Christians would soon destroy; and there are fountains, and flowers of every tint, a beautiful Moorish gallery, and towers fronting the garden. We made various efforts to see them better, but it is toilsome work to open doors in Spain, unless the silver key will fit them.

Some of the rooms contain still all their Moorish decorations, especially Don Pedro's, which is very perfect, except in one part, where the statues of himself and his mistress, Padilla, stood, but were removed by some tight-laced descendant, and the room spoiled. The decoration representing fish is very beautiful. In many places, where the whitewash had been picked out, I observed the ancient colouring quite fresh. The arches, columns, and azulejos are charming. The

miniature chapel, erected by Isabella, is ornamented with slender marble columns, supporting pretty arches; and the little altar, filling up the end of the small room, is formed entirely of fine azulejos, behind which are others, with a painting on them, representing the Visitation. The name of the Italian artist is written beneath.

The Alcazar cannot fail to delight all who have not been to the Alhambra; but the superior lightness and elegance of the latter, the better preservation, and the greater variety and richness of the ornaments, must raise the Alhambra far above the Alcazar in the estimation of those who have carefully examined both. The Alcazar appears more substantially built, the columns are thicker; but this additional solidity prevents its having the graceful elegant appearance which is the great charm of the Alhambra.

The Casa de Pilatos is so called because it is said that the architect, in 1519, went to Jerusalem to see the house of Pilate, and, on his return, built this in imitation of it. They pretend, however, that it is more ancient; but as the inscription gives the date, we may conclude, notwithstanding its Saracenic character, that it was erected about 1530. A patio, decorated with marble columns, leads into another court, with circular Moorish arches, sustained by similar columns. In the centre is a fountain; and in the angles of the court colossal statues of Pallas and Ceres. Above the corridor, around the court, is another, formed of slighter pillars. The lower arches are decorated with rich Moorish ornaments, and the walls covered with mosaic azulejos, above which are oval recesses, containing busts of Roman emperors. The walls of the gallery leading from this patio are also charmingly decorated with mosaic azulejos, and over them rich Moorish ornaments, resembling lace. This is called the Hall of the Tribunal, and supposed to be a model of the one in which judgment was passed on our Saviour.

Another gallery, less decorated, leads into a small chapel, covered with pretty azulejos and Moorish lace-work, in which is a column in imitation of the one Christ was bound to. The roof of the chapel is beautiful, and also adorned with lace-work. The room with its fountain in the centre, which they call "Le salon principal," is charming for its azulejos.

In the neglected gardens are some columns and pieces of sculpture; a portion of the marbles given to Ribera by Pius V.; but a

collection of antiques such as these was not sufficient to form the taste of a nation; the bust of Antinous is however good. There is a gallery of sculpture also, but it contains literally nothing of any merit. The staircase leading up to the first floor is exquisite, the walls entirely covered with beautiful azulejos, and the upper part of the staircase ornamented with a magnificent gilt dome; but the little copy of the *Servilleta* of Murillo is out of place on the landing.

This palace of the Duke of Medina Celi may or may not be like the house of Pilate, but the Moorish style of building seems to have been so admirably preserved by the Christians, that it may be considered a good example of a Saracenic palace.

There are many other curious remains in Seville. The Casa Carasa, No. 9, Calle de los Abades, has a very beautiful patio. The arches, almost horse-shoe in their form, supported as usual by marble columns, are covered with plateresque ornaments, and the effect is very good. No. 31, formerly 27, is not now open to strangers; but they say the *salon* is fine.

The Casa O'Lea, No. 14, Calle Botica del Agua, is interesting. There is one large room, with three entrances into it through beautiful Moorish arches, over which are little elegant windows, with open-work lattices; indeed, all the Moorish open-work here is beautiful, and one cannot but regret that much has evidently been destroyed. The azulejos are charming at the doorways, but there are now none in the rooms, the space they occupied being, as usual, whitewashed. The ceiling is flat and modern, substituted by its then owner, a Frenchman, for a beautiful artesonado roof. Underneath it, the Moorish work still remains, and is very elegant. In one of the two rooms leading out of the large hall I saw some very pretty little horse-shoe arches, supported by marble columns, and among the ornaments I observed the pomegranate.

La Casa de Taberas, and the garden-door by which Sancho el Bravo intended to carry off Estrella de Sevilla, is worth visiting. The patio is very pretty, and there is a beautiful azulejos staircase, decorated with a good copy of Moses striking the rock.

The Moorish palace of the Duke of Alva is in the Calle de las Duenas. The marble pillar, and Moorish arms of the patio, are very beautiful; and some of the rooms have interesting roofs and decorations, but they are

in a sad neglected state, and whitewash has almost obliterated every delicate ornament. The gardens are full of immense orange-trees, myrtles, and roses, which even in their wild state are pretty. There is a little chapel, rich in azulejos, with a beautiful roof.

Before attempting to describe the wonderful cathedral and its treasures, I should say a few words of the distinguished artist whose works are the great charm of Seville. Bartolomé Esteban Murillo was born here in 1618, and studied under Castillo, a master very inferior to his pupil, and whose style cannot even be traced in the earliest of his paintings. Genius is too often accompanied with poverty, and poor Murillo, to earn an existence, was obliged to paint fruit, flowers, and rough subjects, in a necessarily hasty manner, as he could only sell them at a very low price to dealers in the market-place in Seville; and it is said that many of these were exported to Mexico and Peru, where, if search were made, they might still be found.

The rapid execution of such subjects, drawn generally from nature, for customers not often competent to detect errors, probably gave Murillo that freedom and boldness of touch for which he was so distinguished; and, as the demand was great, made him a purse which enabled him to visit Madrid in 1643. Velasquez, little dreaming that the young artist of twenty-four would one day dispute with him the palm of superiority, or prompted by that liberality and absence of all mean feelings of jealousy which should distinguish true genius, patronized Murillo, and obtained for him permission to copy the splendid paintings in the royal galleries in Madrid and in the Escorial. The two years Murillo spent there, copying the finest Italian paintings, were the only opportunities he ever had of studying a school superior to the Spanish. It is useless to conjecture what might have been the effect on his style if, like many of the best Spanish painters, he had enjoyed the advantage of visiting Italy. It might have become more elevated, and perhaps less natural and less delightful than it did, following the bent of his own genius, and copying Nature—the characteristic, the beautiful, and the picturesque, wherever he turned—the beggars, the maimed and the sick at the convent gates, the beauties of Andalusia kneeling before the altars with true devotion, would be models for his Madonnas, and his friends the friars would make Josephs and Saints without end. His rich browns are the

tints of the burnt-up sierras and despoplados of his native land; and the glorious climate of the sunny South would teach him lights and shades warmer and more vivid than could be learnt in colder climes. When he returned to Seville in 1645, he became the chosen artist of the Franciscans, as Zurbaran was before the favourite of the Carthusians; and painted for the Franciscan convent some of his finest works, now the gems of the museum. Soon after he came back from Madrid he married, and shortly afterwards abandoned the cold and often hard style of colouring which is scarcely known in England, but which detracts greatly from the fine drawing and expression of his earliest works. His colouring naturally soon partook of the sunny warmth of the subjects he copied from, and gradually his style became distinguished for a softness of outline and a roundness of form, and at the same time correctness of drawing, which form its greatest charms. His paintings were often vapoury, and became still more so when the numerous demands for them required greater rapidity of execution. Murillo may be studied everywhere, as his works are scattered over Europe, but it is only in Seville than he can be duly appreciated. Here we see with what truth he copied Nature, and how entirely Spanish he was in all his ideas, his compositions, and his colouring, and can only regret war and gold have carried away so many of his best paintings, which can never be half so valuable elsewhere.

“Quien no ha visto a Sevilla
No a visto a maravilla.”

The cathedral is truly one of the marvels of the world. The north-east angle is Moorish, and is all that remains of the ancient mosque; the Puerta del Perdon is decorated with a splendid Moorish arch in the centre, and two others within it. These lead through bronze doors into the Moorish Patio de los Naranjos (four hundred and fifty feet by three hundred and fifty), full of those beautiful trees, and still containing the ancient fountain where the Moslems performed their ablutions before entering their mosque. The Moorish angle extends to the Girandola, so called from the vane at the top, “che gira,” which veers with the wind.

This beautiful tower, two hundred and fifty feet high, the pride of Seville, was built in 1196, by Abu Yusuf Yacub, a great architect in those days, and used no doubt, like the

minarets of Cairo, to call the faithful to prayers; above this Moorish tower is an exquisite filigree belfry, built in 1568 by Fernan Ruiz, one hundred feet high, but so light and elegant that it seems no weight upon the other. The female figure of Faith on the summit, fourteen feet high, and weighing two thousand eight hundred lbs., was cast by Bartolomé Morel, (1) and is so admirably poised, that it veers with the slightest breeze, and as a work of art it is much to say that it is worthy of the architecture.

The Moorish tower is fifty feet square, and as wide at the top as the bottom, and seems truly to rely for its support on its motto from the Proverbs (xviii. 10), "Nomen Domini fortissima turris," with which it is girdled, and the two saints, Santa Justina and Santa Rufina, who in 1504, propped it up with their shoulders, when the devil raised a storm to destroy it. It is covered with ornaments from above eighty feet from the ground, and the intersecting arches are beautiful; the almost obliterated frescoes below are now no ornament to the tower. It had formerly, instead of the belfry, four large gilt bronze globes, one upon another, the splendour of which, says Bermudez, was visible eight leagues distant. The cathedral approached on the side of the Sagrario would never be supposed to be Gothic; the principal doorway through which the reigning Sovereign, or a Bishop at his installation, or at his decease, only enter, is not finished. It is a large, bold, but not fine pointed arch, wanting all the ornaments. Some of the other doors are completed and decorated with terra-cotta figures, and representations of sacred subjects, of which the best, perhaps, is Christ's entrance into Jerusalem.

Vulgarmente, says Mariano, (2) se dize de las Iglesias de Castilla—La de Toledo la rica, la de Salamanca la fuerte, la de Leon la bella, la de Sevilla la grande; and certainly it is the size and solemn, often gloomy, grandeur of the interior of this splendid cathedral which is so overwhelming. The original mosque was pulled down, and this gorgeous temple, from its extreme width, more the form of a Moslem than a Christian edifice, being four hundred and thirty-one feet long, and three hundred and fifteen feet wide, was opened for divine service in 1519. There are five aisles, besides the two side ones formed into chapels. The effect of these is

most imposing, especially the centre one, a hundred and forty-eight feet high, though there is not, as usual, a lofty centre dome. I rambled over the black and white chequered marble pavement, along the aisles and the beautiful transept, lost in admiration at the immense yet elegant columns, and weary with trying to make out the subjects of the innumerable rich stained glass windows, many of them admirable works of art, the *chefs-d'œuvre* of distinguished Flemish artists. A great part of the history of the Bible is depicted upon them, and even Venetian colouring would pale before their gorgeous tints, which cast a rich, warm, but solemn light on the architectural beauties of the temple. Never did I feel more reluctant to attempt a description of any place, for I felt the impossibility of giving a correct idea of such a museum of art. It was also a sacrifice of my own enjoyment to attempt to detail what was so delightful in those general views which are not describable. The effect of grand masses of architecture, of towering columns, of splendid arches, of treasures of sculpture and paintings lavished all around, of lights and shadows, an Andalusian sun bursting through the richest painted glass, and the religious feelings such scenes inspire, when combined with the deep swelling solemn tones of the finest organs, all may enjoy here in delightful listlessness, without the bore of the *valet de place*, or consulting guide books, sending for custodi, getting doors unlocked, searching for pictures, often to find that "le jeu ne vaut pas la chandelle," sad matters of fact, which destroy the *religio loci* of such a temple as this. There are, however, treasures of art in Seville Cathedral that must be seen and mentioned—but let those who do not care for pictures pass on to another chapter.

In the chapel of San Pedro, entering at the east door, we examined, as well as the gloom would admit, some Zurbarans, which fill the retablo; five large paintings representing the life of St. Peter. The Apostle healing the sick is exquisite, and the one representing him receiving the keys from our Saviour is excellent, as is also the portrait of the Apostle in the Papal robes. In the chapel of the Virgin del Pilar are two good statues. In the chapel of the Evangelists, on the north side, are six large and two small paintings of female saints; the latter very beautiful, by Hernando de Sturmio or Estrume, a German, who painted them in 1558. In the chapel of

(1) See Handbook, p. 248.

(2) Liv. 43, chap. cvii.

the Annunciation is an Annunciation, but not very good, by Carlo Maratta. In a small chapel there is a charming painting of a Madonna and Child, by Alonso Cano; the Child exquisitely beautiful.

In the chapel of San Francisco is a fine painting of the Saint in glory, by Herrera el Mozo; the Saint is magnificent, the figure looking up very fine, and the composition and colouring admirable. There is an air of dignity in the expression of the Saint, which is quite sublime. This is considered the best painting of the artist, whose works are generally inferior to his father's, Francisco.

In the chapel of Santiago, St. James conquering the Moors, by Juan de las Roelas; the colouring rich, and the Moor in red in the foreground boldly drawn. This artist was born here in 1560, and died at Olivares in 1625. His paintings, most of them very superior to this, are only to be seen in Seville, where travellers are generally too much engaged in examining the works of Murillo to give them that attention which they richly deserve, for their admirable composition and almost Venetian colouring.

St. Anthony, in the chapel of the Baptism, by Murillo, is a magnificent painting; the play of light on the drapery, the beautiful foot, the exquisite expression of the face, and the fine attitude of the kneeling Saint, his arms extended in ecstasy as the Infant Jesus appears descending from the clouds, combined with the fine effect of light and shadow, and the beautiful little perspective view of the convent, and the group of cherubs, justly entitle this painting to be ranked as one of the best in Seville. It seems to have been injured and retouched, which may account for one of the legs of the Child Jesus appearing rather stiff. Above it is a good painting of the Baptism, also by Murillo.

The St. Jerome, in his chapel, is carved in wood by Montanes, and exhibits wonderful anatomy. Juan Martinez Montanes was born at Alcala la Real, about 1600, and resided in Seville. He is, certainly, one of the best of Spanish sculptors, and possessed great knowledge of anatomy; but generally his sculptures, which were all painted, are more remarkable for their exquisite grace and deep feeling, than for force or genius. He is called the Phidias of Seville, and when at a loss for a name, every good painted figure is attributed to him. The paintings around it are by Alonso Miguel de Tobar, who was born at

Higuera in 1678, and died at Madrid in 1758, and was one of the best copiers of Murillo. The Visitation is very fine, colouring excellent and drawing good. There is also a Holy Family, apparently in Cano's early style.

We then went to the little chapel adorned with the celebrated Guardian Angel by Murillo, which is extremely beautiful, especially the Child.

In the chapel of San Leandro is a painting representing the Council of Toledo, which I did not admire much, by Don Juan de Valdes Leal, an artist of considerable merit, born at Cordova in 1630, and died in 1691, whose drawing is often powerful, and colouring good.

In the Capilla del Nacimiento, the Nativity, and the four Evangelists, are by Luis de Vargas, who was born at Seville in 1500, and was nearly thirty years in Italy, where he was pupil of Pierino del Vago. His compositions are admirable, and drawing and colouring excellent. This painting is beautifully drawn and well coloured, almost like Parmigiano's colouring, the Madonna very beautiful. A Virgin and Child, and St. Ann, said to be by Morales, but it is not like that fine painter's usual style, though the painting is a very good one.

St. Joseph and Child, in the chapel of San Josef, is excellent; also a Nativity, by Antolinez, and a Massacre of the Innocents, by a pupil of Murillo's.

In the chapel of San Hermenegildo there is a fine tomb of Bishop Cervantes, ob. 1453. The cloth on which he lies is beautifully carved in marble. In the Sacristia de la Antigua is a small silver statue, given by Isabella the Catholic, a painting said to be by Morales, and a St. John and the Lamb by Zurbaran, and a still finer painting by that artist, the Martyrdom of a Saint. We then passed into the chapel of the Antigua, where the retablo is good; and there are also some fine old monuments, one to Cardinal Mendoza. We afterwards went to a chapel adjoining, and saw the painting of the Generation, by Luis de Vargas, but often called La Gamba, because Alesio, a painter, who was born at Italica about 1550, said the leg of Adam, which is very prominent and finely formed, was worth all his St. Christopher, a colossal figure, thirty-two feet high, with the child on his shoulder, at the door close by, and really well executed. Such representations are common at the doors of Spanish cathedrals. They are always carrying the Infant Saviour,

who holds the globe in his hand, over a river, and it is said that those who gaze on them escape death that day; barring accidents, a safe superstition, as not many go to church in the morning, and die in the evening, and if they did it would be easy to suggest that they had not seen the Saint.

Some notice should, however, be given, of this "Cœlifer Atlas." "St. Christopher was of the lineage of the Canaanites, great of stature, and terrible of countenance, being twelve cubits long. Now it followed on a time, as he slept in his lodge, he heard the voyce of a chylde, which called him and said, Christopher, come out and bear me over the water. Then he arose and went out, but found nobody. Now when he was come again into his lodge, he heard the same voyce crying unto him as before, at the which he runs out, but finds nobody. Again the third time, being called, he comes forth and there found a childe by the river side, which prayed him to beare him over the water. Then Christopher lifted the childe on his shoulders, and took his staffe and entered the water, and the water arose and swelled up more and more, and the childe grew heavier and heavier, and ever, as he went further, the water swelled up higher, insomuch that Christopher was in danger of drowning; but when he came over, quoth he, thou, childe, thou hast put me in great perill, and weighed almost as heavy as if I had carried all the world upon my backe. Quoth the child, thou hast borne all the world upon thy backe, and him that created it. I am he in this world whom thou hast seeked to serve, and, for thy better assurance thereof, set thy staff on the ground, and by to-morrow it shall bear, bud, and bring forth fruit; and he did so, and found it accordingly, his staffe bearing flowers and dates; and, being thus converted and believing himself, he converted thousands; and, amongst many other passages of his life, was at last beheaded, and his blood there spilt cured those that were blind." (1)

In the chapel of Los Dolores, Christ at the Column is one of the earliest paintings by Murillo, and very fine.

In the Sacristia de los Calices they say there are some good paintings; one a Nun by Murillo, but, though often in the cathedral, I never found it open, and the keys were miles distant. The difficulty of getting into these chapels and sacristias is very great.

(1) A Help to Discourse, 1648. See Southey's Letters.

The Sala Capítular is a beautiful oval room, fifty feet by thirty-four, decorated with Ionic pilasters; between each, some tolerable *bas-reliefs*. A beautiful painting of the Conception, by Murillo, riveted our attention; the expression of the Virgin is truly exquisite. There are also eight portraits of saints and angels, by the same artist. Two female saints with vases, exquisitely beautiful. Passing a magnificent iron reja or railing, we entered the choir, which is elaborately carved, especially the sacred subjects over each stall, and the west front, or *trascoro*, is rich in marbles. There are two paintings, one Christ Bound, and a Madonna and Child, said to be by Murillo, but certainly not in his best style. The *facistol*, which supports the large books, is very beautiful. In one of the chapels of the Choir St. Augustin, is a beautiful St. John and the Lamb, admirably sculptured by Montanes, and also a Saint and the Virgin. Between the great altar and the choir is the tomb of the son of Columbus, distinguished for his literary tastes and magnificent bequest of ten thousand volumes and manuscripts to the Columbina library. The *retablo* of the grand altar is magnificent, the general effect rich beyond description. It appears one great mass of sculptured figures, representing scenes from the New and the Old Testaments. There are four rows of subjects, and nine in each, divided by projecting half-circular columns, decorated also with carving. At the back and exterior of the sides of the high altar are imposing rows of statues of saints, the effect of which is very rich and good.

We then went to the Capella Real, which contains the body of St. Ferdinand and the tombs of Dona Beatrix and Don Alonzo el Sabio, also the sepulchre of Maria Padilla, the celebrated mistress of Peter the Cruel, and medallions of Garci Perez and Diego Perez de Vargas. The Sacristia Major contains the celebrated Deposition from the Cross, by Pedro Campana, who was born at Brussels, in 1503; the colouring is rather livid of the four female figures at the foot of the Cross; but the two figures taking down the Saviour are so full of life, that Murillo might well expect them to reach the earth: the draperies are good, and the composition admirable.

Among the treasures there is a splendid Custodia, by Juan d'Arfe, the Cellini of Spain, weighing forty-three arobes; it is extremely beautiful, as well as valuable, consisting of five circular temples of the Ionic order abov

each other, each temple less in size than the one beneath, and the shafts of the columns exquisitely worked with fruit and flowers. The sacristy contains also (in the large cupboard behind the Campana, which is quite full of treasure) the crown of St. Ferdinand, a crucifix of the first gold brought from America, decorated with precious stones; a splendid viril, with one thousand two hundred diamonds; also the keys delivered to St. Ferdinand, when he took Seville, remarkable for their construction, as well as interesting as historical relics. The wards represent, Mr. Ford says, in Hebrew, "the King of Kings will open, the King of all the Earth will enter," and the other, of silver gilt, has the words, "Dios abrira, Rey entrara." There is also a cross, presented by Clement XIV., with exquisite angels. In the other large cupboards adjoining are images and saints in silver, magnificent rays for the virils, a splendid half crown, and the full robes, for state occasions, of crimson and purple, beautifully brocaded with gold and silver and precious stones. In this room there is also a curious and fine tenebrario, a bronze candlestick, twenty-five feet high, used in the Holy Week.

There are likewise two paintings of Bishops, by Murillo, in his cold and earliest style; the heads are good, but the colouring, especially of the draperies, wants warmth. The sacristy is a good specimen of the plateresque, though it does not harmonize with the Gothic of the naves; but the incongruity of styles, which would mar the effect of a smaller church, embraced at one glance, is less striking in this immense edifice, where we have something of every kind of architecture—Grecian, Italian, Gothic, Moorish, plateresque, churrigueresque, and the crude abortions of the nineteenth century. There are, however, so many views, without any defects and inconsistencies to detract from their enjoyment, that we were too much delighted and in too good humour to criticize even what was faulty, and, not satisfied with this round of sight-seeing, returned again and again to this wonderful temple. Every hour changed the lights and shadows; so that whether at the time of the solemn functions, or in the more gloomy solitude of the evening, when the gay world was on the Alameda, we always felt that Seville Cathedral possessed a charm which can never be forgotten.

CHAPTER XVIII.

Churches.—San Julian.—San Luis—Santa Paula.—University.—San Cristobal.—San Pablo.—San Antonio.—San Vicente.—San Lorenzo.—San Clemente.—Omnium Sanctorum.—San Martin.—San Andrés.—San Juan de la Palma.—San Pedro.—San Bernardo.—Santa Maria del Blanco.—San Alberto.—La Caridad.—The finest Murillos in Seville.

THERE are a great many churches in Seville worth visiting for their architecture, and especially for the valuable paintings they contain; but those who are not interested in this subject may pass on to the end of the chapter. Travellers should give their *valet-de-place* a list of those churches and sights they wish to see, as they know best when they are open.

In the Church of San Julian we saw a San Cristobal, colossal as usual, by Juan Sanchez de Castro, painted in 1484, and therefore one of the oldest works of art in Spain. Unfortunately it has been restored, and is now again in a bad state, but the drawing is very good. In his belt are small representations of pilgrims, and a figure is looking up in amazement at the giant. They have also a Holy Family, by the same painter, which enjoys a high reputation for curing the sick, but unluckily it is now in the chamber of an invalid, and we could not see it. As the guide remarked, it might cause her death to remove it (*Cosas de Espana*). There is a little Conception, pretty, and somewhat in Murillo's style.

The *façade* of the Jesuit's church, San Luis, now a workhouse, is a rich specimen of the plateresque. The tower of the Church of St. Mark is Moorish, and ornamented with arches.

The Church of Santa Paula has on the portal leading to it a beautiful azulejos dado, representing a lady, four cypresses, and arms, pavements, etc., and the arch of the portal is pretty. The portico of the church is still more beautifully decorated with azulejos, Raphaelesques, and figures and angels. Two St. Johns, by Cano, were put by in a store-room, the church being under repair.

The University was also erected by the Jesuits, after designs by Herrera. The court with its marble columns is pretty, but the church is not remarkable for its architecture. In a simple Corinthian retablo are three fine paintings, by Roelas, who was the painter of the Jesuits as Murillo was of the Franciscans and Zurbaran of the Carthusians. One is a

Holy Family, in which there is a fine figure of a Jesuit in the foreground. The Madonna is very beautiful, and St. Joseph unusually so; the drawing of this painting is excellent, and the colouring extremely rich. This painting and the two others, the Nativity and the Adoration, are the finest paintings in Seville of this great painter, and deserve to be particularly studied. Above is a Holy Family, painted by Pacheco.

In this church are two colossal statues of St. Peter and St. Paul, said to be by Montanes; also a fine Crucifixion, by the same artist, and a small painting of an infant, by Roelas. The tombs of the Duke of Medina Celi's family, removed from the Carthusian, are very fine. The columns are covered with plateresque decorations. The figure kneeling before the open book, and the angel opposite, forming together what may be intended for the Annunciation, are really very beautiful.

In the Church of San Salvador the San Cristobal, by Montanes, is fine. The legs are extremely good, but the light is so bad, the rest of the figure is imperfectly seen. This church was built on the site of a mosque, but the small court, planted with oranges, and the fountain where the Moslems performed their ablutions, is all that remains of the ancient building.

San Pablo is large, with a gorgeous retablo; but the church is not in good taste, and is scarcely worth visiting. The large fresco in the transept, representing, I think, the apotheosis of some church dignitary, is by Lucas Valdes, who was born at Seville in 1661. The saints at each end of the painting are graceful, but the colouring is not good, and apparently injured. There are four large figures (frescoes) of the Evangelists, on the columns of the nave, which are finely drawn and well coloured. In the sacristy there are three subjects, painted on the roof by Arteaga, one of a family of engravers, who flourished at Seville in the seventeenth century. Our Saviour appearing to St. Paul, surrounded by a host of soldiers, is not bad; but the best is a group of angels, carrying up the saint to Heaven.

In the Church of San Antonio Aben there is a Christ, by Montanes, the head and hands of which alone are visible, and are very fine, though the silver ornaments with which it is loaded destroy the effect. In another part of the church they showed us the large tortoise-shell cross, belonging to this figure,

when it is carried during the processions of the Holy Week.

In the Church of San Vicente there is a tolerable Deposition from the Cross, by Morales, and some indifferent large paintings, by Francisco de Varela, who was born at Seville, towards the end of the sixteenth century, and was a pupil of Roelas; but, to judge from these paintings, not one of his best.

San Lorenzo is a curious old church, and the Conception, by Pacheco, is beautifully coloured and well drawn, and certainly the cleverest painting I have seen by this master. The retablo is good, and ornamented with excellent and richly-coloured sculpture, by Montanes, representing the life of the saint. Il Nuestro Senor de Grand Poder, by the same artist, is an uncommonly fine statue, and full of expression.

The Church of San Clemente has a beautiful roof of alerce wood, with charming open-work, the great attraction of Moorish rooms. The retablo of the high altar is by Montanes, in the plateresque style; but the effect is rich, and some of the decorations, especially on the columns, are very elegant. There are numerous niches, filled with statues, crowned with a Christ and the Creator above; and all seemed to be by Montanes, and good. There is also, in a side chapel, a St. John the Baptist pointing to the Lamb on a rock, very excellent, by Pedro Delgado; and there are also two indifferent paintings of St. Ferdinand, by Pacheco.

The Church of Omnium Sanctorum has a Moorish tower, having formerly been a mosque, and in the church there is a little Moorish arch, with very pretty azulejos.

The Church of San Martin consists of one aisle, and its retablo contains some old paintings, by Herrera el Viejo, in his earliest style, and not at all good. The Chapel of Juan Sanchez Gallego, built in 1500 and repaired in 1614, is covered with beautiful azulejos, and over the altar is ornamented with a Descent from the Cross, which, from the inscription, is a Roman painting. The colouring of the flesh is good. In a chapel at the end of the church there is a large and fine painting, by Valdes, of Our Saviour bearing His Cross.

In the Church of San Andrés there is a Conception, but not by Montanes, being very inferior to that master's works; and some little pictures, by Villegas (born here in 1520), of which the one of the Creator is cer-

tainly the best. It is well drawn, and the colouring is good. There is a face of the Virgin de la Valle, said to be by Montanes, and it may be, for it is well executed, but the hands are stiff.

In San Juan de la Palma there is a Crucifixion, by Campana, which is rather hard, but the Virgin and the Magdalen at the foot of the Cross are beautifully drawn, and the expression admirable. A San Juan, carved in wood, by Castillo, is full of expression and very good, the hands also are well painted. The Christ at the column, mentioned in the Handbook, does not exist there now. This church was once a mosque, and on the left of the entrance there is an Arabic inscription, stating that "this great temple was rebuilt in 1080, by Axataf."

The Church of San Pedro has a tower, which is rather Moorish, and the windows lighting the staircase are curious. The roof of the church is open carved work, and very beautiful. There are some paintings, said to be by Campana, but spoilt by repainting. The Angel delivering St. Peter, by Roelas, is very fine; the colouring and drawing admirable, particularly the angel.

The Church of San Bernardo has a pretty dome and tower, and contains a fine Last Judgment, by Herrera el Viejo. Some of the figures are very excellent, particularly the angel in the centre with the sword, and the figure in red in the right corner of the picture. On the other side of the painting are some half-naked figures, finely drawn. I could not get sufficient curtains drawn to see this picture as it deserves. The statue of San Bernardo, by Montanes, is cleverly executed; and there is also a tolerable painting of the Last Supper, by Varela, the drawing and colouring of which are better than the expression, yet still it is a good painting.

The Church of Santa Maria del Blanco, which was formerly a synagogue, contains a Last Supper, by Murillo. The Christ is fine, and the light on the cloth good; but the painting is much injured and dirty, and could never have been a first-rate work of the master. There is also a Dead Christ, and a St. John and St. Francis on each side; all three pictures by Vargas. The Magdalene kissing the Saviour's feet is very beautiful, but this painting is also in a wretched state.

The Church of San Alberto is not worth visiting, as the Cano, spoken of by the handbook, does not exist now. I observed a St. Michael, which seemed to be by Pacheco;

but it was the time of High Mass, and I could not examine the church well without disturbing the congregation.

La Caridad, outside the walls, is a refuge for bedridden old men, and was rebuilt and almost founded by Signor Miguel Manara, a friend of Murillo's. It now contains eighty invalids, but as they must be bedridden, they are seldom allowed to leave their beds, even if partially restored health enables them. The building itself is worthy of admiration, independent of the treasures of art it contains. The court is beautiful, and ornamented with marble columns. Looking through a window, I saw the old people lying in their beds chatting cheerfully. The room seemed well ventilated and comfortable, and scrupulously clean, as is usual in Spain. Entering the church we first observed the Descent from the Cross, by Peter Roldan, carved in wood; the background is admirable and perspective excellent, but the silver ornaments on the Dead Christ, and other figures in the foreground, spoil the effect. Pedro Roldan was born at Seville in 1624, and was a scholar of Montanes, and so fond of his art, that it is said that when business obliged him to leave his studio to go to Seville, he used to carry a lump of clay in his hand, and model as he jogged along the road on his ass.

We then observed a horrid disgusting painting of a dead prelate, by Valdes Leal, which Murillo said he could not look at without holding his nose; and opposite to it the Triumph of Time, by the same painter, who was born at Cordova in 1630, and was a pupil of Castillos. As Sir F. Head observes, this observation was probably made by Murillo to soothe the irritation of an artist who was dangerously jealous of every painter of talent. In the Triumph of Time, the skeleton, instruments, globe, and book are finely coloured. Under the roof is a painting representing the Triumph of the Cross, also by Valdes, but not particularly good.

The first of the Murillos we saw was San Juan de Dios; St. John of God carrying a poor man to the hospital. The head of the poor cripple is not seen, but the attitude is fine. The principal light is admirably thrown on the head of St. John, and on an angel with exquisite drapery behind, to whom the Saint is turning to see who is assisting him in his labour of love. This painting is full of expression, extremely natural, and the colouring admirable. The background is very dark, but the light is bad.

The Miracle of the Loaves and Fishes is a splendid painting; the five thousand are grouped in the distance, and a wild landscape beyond, such as may often be seen amongst the sierras of Spain, with a fine sky and beautiful play of light. In the foreground, on one side, the principal figures of a group of ten, are Peter speaking to a boy with a basket of fishes, whom Murillo only could have painted so inimitably, and another Apostle giving our Saviour the loaves. Christ is seated, calm and dignified, not very beautiful in feature, but natural and unpretending, the meekest of men, when performing one of His greatest miracles. Other Apostles are watching our Saviour, and two grand figures are looking at the multitude. The group on the other side of the picture consists of a matron and her child, and an old woman with a remarkably fine head. They are gazing at our Saviour with feminine curiosity, to see what He is doing. The basket in the foreground, which contained the bread, is well painted. Beneath this painting is a little St. John and the Lamb, by the same artist.

The finest Murillo here, and perhaps in the world, is the Moses Striking the Rock. The figure of Moses with his hands folded, and white beard, looking up to Heaven, is majestic beyond description; and his yellow tunic and crimson mantle are admirably painted. The rock from which the water flows is dark, and in the gloom of this sole portion of the picture figures are scarcely seen enjoying the source. To the right of Moses is a crowd of excellent figures; the woman, with a can in her hand, looking up, is very beautiful; and the little boy on the grey horse charming; nothing can be more natural than the expression of his joy at the sight of the water rushing from the rock; and the little girl handing him a pitcherful is very fine. There is also, on that side, an exquisite group of a lovely woman drinking, while a child she is carrying holds out its little hands to beg a drink; the dog at her feet is also thirsty, and looks up wistfully for its share. On the left of Moses is a group of seven or eight figures eager to quench their thirst; amongst them a beautiful woman giving some water to her eager boys; one admirable figure is on his knees, putting out his can for some; and a head of a camel is visible, waiting patiently its turn. This painting may well be called "La Sed" (the Thirst). It reminded me most forcibly of the arrival of a caravan, after traversing a desert at a river or a source,

and the eagerness men and beasts exhibit to relieve their sufferings. The colouring is only tolerably good for Murillo, but the composition is truly magnificent.

The two colossal paintings of the Miracle of the Loaves, and Moses striking the Rock, have the advantage of being seen in the situation for which Murillo painted them. Soult carried off five others which were here; Santa Isabel, now at Madrid; the Angels and Abraham and the Prodigal Son he sold to the Duke of Sutherland; the Healing of the Cripple to Mr. Tomline; and the Angel and St. Peter the Marshal still retains, and thirteen other Murillos, as his son informed me in Paris; but the gallery was in disorder, and they could not be seen.

We went up stairs, and saw a full-length portrait of the founder, M. Manara, by Valdes. He is seated at a table, pointing to a cross, and it is quite like a Titian in expression and colouring. In one corner is a little boy with a book in his hand, a finger to his lip, and a smile on his face; the crumpled letter on the ground is also admirable. Beneath this excellent painting is his thin sword and a table covered with the crucifix and other things copied in the painting; the cloth did exist, but is now worn out. They show roses in pots in the little garden only a few years old, which they say are descended from trees planted by M. Manara himself, and it seems to have been a work of love to preserve this remembrance of a good man, the founder of this valuable institution, and the patron and friend of Spain's best painter.

CHAPTER XIX.

The Museum.—The Walls.—The Barbican.—The Hospital de la Sangre.—The Lonja.—The Ayuntamiento.—Murillo's House.—The Inquisition.—Tobacco Manufactory.—Private Houses.—Promenades.

THE museum of Seville is, they say, the best in Spain after Madrid, yet it was in a sad state, and as usual without a catalogue. We entered into a court encumbered with fragments of statues, and then went into a beautiful patio decorated with marble columns, azulejos, and in the centre a fountain. The first room we saw in the museum contains some fine carvings (of alerce wood) from the choir of the Carthusian Convent. Over each stall is a figure of a saint, above which are medallions with angels, etc., all good, and many of them admirable. The ornaments are also beautifully carved, and the chair of the Prior is very handsome.

A description of the interesting painted sculpture and principal paintings will be found in Appendix C.

The walls of Seville are very picturesque, with their towers and battlements, reminding us sometimes of the Romans, and sometimes of St. Ferdinand and his gallant host. We saw the Carthusian Convent from the opposite side of the river, and from there its towers are pretty, though mixed with furnaces, for it is now a pottery, and all is blackened, and there is little to see of the riches it once contained. In the distance we saw Italica and the Convent of St. Jerome. We followed the fortifications to the Hospital de la Sangre; the walls and towers increasing in height and in picturesque appearance, and we often passed considerable remains of the barbican. The Hospital de la Sangre is simple and elegant, and is said to be by Herrera. The *façade* is six hundred feet long, and appears rather low for its length. The windows of the ground floor are small, and between each are Doric pilasters. Those on the first floor are very neat, and are divided by Ionic half columns. A marble doorway, ornamented with Doric and Ionic columns, leads into a patio, in the centre of which is a church, with an elegant *façade*. The beautiful portico leading into this church is decorated with Doric and Ionic capitals in a very pure style. The excellent marble sculptures over the door, representing Charity in the centre, and Hope and Faith on each side, are by Pedro Marchuca, who was a painter, sculptor, and architect, and studied in Italy, and afterwards resided chiefly in Granada, where he worked for Charles V. at the Alhambra. The interior of the church is not good. The retablo of the great altar contains some tolerable paintings by Alonso Varquez, who died about 1650. The St. Joseph and Child perhaps the best. There are several paintings of female saints by Zurbaran, remarkable for their beautiful drapery; the St. Dorothy I admired the most. The Hospital is for all kinds of diseases, and often contains three hundred patients, though at present only two hundred and sixty, who are nursed by sisters of charity, with white head-dresses, like the Beguin nuns in Belgium. The patio, full of oranges and roses, is pretty, and all the rooms seemed neat and comfortable. The most interesting portion of the walls of the city is between the Hospital de la Sangre and the Capuchin Convent, as in that part the barbican is more perfect, and the views of the

towers often picturesque. The foundations of the walls are very massive, and apparently of very great antiquity. The Capuchin Convent is a large straggling building, now occupied by poor tenants, but it is interesting, as the place whence many of the fine Murillos in the Museum came from. Before entering the Puerta de Cordova, we passed the Chapel of San Hermenegildo, where the saint was killed and Herrera was confined. Looking along the fortifications from this point, the barbican may be traced for some distance, but not apparently so perfect as between that gate and La Sangre. The walls and towers are high and very picturesque, with La Trinidad in the distance. The gates of Triana and Xeres are the finest entrances into the city.

The Lonja, or Exchange, designed by Herrera, an isolated quadrangle, each side being two hundred feet wide and sixty-three feet high, stands on an elevated basement, seven steps leading up to it all round. On the highest are half columns and chains surrounding the building. The exterior is very elegant, with simple plain windows, with square slabs above, and Doric pilasters between them; but I do not admire the pyramidal pinnacles at each angle. The patio is beautiful, and consists of five circular arches on each side; the buttresses between them ornamented towards the court with half Doric columns. The decorations are similar on the floor above, but the columns are Ionic, and the arches are filled up with windows; the floor is paved with small square slabs of alternately black and white marble. A magnificent staircase, of rose and grey coloured marbles leads to the first floor, where the archives of the Indies are kept. There are papers of Columbus, Cortes, and Pizarro, though the latter could not sign his name, but these treasures are not shown; each package is registered and dated with apparent order, and deposited in mahogany Doric cases without glass, in a handsome room, extending almost round the building, with a roof beautifully arched and groined. The floor is paved with rose and white marbles, except at the angles, where there are circles, and other patterns of rose, grey, and white marbles. The portrait of Columbus was presented by his family, and, therefore, more likely to resemble him than the apocryphal one by Parmegianino at Naples. It represents a hard-featured clever man, clad in armour, but the figure is badly drawn and

wretchedly coloured. There are also portraits of Cortes, Charles III., Charles IV., and Ferdinand VII.

The stone staircase leading up to the roof is curious, as it is not perceptible how the large stones are supported. The view from the top is fine of the town and the adjoining country. On the ground floor are two rooms which are scarce worth visiting, though each contains a portrait of the Queen, one as a child, and the other just before her marriage. One of these rooms is called the Tribunal of Commerce, and there five merchants sit and decide all mercantile differences and suits at a slight expense, advocates sometimes appearing before them. There is an appeal from this court to the regular tribunals, but appeals they say are rare.

The exterior of the Ayuntamiento, or Town-hall, is a beautiful specimen of the plateresque style, and some of the ornaments of the pillars and pilasters are quite Raphaelesque. In the interior there is a handsome room, the roof of which is divided into forty divisions, each containing a carved representation of a king with a spear and mace. In the small room there is a good painting of the Queen, by Gomez, the best of any I have seen. In the Academia there is a Conception, painted by Roelas. The angels holding the crown are very beautifully coloured.

Murillo's home is in the ancient quarter of the Jews, but the Israelites have had no abiding-place in Seville since Ferdinand and Isabella foolishly expelled them, though many of the nation are said to exist in all the large cities. Most of the streets in this district are narrow, and some of them picturesque; many of the houses are large, and the one Murillo lived in is a comfortable and pleasant residence. We entered a good-sized porch, at the end of which, opposite the doorway, are two arches, divided by marble columns, and above them the inscription: "En esta Casa murio, B. E. Murillo;" and over the inscription a tolerable portrait of the artist. Through the iron lattice gates which fill up the arches, we passed into a pretty patio ornamented with marble columns, a fountain in the centre, and the walls of the court covered with paintings. We went up stairs into the rooms in which the great artist worked, and in all Seville rooms more suitable for a painter could not be found, as the house is situated close to the walls, which are not so high as the windows, and, therefore, do not interfere with the light nor interrupt the

pleasing prospect of gardens and the distant country. There are three rooms which command this view, a centre room and a smaller one leading out of it at each end. They are all full of paintings, the owner, Dean Cepero, being passionately fond of them, and possessing a good private fortune, besides his income from the Church. There is a good copy of Murillo in the principal room, and a fine Spagnoletto. In one of the small chambers a St. Joseph and Child, and a Conception, though not, I think, as he says, by Murillo. In the library, several doubtful Murillos, but two very nice little paintings, by San Juan de Sevilla. In another room a pretty Child Asleep, by Cano, said to be by Murillo, and a really fine Murillo of the Virgin, with her hands closed, and looking up to heaven. Though most of the paintings in this collection are very indifferent, it is a great pleasure to see the house of the great Sevillian artist in the possession of a gentleman who has not only a taste for art, but was, more than any person in Seville, a preserver of the works of Murillo when the convents were destroyed.

The house where the Inquisition stood, when the mob broke into it, and set fire to some gunpowder which blew up the chapel, is a pleasant-looking place, fronting the old Alameda, and one can scarcely conceive it to have been the scene of so many horrors.

The Inquisition appears from the earliest period to have been connected with the political government in Spain. Ferdinand was crafty enough to see the utility of such a power in alliance with the throne, and the gentle Isabella's religious confidence in her artful confessor led her, no doubt, to think that the end justified the means, and induced her to ask for the introduction of the holy office into her dominions as a Christian benefit to her people.

The first court commenced operations at Seville on the 2nd of January, 1481, in the Convent of S. Paul, but want of space soon obliged it to be moved to the Castle of Triana, of which there are now scarcely any remains. Llorente, in his History of the Spanish Inquisition, of which he was Secretary, states, on the authority of Bermeldes, a contemporary historian, that seven hundred persons were burnt in Seville alone during the first eight years, and he calculates that, on an average, during that period eighty-eight were burnt annually, forty-four more in effigy, and six hundred and twenty-five otherwise punish-

ed. (1) And yet Mariana, speaking of the establishment of the Inquisition, says, "A greater blessing and more fortunate event for Spain was the establishment, about this period, of a new and holy tribunal." Yet even the Jesuit historian, though he did not dare to do otherwise than praise a power which high and low, the intellectual and the ignorant, were compelled to bow to, exhibits the misgivings of his own mind when he describes the complaints that were made of children being answerable for their father's crimes, and the accused being ignorant who were their accusers, and not allowed to be confronted with the witnesses, contrary to the ancient customs of other tribunals, and when he describes the secret agency and *espionnage* which existed in the cities, towns, and villages, depriving every one of the liberty of hearing and speaking, as a slavery, some say, as bad as death.

Perhaps it was for the expression of these doubts and objections to the Inquisition, which he answered most feebly, that the learned Jesuit was summoned himself before the Inquisition, in order to avow his submission to its authority. (2)

That a religious war of nearly eight centuries should have made the Spaniards the bitter enemies of all who did not bow to the Cross, is not surprising. They could never forget that the Jews, an Oriental people, were the natural allies of the Moors, facilitated their conquest of the kingdom, and in the enjoyment of a religious toleration, which the Moors, to their great credit, conceded to every sect, were with their vast treasures, literature, and science, the most valuable subjects of the Spanish caliphs. The ostentatious wealth, great learning, and rare financial talents of the Jews, excited the jealousy of the Spaniards, and it was undoubtedly an easy way to cancel their pecuniary obligations to that ever money-lending people, to cast them into the prisons of her Inquisition, whence no voice was ever heard, except that of agony in the *autos da fè*. Those who escaped, stripped of their wealth, broken in fortune and in spirit, would probably hasten to some corner of the earth, where they might die in peace rather than linger in the place of their captivity, and venture to ask Christian creditors for the gold they had lent to them.

The free exercise of their religion, which

the Spaniards promised the Moslems, must have been galling to the sight of such bigoted Christians, and their crafty priests would find it easy to persuade them that it was a greater crime to keep than break such engagements. The impatience of the Moors under the Christian yoke, and at last their repeated revolutions and backslidings, removed all scruples from even the most lenient of their oppressors.

When, however, we think of the immense population which existed in the cities and districts where the Jews and Moslems ought to have been allowed to dwell, in the peaceful enjoyment of their wealth, their arts, their learning, and their religion, instead of being cruelly persecuted, and ultimately inhumanly and impolitically driven into exile, there is truly a poetical retribution in their present decayed state, in the comparatively deserted streets, and in the numerous wild plains (*despoblados*) once so rich and beautiful.

The tobacco-manufactory is well worth seeing; the building is immense, but here also there is great difficulty in obtaining permission to go over it; the administrator must be asked, and he is never in the way or engaged, and they will not disturb him. I went there twice, and I heard of others who had been three or four times. Spaniards think nothing of the value of time, and seem to delight in making you wait an hour or two; generally they are civilly dilatory, but here they were rude and insolent. The great sight of this manufactory is the long room where the women work; there were three thousand of them rolling the dirty-looking fragments of the tobacco in large clean-looking leaves, which give them their neat appearance. Among the three thousand, it was quite extraordinary how few were at all good-looking, and not one really beautiful. There were women of all ages, and most of them had made the best of themselves, their hair being neatly dressed and decorated with flowers, but there were scarcely half a dozen that would be called pretty in England.

They are paid by the quantity of work they accomplish, and earn generally about sixpence or eightpence a-day. There are some men employed, who are paid in the same way, and gain, they say, double as much as the women, whose fingers, I should have thought, would have been more nimble than the men's, but I think they lose a deal of time in gossiping. I never heard such a Babel of tongues, it was as stunning as the

(1) Llorente, vol. i., p. 414.

(2) Tickler, p. 427.

whirl of as many spinning-jennies. Many of the men were very handsome, which confirms my impression that the males generally in Seville are better-looking than the females, and that the latter are not remarkable for their beauty, though their grace and elegance are beyond all praise.

We visited in the rappee manufactory a room where there is clumsy machinery for chopping the tobacco, the wheels of which are turned by mules, the Spanish substitute for a steam-engine, which in England would do the work, and we then saw the rooms where the tobacco is steeped in a decoction to give it its peculiar pungent flavour, but the smell was so disagreeable I was glad to escape from them, and they say, that in the heat of summer, all who work in the manufactory are affected by it. We afterwards went into a room where the rappee is put into large earthen vases, where it effervesces, and lastly it is put into tin canisters made in the establishment. Throughout Spain there is an estanco publico even in the smallest village, and in the large towns many, where the manufactured tobacco is sent for sale, and at no other place can cigars or snuff be legally purchased. I used often to buy them to give to the muleteers, mayorals, and others, an attention which made them very friendly for the journey at least; but I seldom saw any good ones except in the sea-ports, where I had every reason to suppose they had been smuggled into the kingdom from Gibraltar. The Government buys the raw tobacco at four reals a-pound, and sells it manufactured at twenty-four.

Seville, as a residence, is a charming place; the streets and plazas are so picturesque, especially the Plaza del Ayuntamiento and the Plaza del Duque, where crowds assemble every evening under the shady trees, and also the Plaza de San Salvador, and numerous others. The streets are all white, and clean, and pretty, from the general effect of the balconies, covered with flowers; but they are very narrow, so much so, that when a carriage passes, the foot passengers have often to retire into the always open porches of the houses, and through some of them carriages cannot pass at all. Every street has a row of flags on each side near the walls for foot passengers, but, not being elevated, it is no protection. Seville is so large, and so few of the streets are straight, it would be difficult to find the way to the sights without a guide; I strongly recom-

mend Diego Hainsworth, who does not ply at the hotels for custom, but who may be found at No. 15, Frente à la Torre de San Bartolomé. He is a very honest respectable Englishman, an old servant of Mr. Weatherell's.

The number of excellent houses is immense, though few of the *façades* are remarkable for their architecture; but the pride of the Sevillians is their patio. A hundred thousand columns are said to decorate the courts of Seville, and I cannot conceive the number exaggerated. I was never weary with looking at them, with their marble columns and pavements, the pretty fountains and flowers in vases generally so fresh and so beautiful. In searching for private collections of paintings, I saw the interior of many houses belonging to nobles, members of the Cortes, *employés*, and tradespeople, and they were always scrupulously clean and neat, and often handsomely furnished. The windows are invariably covered with iron lattices, which give a Moorish appearance to the houses.

The walls are generally whitewashed, but almost always quite fresh, and without a spot. The floors were sometimes covered with carpets, but often with the beautiful mats which they make in Seville. The walls of the houses I was taken to were generally covered with paintings belonging to persons who had a taste for the arts, or who had inherited pictures. In the rooms which were not thus adorned, and in other houses I saw, there were frequently prints on the walls, mostly coloured ones of a very inferior kind, proving that in the birthplace of Murillo there is not now much feeling or taste for high art. In the summer time, when the family migrates from the upper rooms into the marble courts, which are then covered with an awning, the pictures and prints are carried down, and decorate the walls of the patio.

It is astonishing how few paintings for sale are to be seen by Murillo in private hands, scarcely above two or three in his best style, and those enormously dear. A *Mater Dolorosa*, very small, 1000*l.*, at Signor Romero's. A *Virgin*, also small, 300*l.*, at the Dean C.'s. In the house of a member of the Cortes, a very fine *St. Joseph and Child*, 400*l.* Some in Murillo's cold style, but chiefly disagreeable, or, at all events, uninteresting subjects, such as evangelists and saints, in friars' dresses. The English Con-

sul has several. At Signor G. Cala Naravete's, is a good Head of St. Francis, in Murillo's cold style, 40*l*. In several houses, I saw some Zurbarans, but all uninteresting, and very dear. In many collections, there are paintings which they call Murillo's, but they do not require much examination to perceive they are by very different artists. Many of his scholars coloured like their master, but none drew in such an admirable style. It is, therefore, more by the drawing than the colouring that real Murillos may be distinguished from good ancient copies, or from the works of his pupils. The Torre del Oro, so called because the treasures of the Indies were deposited there, is very picturesque, though the whitewash gives it almost a modern appearance. The tower, fringed with its pretty battlements, might well from its solidity be supposed to have been built by the Romans, but it is Moorish, and the thin minaret upon it is very elegant. The tower of Don Fabrice is also one of the best in Seville, and is ornamented with battlements and pointed arches. The old Alameda of Hercules is little visited, though its elms are fine.

The Santa Catalina and Las Delicias, near the cool Guadalquivir, are the favourite resorts. As the Arabian poet Ibnu Saffar says :

"The breeze falls playfully on the river, and, lifting up the skirts of its robe, agitates the surface of its waters; the stream, resisting the outrage, hastens down to revenge it.

"The ring-dove laughs on its banks from the excess of his love, and the whole scene is covered with the veil of tranquillity and peace." (1)

The gardens are pretty, and filled with roses, and the walk on the side of the river delicious, and must be especially so on a sultry autumnal evening. On *fête* days there are many carriages, but the Spaniards are fond of walking, and generally descend from their vehicles. The Infanta has purchased a grand palace close to this promenade, a handsome building, with a churrigueresque entrance; the garden front is gaily painted, and looks into a large grove of splendid orange-trees.

The time for walking for all ranks is from just before sunset until long afterwards. Often, when the streets have been quiet and

lifeless during the hot mornings, suddenly they become so animated and gay about dusk, that any one would suppose it to be a *fête*; and the streets are crowded, but always far more men are seen than women. Seville ladies make their purchases generally by gas-light, and there is no better place than the shops for a stranger to judge of their beauty; but only on the promenades can he form a true estimate of their easy carriage and inimitable grace and manners. I think, however, that the men are better-looking than the fair sex, and that without the fascinating mantilla and those dark glances, they, above all other women, know how to throw, their charms would never equal expectations, though their figures are generally excellent, and undoubtedly their manners are perfection, so unaffected and so natural. The ladies of high rank and station go out very little—many only on *fête* days, and not always then.

The Promenade del Duque is, perhaps, the best place for observing the beauties of Seville, and their graceful walk and manners, especially for those who have not access to the tertullias, or little conversaciones, where, without form and stiffness, they receive every evening their intimate friends. In every corner in Seville, and especially all round this plaza, there are little picturesque stalls, painted green, and other gay colours, and laden with glasses and liqueurs, vases filled with iced water, and rows of oranges and lemons. The Spaniards excel in all kinds of cool delicious drinks, to assuage the thirst of this parching clime. The iced lemonade is nectar itself, and the orgeat and other drinks are worthy of the gods. With a large glass of this delicious beverage, let the traveller seat himself on one of the benches, and watch the passing crowd—there is no danger of the Andalusian belles not giving him ample opportunity to appreciate their charms—and there, at his ease, in perfect good-humour with the gay scene around him, and in the enjoyment of the delicious climate—alone great happiness—he will perhaps agree with Byron in his description of Spanish women :

The seal Love's dimpling finger hath impress'd
Denotes how soft that skin which bears his touch;
Her lips, whose kisses pout to leave their nest,
Bid man be valiant ere he merit such;
Her glance, how wildly beautiful! how much
Hath Phœbus woo'd in vain to spoil her cheek!
Which glows yet smoother for his amorous clutch.
Who round the north for paler dames would seek!
How poor their forms! how languid, wan, and
weak!

(1) Makkari, vol. i., p. 57.

* * * * *

Match me, ye climes which poets love to laud;
 Match me, ye harems of the land where now
 I strike my strain, far distant, to applaud
 Beauties that e'en a cynic must avow;
 Match me those houris, whom ye scarce allow
 To taste the gale lest Love should ride the wind,
 With Spain's dark glancing daughters—deign to
 know
 There your wise Prophet's paradise we find,
 His black-eyed maids of heaven, angelically kind.

The mantilla is invariably worn in the South, and a head-dress so becoming and so suitable to the climate will never, I trust, be changed for frightful bonnets. In cold weather, the silk or velvet mantilla trimmed with rich lace, and in summer the beautiful fabrics of blonde, of which Catalonia may well be proud, make even plain women good-looking. Black is still the general colour of the dress, but gayer silks are creeping in very fast, and French fashions to such an extent, that it is very rarely that even the peasant women wear any of those beautiful costumes for which they were once so distinguished.

Every woman has her fan, her eloquent fan, which often says more than she would dare to utter, though Spanish women are not very particular in what they say. It requires more experience than mine to explain its mystery. An Andalusian woman might as well lose her tongue as her fan, which has this advantage over the natural organ of speech, that it conveys thought to a greater distance. A dear friend at the furthest end of the public walk is greeted and cheered up by a quick tremulous motion of the fan, accompanied with several significant nods. An object of indifference is dismissed with a slow formal inclination of the fan, which makes his blood run cold; the fan now screens the titter and whisper; now condenses a smile into the dark sparkling eyes, which take their aim just above it. A gentle tap of the fan commands the attention of the careless; a waving motion calls the distant; a certain twirl between the fingers betrays doubt or anxiety; a quick closing or displaying the folds indicates eagerness or joy. In perfect combination with the expressive features of the Andalusian women, the fan is a magic wand, whose power is more easily felt than described. (1)

(1) Doblado's Letters, p. 56.

CHAPTER XX.

Excursion to Italica.—Triana.—Cartuja Convent.—Ruins of the Amphitheatre.—Santi Ponce.—House of Cortes.—Excursion to Alcala de Guadaira.—Castle.—Water-mills.—Convent de las Monjas.—San Sebastian.—Prices at Seville.—Hôtel d'Europe.

THE neighbourhood of Seville is flat and uninteresting compared to many parts of Spain, but still there are several objects of considerable interest to be seen. We left our hotel at half-past seven o'clock in a *calèche*, large enough for two besides the driver, who sat at our feet. Our machine was almost exactly like the Neapolitan *calesso*, as gaily painted, and the harness of the horse, consisting of a decorated saddle and a plume of narrow ribbons on his head, reminded me of my Neapolitan friends. It seems also as easily upset and may be very good for smooth roads, but is not at all calculated for the rough ones in Spain.

We drove through the suburb of Triana—which is believed to owe its name to the Emperor Trajan, who was a native of Italica.(2) Passing this dirty place, containing ten thousand inhabitants, we came to the Cartuja Convent. The gate at the entrance is pretty, with its azulejos, and the little chapel still contains a portion of the choir, consisting of sixteen beautifully carved figures of saints, similar to those I described in the museum; but by this light, and in this more appropriate place, they are seen to better advantage. There is also there a Virgin and Child in marble, well executed; and the azulejos of the rose-window of the *façade*, over the pointed arched door-way, are very beautiful. The interior is now a pottery; and the handsome marble floor, a great part of which is still remaining, is degraded and covered with the dirt of a manufactory of chamber-pots; and yet this was the magnificent church of the Carthusians, once full of treasures of art, and some of the finest paintings and statues in the world. The form of the roof is seen, and the part above the transept and the dome of one of the chapels are very interesting. There are also several azulejos, quite Raphaellesque in their patterns.

The delicious gardens are full of superb orange-trees, and contain two pavilions, erected by the owner of the pottery, an Englishman, who employs five hundred and fifty hands. From the convent we drove through

(2) Mohammedan Dynasties, vol. i., 363.

the village of Santi Ponce, and there selected one out of half-a-dozen little urchins, who offered us worthless coins and their services to show us Italica, not ten minutes' walk from the village, and scarcely two from the road.

The ruins appeared on our left, like a collection of wild rocks; but these masses are the only remains of the amphitheatre. The form of the arena is still perfect, though few of the seats are remaining. Nothing can now be more green and verdant than the once-crowded amphitheatre of Italica. It is covered with grass, and a variety of wild flowers, prickly pears and shrubs are mingled with the ruins. This is all that remains, except some baths of no importance, of the birth-place of Adrian, Trajan, and Theodosius.

Aqui ya de laurel, ya de jazmines
Coronados los vieron los jardines
Que ahora son zerzales y lagunas.
La casa para el César fabricada,
Ay! yace de lagartos vil morada:
Casas, jardines, Césares murieron.
Y aun las piedras que de ellos escribieron.(4)

Where gardens bloom'd, with jess'mine crown'd
and laurel,
Now briary wilds and deserts point life's moral.
The palace built for Cæsar, nations quelling,
Alas! is now of lizards the vile dwelling.
Palaces, gardens, Cæsars too have perish'd,
Even the stones their fame that told and cherish'd.

The view is verdant over the well-wooded country, and in the distance the tower and town of Logava. In the church of Santi Ponce is a good retablo, with some tolerable sculpture, especially the Nativity, and the Adoration of the Magi. In the centre is a remarkably fine St. Jerome, an almost naked figure, carved in wood by Montanes, looking at a cross with a figure of Christ crucified. The body of the saint is emaciated, and displays wonderful anatomy; the limbs especially are splendid, and the expression admirable. Above the St. Jerome is a figure of San Isidoro, with a crosier in his hand, which is also fine, especially the head. On one side of the altar is the kneeling effigy of Guzman el Bueno, and on the opposite side his wife.

In a chapel adjoining is the tomb of Dona Maria Osorio, a full-length figure, with the head and hand of her servant at her feet. The Dona was burnt to death by Pedro the Cruel, for rejecting his addresses, and, the flames consuming her dress and discovering her body, the servant is said to have rushed

in to conceal her person. Opposite is the sepulchre of the husband of Osorio, a fine figure extended full-length; and beneath it is the tomb of Guzman in the same style. From Santi Ponce we went to Castileja de la Cuesta, where Fernando Cortes died broken-hearted, December 2d, 1547. It is now a poor building, consisting of three small rooms, and though the house has been divided, it must always have been very little for one who had such large possessions in the New World; and may account for his being accused of parsimony during the last few years of his life, by those who were not aware that the maritime enterprises of Cortes, during the latter period of his life, had cost him three hundred thousand castellanos of gold without the return of a ducat, and that he had been obliged to borrow money and pawn his wife's jewels to procure funds for his last enterprise, thus incurring a debt which, increased by the great charges of his princely establishment, hung about him during the remainder of his life. Over the door of his house is this inscription:

AQUI MURIO,
VICTIMA DE LA DESGRACIA,
Y LA TRISTEZA, EL INSIGNE
HERNAN CORTES
GLORIA A NUESTRA PATRIA,
CONQUISITADOR DEL,
IMPERIO MEXICANO,
EN 2 DE DICIEMBRE A.D. 1546.(2)

His bones were not destined to rest in peace. He was first buried in San Isidoro at Italica, and his funeral attended by a long train of nobles and citizens of the neighbourhood and from Seville. In 1562, they were removed by his son to New Spain, where they were laid by the side of his daughter and mother in the convent of St. Francis in Tezcuco. In 1629, they were again removed, and, on the death of the fourth Marquis of the Valley, the remains were conveyed with extraordinary pomp to the church of St. Francis, in the capital of Mexico, where they remained until 1794, when they were removed to the Hospital of Jesus of Nazareth, a noble institution founded and endowed by Cortes as some atonement for his many crimes; but even there they were not allowed to be undisturbed. In 1823, the patriot

(2) Mr. Prescott and Mr. Ford say he died Dec. 2nd, 1547; and as the former says his will was executed Oct. 40th, 1547, I think I must have made a mistake in copying this inscription.

(4) Francisca de Rioja—A las Ruinas de Italica.

mob, in their zeal to commemorate the eve of their national independence and their detestation of the "old Spaniards," were for breaking open the tomb and scattering the ashes to the wind; but the friends of the family entered the vault by night, and secretly removing the relics, prevented the commission of this sacrilege. (1)

The view is fine from the hill of the city of Seville and the plain, and still finer from the road going to Alfarache. The olives planted in rows, as is the custom round Seville, are not so beautiful as the groves of those trees in Italy, and the stems are also less picturesque. San Juan de Alfarache is situated on a hill, and its picturesque walls and towers are still standing.

The view from the terrace is extremely fine of the Guadalquivir, winding prettily through the verdant plain, the muddy colour of its waters not perceptible at this height and distance, and therefore from no other point is it seen to such advantage; and beyond the river is Seville glittering in the sun, with its vast mass of buildings, towers, and spires; but above all, rising immeasurably above every other eminence, like a giant amongst pigmies, the lofty but so light and graceful Girandola, that one can almost excuse the superstition which supposed the supernatural agency of the Saints Justa y Rufina requisite to protect it from the violence of the storms.

We met to-day immense quantities of heavy carts of grain drawn by oxen, five or six sets of thirty each, but the oxen are such quiet tractable creatures, that one man often managed four or five carts.

Alcala de Guadaira. We intended to have started early for this excursion, but rain, to our surprise, interfered with our plans, being only the second day of bad weather we have had since we entered Spain; but as it cleared up at eleven o'clock we drove there in a *calèche*. We passed a great number of arches, called the Canos de Carmona, an aqueduct, which brings the water from Alcala, erected, some say, by Ferdinand and Isabella, and after passing many olive farms arrived at one o'clock P.M., at Alcala, where there is a comfortable little inn. The distant view is extremely picturesque, of eleven towers, beautifully grouped together on the summit and extremity of a hill, beneath which the Guadaira, decked with pretty white mills,

flows through gardens of orange-trees and olives.

The exterior walls of the castle extend along a hill, and enclosing a church, which adds greatly to their appearance, run down picturesquely to the river. The towers are square, generally plain, and not singly picturesque. We walked over the castle, and observed the stones still remaining of the drawbridge, the deep well which supplied the garrison with water, the subterranean cellars for the grain, and several circular arches in the doorways, over one a coat of arms.

The view from the towers is very extensive, of the low hills which surround Alcala, the river, with its mills, olive farms, groves of orange-trees, and the extensive plain in the distance covered with foliage, and Seville glittering in the distance. There are thirty-six mills for grinding corn in Alcala, one containing twenty stones actively employed, but the generality of them have only four or five. The town is neat, and flourishing from its supplying Seville with excellent bread; and the breezes on the hill make it very salubrious. Water is its treasure, and the tunnels and excavations through which it flows are curious. The Convent de las Monjas contains, at a side altar, a retablo containing a Virgin and six *bas-reliefs*, by Montanes. Some of the figures are finished with great delicacy, particularly our Saviour offering a cup to an Apostle, and the Santa Clara receiving the Sacrament.

In the Church San Sebastian there is a good painting by Pacheco, one of the best of that master. The Saint is represented ill, in bed, on the point of taking some broth, and visited by his mother, a sleepy but well-coloured figure. The Saint also is well drawn, and the colouring is good. Through a small window a view is seen, of the last passage in his life, the archers shooting at him, bound to a tree. I observed another good painting in this room, a San Caretano, and a Madonna and Child in Heaven (not sufficiently elevated), which is very good, and appears very much in the style of Campana.

In returning, I observed several plantations of young olives. Branches eight or nine feet long are cut off the old trees, and stuck about three feet in the ground in straight lines, from twenty to thirty feet apart from each other. As soon as they are planted they are banked up with earth in the shape of a cone to keep them cool. Between the age of thirty and forty the tree is in its prime,

(1) Conquest of Mexico, vol. iii., p. 308; Letter of the Mexicans to the King, 25th of June, 1540, p. 423.

and its vigour is preserved by continual pruning.

Seville is dear for Spain. The charge at the Hôtel d'Europe is from thirty to forty reals a-day. A house with ten rooms, besides offices, costs about 40*l.* per annum; meat is twenty-eight and thirty-two quartas the pound of thirty-two ounces; bread, four and five quartas (twopence) the pound of sixteen ounces; wine, forty and forty-five reals for a small cask. The duty on wine, on entering the city, is about one-third the price; and meat pays about the same.

Our dinners at the Hôtel d'Europe were but indifferent, the meat not always good. One day however, we were rejoicing in fresher and finer beef than usual, when somebody unfortunately remarked, we may thank the matadores for this treat; down went the knives and forks of the ladies; the possibility of owing their dinner to the poor animals they had seen killed in the arena was dreadful.

CHAPTER XXI.

Bull-fight.

THERE was no necessity to ask the road to the Plaza de Toros. Half the inhabitants of Seville seemed to be wending their way to their favourite amusement, some in carriages, others in *calèches*, but most on foot, and all joyous and excited. Mr. Ford says truly, that there is no sacrifice, no denial, which a Spaniard will not undergo to save money for the bull-fight, especially in cities where they seldom occur. It is the bird-lime with which the devil catches many a male and female soul.

The amphitheatre is not imposing for its architecture, but convenient, every one finding their numbered place without crowding or difficulty. The prices are suitable to all pockets, a *billetin de sombra*, or ticket on the shady side, being of course the highest. An excellent place may generally be obtained for five shillings; but the prices are always fixed in the bills which are published a day or two before, containing also the names of the performers, matadores, chulos, etc., and the colours and breed of the bulls. The effect was very fine of the amphitheatre, filled with so many thousands, comprising all the rank, beauty, fashion, and *Majo* finery of Seville, the picturesque peasants all dressed in their best, those on the sunny side armed with huge gay-coloured paper fans to screen them

from the scorching rays; and the effect was still more imposing, when occasionally all on one side rose excited from their seats to see some terrible conflict immediately beneath them.

There is a covered balcony round two-thirds of the plaza, ornamented with arches, supported by marble columns, and commanding a fine view of the Giralda. Under this balcony there are eight rows of seats, the lowest protected by an iron railing; and on the shady side is the royal box, ornamented with white and crimson satin. The Prince de Montpensier was there, but not the Infanta. Below the balcony there are seven rows of seats, and then a barrier and narrow passage into which the bulls sometimes leap, as the next barrier surrounding the arena is only six feet high; this place is, however, the resort of the aficionados or the fancy, of the chulos, picadores, carpenters to mend any damage the bulls may cause, surgeons to dress wounds and set limbs which may be broken; and priests also are in attendance, lest any should die without confession, and be denied a Christian burial.

There are eight small portions of the barrier surrounding the arena, which project slightly, leaving just space for a man to enter when pursued by the bulls, though good leapers, as all connected with bull-fighting must be, have no difficulty in clearing the barrier itself. The crowd was amusing; sellers of gingerbread, fans, oranges, and water, shouting which could shout the loudest, and such a chattering of tongues that the band was completely inaudible.

Punctually at four o'clock the sports began. First, the alguazil in an ancient costume, a black cloak and picturesque sombrero, rode beneath the Prince's box for the key of the cell of the bulls, which the Prince threw, but in catching it the alguazil exhibited such bad horsemanship, the crowd were convulsed with laughter. Then came in procession the three matadores with yellow jackets and green breeches and crimson cloaks; then the picadores, strong athletic-looking men, with white hats decked with ribbons, the hats the shape of their heads, with broad flat brims, and their dark-coloured jackets and gay vests covered with silver, and ornamented with red ribbons. They had a crimson silk sash round their waists, and their legs are cased sometimes with iron, or stuffed to double their natural size with soft paper, and covered with strong yellow buckskin, the right leg espe-

cially, which is most exposed. Their spears are poles with a blade only an inch long, with which they pierce the fleshy parts of the neck of the bulls, and thus irritate and turn them aside; but this weapon is not capable of doing them serious injury. In the conflicts with the picadores the bulls have decidedly the advantage, as many of them are seriously injured and sometimes killed. The saddles of the horses are like the Turkish, high in front and behind, with shovel stirrups, and their heels are always armed with an enormous spur.

Then came eight gay-looking chulos dressed in full Majo costume—jackets of different colours, covered with silver embroidery, and ornamented with crimson ribbons, and their waists girt tight with red sashes. They all wore silk stockings and knee-breeches, and were light, well-made, good-looking fellows, such as would be called on our stage admirably dressed Figaros. With their cloaks or broad rolls of satin of various showy irritating colours, but chiefly crimson, they hover round the bull, and, whenever requisite to save a prostrate picador, fling their cloak into the animal's face, retaining hold of one end of it. Their duty also is to plant the banderillas or small darts about two feet long, armed like arrows with barbed points, and the other end gaily decorated with painted paper. The banderillero advances towards the bull with one of these darts in each hand, and when he sees the enraged animal going to attack him, thrusts in the two darts at the very moment it lowers its head to toss him, and then with marvellous dexterity escapes from danger. As may be conceived, it is not always that both or even one of the darts is fixed in the bull's neck, and this uncertainty and the apparently fool-hardiness of these exploits make their attempts interesting. Then followed a crowd of attendants in silk cloaks; and two gay teams, each drawn by three splendid mules abreast, with blue flags on their heads, destined to drag the dead bodies of horses and bulls out of the arena, closed the procession.

The first animal that came in gazed round at the multitude, then eyed the three picadores drawn up behind each other, and seemed confounded. The bulls have always a bunch of ribbons fastened to a small barbed steel dart stuck into their necks, denoting their breed and owners, which colours are accurately described in the printed lists hawked about like the cards at our races, de-

scribing the names, weights, and colours of the riders. This one was thought to be of a bad breed, and the people murmured; the chulos began to tease him; at last the picador provoked an attack which brought him to the ground and seriously wounded his horse, which rose with its bowels trailing on the arena. In this horrid state the picador mounted again, and in truth this is the most disgusting part of the exhibition. The enraged beast then attacked the other picadores one after the other; the trumpet sounding, and the horsemen retiring, the banderilleros hovered round the bull and with great skill planted half a dozen darts in its neck. These irritated the animal still more, and the trumpet sounding again, the matador advanced, and playing with him for a time with his red mulata or flag, which is little more than a yard square, pierced him with his long straight Toledan sword between the left shoulder and the blade. Then the band played, and one team with three mules galloped out with its carcass, and the other with the dead horse; the two other horses with their bellies hanging down waiting for the second bull, which soon came in.

The picadores began, as usual, the first act of the drama; and, when excited, they threw their large hats off, and their hair appeared bound together like a woman's, and enclosed in a silk net. This bull not having killed his horse, the people called out for fire, and hooted the coward; the banderillas of the chulos were hissing hot, and charged with crackers, which exploded in his neck. The matador killed this beast with great dexterity, and was rewarded with thundering applause and throwing of hats. The band commenced playing; the team dragged it out; and immediately another fine black animal came rushing into the arena; he pawed the ground, and then ran to the opposite side, amidst the hissing of the people; then upset a horse, and the picador would scarcely have escaped if the bull had not cleared the barrier into the gallery. Immediately the aficionados in the front rows, who always go to these shows provided with heavy sticks, belaboured him most energetically, and hurled upon his parents as well as himself such a torrent of abuse as the rich vocabulary of Spain alone could supply. It was a bad bull, and they had no mercy on him for disappointing their sport. The animal was soon driven into the arena, where he ran about wishing to escape, but, finding

no other exit, again he cleared the barrier. It was surprising with what agility the people in the passage between the two barriers got out of the way, and that no accident occurred. Fire, fire, was called for by the impatient crowd, the trumpets sounded; hot darts were stuck in him, charged, as before, with crackers; and again, a third time, he leapt the barrier. The people were weary of the coward, and loud in their applause, when the trumpets sounding again, the matador appeared, and speedily buried his sword near the shoulder, and in two minutes he fell dead.

Another black bull came in, and instantly wounded a horse in the thigh, and an ocean of blood gushed out; immediately afterwards he lamed another steed, and the picador had a narrow escape; then he upset again the same horse, which never rose afterwards, and the picador had a heavy fall. With a fearful rush, he threw over another steed and his rider. The shoulders of the bulls are often mangled, and bleeding from the spears. The picador approaches quietly towards him, and sometimes even when his miserable horse is blindfolded, the grooms in attendance are obliged to beat it to make it advance. If the bull will not attack, the picador often taps him on the head with the spear; but he generally rushes at the horse, and the picador receives the charge on his lance, if possible pushing him to the right, and turning his steed to the left. The picadores are seldom severely wounded, as they are generally near the barrier, so that they can easily escape over it when thrown, and when they are under the horses, or otherwise in danger, the chulos rush to their assistance, flinging their gay cloaks at the bulls to entice them away. Twice again this fierce beast upset men and steeds. Having killed and wounded several animals, the banderillas were called for, the trumpet sounded, and the banderilleros came, and I counted seven of their darts in his neck at once. The matador killed this bull without leaving hold of his sword, and was rapturously cheered.

Then we had a dun-coloured bull, who rushed furiously at the chulos, and afterwards at a horse whose rider escaped over the barrier, but the steed was mortally wounded; the picador mounted him again, but in a few minutes it fell down dead. The furious beast then upset another horse and his rider, wounded a third poor animal severely, the picadores escaping with their

usual luck; then attacked a fourth steed, which had just come fresh into the arena, killed it on the spot, and then jumped over the barrier, after clearing the ring and conquering his foes almost with greater celerity than I could note down his victories. The cheers were deafening for the bull: "Viva, viva, toro!" "Bravo, toro! bravo, toro!" from every part of the arena. Afterwards, he wounded two horses on the shoulder successively, and rushing against another unseated the picador. The animals, though blindfolded, would not advance against him, and the spurs of the riders, and the blows of their grooms, were ineffectual; they seemed by instinct to guess what a terrible opponent they had to encounter. The trumpet summoned the banderilleros, and great skill is indeed required to plant two darts at a time, one on each side of the neck over the horns of such an active bull as this, but it was accomplished twice over. After the chulos had teased him for a while, the trumpets sounded again, the matador came forth, and, after more than usual fencing with the mulata, plunged his sword up to the hilt near his shoulder. The band played, and the teams of mules, with their gay blue flags and tinkling bells, dragged out at a great speed the bull and the three dead horses.

A brown bull with white spots then came in, and soon rolled on the ground two picadores and their worthless steeds; one of the animals was killed on the spot, and the other soon dropped on the ground. Immediately the bull upset the third horse and his rider, and was rapturously cheered: "Viva, toro! viva toro!" (Well done, bull), "Bravo, toro!" (Bravo, bull). Again he upset two more steeds, and the picadores fell heavy on the ground; the plaudits were deafening. Soon he raised from the earth the third horse and his rider, who kept his seat at first, but both fell, the picador underneath, stunned, but able, after a short time, to mount again. Horse after horse this fine beast attacked; one poor animal and his rider were soon prostrate on the ground, and immediately afterwards another. The banderilleros made him still more mad, and the chulos were obliged to run their best to escape his rage. It was most exciting to see them vaulting over the barriers, flying, as it were, out of his horns.

A frantic bull is often less dangerous to the matador than one more calm; a sly one,

which combines a certain degree of cunning and physical force, requires more fencing with to study his character.

At last the matador stuck him, and though the sword was as usual deep between the left shoulder and the blade he seemed as fierce as ever. He was near the enclosure, and a man adroitly drew it out. The matador was preparing to strike him again, when he lay down as if to die, but soon rose, apparently desirous of revenge—after one effort he sunk on the arena, and the matador gave him his *coup de grace*. The band played, and the teams dragged out its carcass and three dead horses, besides two which he had wounded dreadfully; the Spaniards sang with delight. The more horses slaughtered the better the fight; a good bull ought to kill three.

No time is lost between the acts; this is too exciting a spectacle for the people to brook delays. As soon as the traces of the last were removed, another small black bull rushed in, one which would be thought contemptible in Smithfield market, or at any of our great agricultural shows; indeed, generally, they are inferior in size to ours, though it is said the best are still bred where Geryon's herds lured Hercules into Spain. The value of a good one is generally from 20*l.* to 30*l.*, and their fierceness and activity is doubtless attributable to the bleak wastes and sierras, where they are allowed to roam almost as wild as the buffaloes in the prairies. In a moment, this fierce little fellow rolled over a steed, and the picador was in danger. The chulos flew to his assistance, and a cloud of cloaks, crimson red, blue, and purple, floated around his head, astounding and irritating him to madness. He galloped after one at a fearful speed, and it seemed truly a race for life and death. Not a voice was heard, so deep was the anxiety; but the chulo flew over the barricade as if the bull had pitched him, so near to its legs were its horns; the animal seemed astonished at having lost its victim, and then vented his rage on the red cloak the chulo had been obliged to drop. Afterwards, he gored a horse in the thigh, and then he killed another steed on the spot, and upset its rider. This was a most sickening exhibition; all the bowels rolling out. Horse after horse he attacked, tossing over both the steeds and the picadores. Two lame ones were led away, as not likely to die soon, and yet scarcely able to move; another was lying dead on the ground, and two more were dragging their entrails around the arena, but

still bearing the picadores on their backs—a horrid sight to see. Soon afterwards, he upset another picador and his horse, the picador falling underneath, and yet escaping miraculously. In a few minutes, he rolled them over again; but the poor steed could scarce move after he rose, and soon fell dead. When the darts were planted in the bull, he galloped furiously about, and cleared the ring of every chulo, then gored disgustingly a dead horse. The trumpets sounded, and the matador advancing, he rushed furiously at him; but he avoided the attacks with great dexterity, and then again twisted his red flag before his eyes, until he rushed at the mulata, and he dispatched him. When this is done with extraordinary skill, the delighted spectators fling their hats into the arena, and the matador pitches them back. A friend of mine saw a priest, unable to contain his admiration, fling his canonical hat into the ring; as the matadores are an ungodly set, and detest the clergy, he hurled it back far beyond the priest, with a look of contempt for such homage as only a matador could assume.

The eighth and last bull came in, and rushed at a horse, before the picador had time to get on it. A matador began the sport, playing with his mulata before him for some time, avoiding his attacks with wonderful agility; sometimes laying the flag on the ground, and then in defiance putting it on his own shoulders, and mocking the wild animal. Two horses, one after the other, this bull gored on the thigh; then he upset another steed and his rider; the matadores played beautifully before him; two held the flag before his face, and passed it over his head when he rushed, and this they did again and again, with slight variations. The crowd was enraptured with their activity, and certainly this was the most graceful, and perhaps the most dangerous, part of the day's exhibition, requiring the greatest agility and address. Soon the enraged bull raised from the ground a steed and his rider, and rolled them on the arena; the horse never rose again. The beast was furious, when nearly a dozen darts were planted in his neck, attacking the poor animal lying on the ground. The matador did not wait for his rushing upon him, but ran into the bull; which dangerous feat closed the day's sport. The band played, the bull and three dead horses were dragged from the arena, and the people, delighted with their day's sport, applauded the matadores to the skies.

I saw these heroes of the day afterwards go away in open carriages with their mistresses, to end the day in festivities, and, it is said, in every kind of debauchery.

It is impossible to see a bull-fight for the first time without being disgusted at the cruelty to two of the most noble and useful creatures in the world—the bull and the horse—and cruelty to game and smaller animals cannot be compared to this, as neither the hare nor the fox, nor even the stag excites our sympathies to such an extent. The most revolting part of the exhibition is undoubtedly their allowing the horses to continue the fight when wounded to death, and dragging their intestines after them round the arena, which is seldom without one in this condition. The wretched ponies they use have no chance of escaping, being poor creatures not worth above two pounds here, nor perhaps more in England. Most of them have fatal diseases, as a Spaniard said to me, of which they must die, and the bull greatly alleviates their sufferings; but still it is disgusting to see the bellies of these poor animals ripped up, their bowels hanging out, and also painful to see the shoulders of the fine bulls covered with their blood, and mangled with the lances.

No exhibition in the world can, however, be more imposing and more exciting. The amphitheatre, commanding a splendid view of the Giralda, was filled with fourteen thousand people, whose very souls were wrapped up in the excitement; silent, or screaming with agony when the picadores were in danger, or breaking forth in thundering applause when men or bulls distinguished themselves; for, to do them justice, they are most impartial in their approbation. The noble bulls galloping about in their rage, assuming the grandest attitudes, pawing the ground and tossing their heads with cowardly impatience, or bravely charging headlong all who opposed them, are undoubtedly the most pictorial of animals; then the gay costumes of the matadores, picadores, chulos, and the gentry and people in their major finery, all glittering under a bright Andalusian sky, is a truly brilliant sight. There is little apparent unfairness in these combats; in the first act of the drama, the bulls can only receive slight wounds, but the picadores, though always strong athletic men, are well known to have seldom a sound rib in their bodies, and many of them are killed. In the second act also, the bull can only be slightly

wounded, but death perhaps to the chulo whose fleetness does not save him, or a false step betrays. In the third act of the drama, the all-absorbing death-struggle takes place—overwhelming physical force, with horns almost as fatal as the sword, opposed to a man whose adroitness, and thin shining weapon can alone compensate for his comparative feebleness.

The bull is rarely victorious; long experience, and exquisite skill, exhibit in this, as in other encounters, the superiority of science to brute force; but every matador is occasionally wounded, and a very large proportion of them end their lives in the arena. There may be portions of a bull-fight which are tiresome, but undoubtedly there are moments of interest exciting beyond description. The Spanish ladies around me screamed and were as alarmed as English ladies could have been when the picadores were in danger, and covered their faces with their fans when bloody scenes occurred; it is also questionable whether their great object in visiting the arena is not rather to be seen, than see the fight.

The Spaniards are kind-hearted in all the relations of life, and there is no reason to suppose that these exhibitions have had any influence on their character any more than the horrors committed during the civil war, and though I could wish the Spaniards would have better horses, and remove them the instant they are wounded, I cannot join with those who place the whole nation beyond the pale of civilization, because they have been born and bred to delight in the excitement of a bull-fight.

CHAPTER XXII.

Cordova in the time of the Moors.—Omeyyah Dynasty.—Learning.—Schools.—Libraries.—Science and Literature.—Palace of Az-zahra.—Cordova.—Taken by the Christians.—Distinguished for Literature.—The Mezquita.—Chapel of Villaviciosa.—San Pedro.—Capilla del Os Reyes.—View from the Tower.—Alcazar.—Walls.—Barbican.—Towers.—Foundling Hospital.—Present State.—Climate.—Cholic.

THERE is considerable difficulty in planning the journey from Seville to Madrid, so as to allow more time for seeing Cordova than the short hour that the diligence stops there for dinner. At this season of the year there are so many passengers on the road, that it is requisite to take places to Madrid several days previous to the time you wish to start; and, of course, they will not book

to Cordova alone, when they have chances of passengers to the metropolis. The courier being dearer, and less comfortable, perhaps, than the *coupé* of the diligence, and therefore less in request, I applied for places twice in the morning, and they told me they would give me an answer at seven in the evening, that is, two hours before the departure, when, if no one wanted them for a longer distance, I might have them. I said, as there was a lady in the case, I was anxious to know as soon as possible, especially as in Spain they require the luggage an hour before the time for starting; and I begged they would give me an answer exactly at seven o'clock, as every moment was of such consequence, and they promised they would. The bureau was opened at seven precisely, but the clerk never made his appearance until an hour afterwards.

The officials in Spain make appointments, but never care about keeping them themselves; their idleness and indifference about anything but their own comfort, and the delays and difficulties they raise in transacting business, are inconceivable. They make an engagement, and will not attend to you, if you arrive before or after the time; and if you are punctual, the probability is they will keep you waiting for hours, or put you off until another day. (*Cosas de Espana.*)

Fortunately I got places, and engaged the *coupé* of the diligence two days later from Seville to Madrid. From nine o'clock until daylight the next morning it was miserable work, rattling at a great rate over a road full of holes and ruts. Sleeping was out of the question. If the carriage had not been very strong, it would have been shattered to pieces five hundred times. When we passed Carmona, I could just distinguish the beauty of the scenery before we commenced a steep descent.

We had a very good breakfast at Ecija, a large city of thirty-five thousand inhabitants, called, from its extreme heat, La Sartanilla, the frying-pan of Spain; and, walking through the place, had time to admire two beautiful towers of the churches, and the picturesque Moorish plaza. The country around is verdant and rich, and they say there are many wealthy inhabitants and nobles. The Marquis de Cortes' house is gorgeously painted, and quite fresh; but Ecija is very dull—no society, no amusement, they say, but the promenade.

Many of the Goths, who escaped the dis-

astrous battle of the Guadalete, fled to this city, which was fortified with walls. The citizens joined them, and ventured to encounter the Moors in the plain; but the Christians, being defeated, fled in different directions; and the city, destitute of defenders, surrendered. The Moors, following the advice of Count Julian, divided their forces; one body, under Magued, a renegade from the Christian faith, marching on Cordova; and the rest of the army, under Tarik, laying waste Andalusia.

The road from there to Cordova we found pretty good, and the country rich and green; sometimes barren, but generally planted with olives or grain; often we saw extensive pastures, covered with herds of cattle.

The view, on approaching Cordova, is pretty, situated in a verdant plain, with a fine range of mountains beyond.

Cordova retains its ancient name. The city was taken by Cæsar, who, according to Mariana, put to the sword twenty thousand of its inhabitants, the partisans of his rival Pompey. Marcus Marcellus, the general of Cæsar, was called the founder of Cordova, adorning the city with magnificent edifices, and conferring on it the title and right of a Roman municipal city, and those privileges which attached to the empire their hard-earned conquests. It was then called Colonia Patricia, from the number of princes, or, as Mariana calls them, the *escogidos*, the *élite* of Rome and the world who inhabited it; and, to this very day, the nobles pride themselves in the purity of their descent, which made the Great Captain say, "Other towns might be better to live in, but none were better to be born in."

There seems to have been something in the atmosphere of Cordova congenial to talent and learning; for in every age this city has been fruitful of great men. In the time of the Romans, the two Senecas and Marcus Pontius Latro, and the poets Sextilius Ena and Lucan, were born here.

It was at Cordova that Roderick, throwing aside the luxurious indolence and sensuality which had hitherto paralyzed him, assembled a mighty army of fifty thousand horsemen, and a countless host of undisciplined soldiers. The plain where they assembled was called El Campo de la Verdad, or the Field of Truth, from the solemn pledge given by the nobles and soldiers.

After the disastrous battle on the banks of the Guadalete, the panic which spread over

Spain soon reached Cordova. Many of its inhabitants fled to Toledo, and a peasant betrayed the city to the enemy, showing them a place where they might enter. In the dead of the night, one thousand horsemen, with a foot-soldier behind each, swam across the river, and having reached the other side in safety, the infantry scaled the ramparts, and, seizing one of the gates, admitted the cavalry, which was soon followed by a part of the army, and Cordova was taken. The Governor and four hundred soldiers having taken refuge in the Church of St. George, where they defended themselves for three months, perished; but the inhabitants were treated with that clemency and generosity which distinguished the Moors throughout their conquests. For nearly three centuries, ending A.D. 1031, Cordova, the capital of the Omeyyah dynasty, was distinguished for her great and talented kings, whose valour checked the growing power of the Christians in the north, and whose wealth we can judge of by their still existing works scattered over the districts then under their dominions—some ornamental, exhibiting a knowledge of the arts and tastes then unrivalled in Europe, and others, such as fountains, aqueducts, bridges, roads, and hydraulic works, useful to the Christian conquerors, and still serviceable to their descendants.

Without giving entire credence to the accounts of Arabian historians, of the twelve thousand villages, farms, and castles, scattered over the districts watered by the Guadalquivir, and doubting even whether Cordova contained, as is stated, a million of inhabitants; yet when we consider the thousands who perished in the civil wars of the Moors, the tens of thousands who perished in the religious struggle of nearly eight centuries with the Christians, and that, according to some authorities, about three millions of Jews and Moors left Spain voluntarily or as exiles, there is good reason for supposing that Andalusia must alone have contained a population of between five and six millions during the reigns of the Omeyyah dynasty.

The revenue of Cordova is said to have been then six millions sterling, an almost incredible amount for that period; but the fifth of the spoils taken in battle amounted to a large sum in those days of continual warfare, and besides a capitation-tax on Christians and Jews, and tolls on the transportation of goods; the taxes were a tenth of the produce of their unrivalled husbandry and

flocks, of their commerce so extensive, especially with the Levant and Constantinople, and of the mines of precious metals which the Phœnicians and Romans had not entirely exhausted.

Schools and libraries were established, and every pains taken to improve the people. Hisham, A.D. 791, (1) who rebuilt the bridge and finished the Mezquita, was one of the most pious and charitable of the Moorish kings; he and his successor established schools at Cordova for the teaching of the Arabic, and obliging their subjects to use that language, forbade their making use of the Latin, which may account for so many Arabic words still existing in the Spanish vocabulary.

The Court of Alhakem, the ninth of the Omeyyah dynasty, the most distinguished for his cultivation of literature and talent, was the resort of the eminent scholars in Europe. His library, collected at a great expense, is said to have consisted of six hundred thousand volumes, besides seventy other public libraries scattered over his dominions, and that at a time when Europe was immersed in darkness, and three or four hundred books were considered a magnificent endowment for a monastery. Eighty free schools were opened in Cordova alone, and the professors in the different branches of literature and science attracted scholars from every country in Europe. Pope Sylvester II., one of the most remarkable men of his age, is believed to have owed his elevation to the pontificate to the culture he received in Seville and Cordova. (2)

Their observations of the heavens from the lofty minarets of their mosques contributed greatly to astronomical knowledge; according to an Arabian author, cited by D'Herbelot, they could boast of thirteen hundred writers in the department of history, and their treatises on logic and metaphysics amount to one-fifth of the surviving treasures of the Escorial. The Cordovan Averroes contributed more than any other to establish the authority of Aristotle over the reason of mankind for ages, and they made great progress in the sciences of medicine and chemistry, introducing many salutary remedies into Europe. Algebra was taught in their schools, and diffused over the Continent; the manufacture of paper was derived from them, as I have stated in my account of Xativa, and also the

(1) Condé, vol. i., chap. xxviii.

(2) Tickler, vol. iii., p. 346.

more doubtful benefit of the application of gunpowder to military science. If their vivid Oriental imaginations, ever inclined to the mysterious and the superstitious, led them to debase their physics by magic, degrade their chemistry into alchemy, and their astronomy into astrology, the same temperament, clothed in a language remarkable for the purity and elegance of its idiom, exhaled in bold and impressive poetical effusions, coloured with the brightest imagery. All were poets, from the chiefs to the peasants, and the Caliphs of Cordova, as was ever the custom in the East, solaced their leisure hours with listening to their bards, who sang to them of "sucesos de armas y de amores con muy estranos lances y en elegante estilo." (1)

"Of ladye-love and war, romance and knightly worth."

The luxury and the architectural magnificence of the Omeyyah dynasty may be conceived from the description of the beautiful palace of Az-Zahra, erected by Abdu-r-rahman, near to Cordova, at San Francisco de la Arrizafa, and one would think it almost a tale of the Oriental nights, a romance of the grave historian, as no traces of it exist, did not the Mezquita remain to satisfy us that the splendour of the Omeyyah dynasty was a reality, and not altogether a dream.

The arches were sustained by four thousand three hundred marble columns, and all the pavements consisted of squares of marble of different colours, tastefully arranged. The roofs were painted with azure and gold, and the beams were of precious wood, worked with great skill. In the large hall, fountains of sweet water played into marble basins of various forms, and in the centre of the court, which was called the Saloon of the Caliph, there was another fountain of jasper, ornamented with a golden swan brought from Constantinople. Above the head of the bird was suspended a very large pearl, which the Emperor Leon had brought to Abdu-r-rahman.

Contiguous to the palace were gardens of fruit-trees, and bowers and arbours of laurels and myrtles, surrounded with pieces of water, which reflected as in a mirror the branches of the trees and the blue sky and clouds. In the middle of the garden, on an eminence commanding a view of the surrounding country, was the pavilion of the King, where he

delighted to repose on his return from hunting, adorned with white marble columns with gilt capitals, and in the centre of the pavilion was a fountain of quicksilver, which, flowing into a vase of porphyry, reflected the sun's rays in a surprising manner. Many elegant baths distributed in the garden increased their delight, and the curtains and carpets were of rich gold and silk tissue, wrought into representations of birds and animals. A mosque less large, but richer perhaps than the Mezquita of Cordova, was built near the palace.

"O Cordova!"

Exclaim'd the old man, "how princely are thy towers!"

How fair thy vales! thy hills how beautiful!

The sun, who sheds on thee his parting smiles,

Sees not in all his wide career a scene

Lovelier, nor more exuberantly

By bounteous earth and Heaven blest.

The time has been when happy was their lot

Who had their birthright here."—DON RODERICK.

When the Omeyyah dynasty fell, and the Kings of the Almoravides and the Almohades succeeded, the power of the Moors was shaken to its foundation. Strifes, civil wars, kingdom divided against kingdom, town against town, afforded opportunities to the Christian princes to extend their conquests.

Don Alonso, King of Castile, Leon, and Galicia, Don Garcia, King of Navarre, and Don Ramiro, King of Arragon, arranging their differences, entered Andalusia, sacked and burnt the towns, and laid waste the country around Cordova. The Moors were then divided into the three parties of Zefendola, the real descendant of the Moorish princes; the Lord of Rota and of Azuela, the Governor of Valencia; and Abengamia, the Governor of Cordova under the Emperor of Morocco. The latter, alarmed at the great preparations of the kings, surrendered the city to the Christians, and assisted them with provisions and money, and the Archbishop of Toledo consecrated the Mezquita, the richest and most superb temple in Spain; but no sooner had the Christians left the city without leaving a garrison, than Abengamia disregarded the oath he had taken on the Koran that he would keep the city for the Christians.

In 1286, the Spaniards, under Don Ferdinand, taking advantage again of the Moorish dissensions, took the city a second time, notwithstanding the gallant defence of the numerous population, fighting even in the streets and the squares for their liberty and their country, and only surrendering at last when

(1) Prescott's Ferdinand and Isabella, vol. i., chap. viii.; Condé, vol. i., p. 437.

they heard from some prisoners they had taken, that Aben Hut, the King of Granada, was dead, and Don Lorenzo Suarez had gone over to the Christians. Their lives were spared, the inhabitants were allowed to go where they liked, and the Mezquita was consecrated a second time.

Cordova continued to be prolific of great men. Juan de Mina, born in 1411, was a kind of poet-laureate, and the historiographer of John II. His long poems were fashionable, if not popular; and though most of his writings are disfigured with pedantry and conceits, the language of Spanish poetry was strengthened, and its versification ennobled, by his efforts to enlarge the Castilian vocabulary. (1) Antonio Morales was born in 1517; but unfortunately only commenced his valuable continuation of the History of Spain, by Ocampo, at the age of sixty-seven, and in eleven years, when he died, had only brought it down to 1037. Luis de Gongora, born in 1561, had to struggle all his life with poverty, but his early lyrical ballads in short lines are remarkable for their simplicity and beauty; though his affected style had a most prejudicial effect on the literature of Spain. At Montilla, near here, Gonzalo de Cordova, the Great Captain (and well he deserved that title) was born in 1453, and died in 1515 at Granada, the victim of the jealousy of his King, after gaining him a kingdom. Pedro Céspedes, who was a poet, painter, architect, and sculptor, was born here in 1538, and studied in Italy. Laborde mentions with admiration a head of Seneca which he added to an antique statue of that philosopher; and his paintings in the cathedral are decidedly good. Antonio Castillo was born in 1603, and died of envy of Murillo in 1667.

Century after century the city became poorer and poorer, and at last, in 1808, the French entered Cordova, under General Dupont, and sacked the decayed place of plunder amounting it is said to 100,000*l*.

An Arabian author has said, Cordova surpasses all other cities on earth in four principal things; its bridge over the Guadalquivir, its great mosque, the city of Az-Zahra, and the sciences therein cultivated.

The Mezquita or Mosque, commenced by Abdu-r-rahman in 786, and finished by his son, Hisham, in 791, is almost all that remains of the magnificence of the metropolis of the Moors; but none of the illustrious fa-

mily of the Omeyyah dynasty died without making considerable additions, or contributing in some way to the ornament of this sumptuous building. (2) The exterior is quite Moorish, and similar to a portion of the enclosure of the Court of Oranges in Seville, consisting of high walls with buttress towers and a battlement. There were formerly nineteen entrances, but they are now all closed but one. Those on the east side are very beautiful, consisting of charming horse-shoe arches surrounded with rich Moorish work, and on each side small arches. The arched doorways on the west side have windows with lattice-work on both sides of them; the centre and largest entrance, La Puerta del Pardon, is still open, and is by far the most beautiful; the fine horse-shoe arch is surrounded with Moorish work and coats of arms, around which are some frescoes of a more modern date; the huge tower adjoining, though imposing, is not remarkable for its architectural beauty.

This entrance leads into a spacious court filled with beautiful orange-trees, and three fountains, where formerly the pious Moslems performed their ablutions. A number of men, basking in the sun, formed picturesque groups, though many of them would have been greatly improved if they had made the same use of the fountains, and washed themselves in the basins. At each end of this court is a colonnade of marble columns, supporting circular arches, and on each side the entrance of the cathedral is a Roman military column, stating the distance—one hundred and fourteen miles—to Cadiz. A fine arch leads into the interior, the first view of which is curious, and at first rather disappointing. Formerly, there was a forest of about twelve hundred columns, some say more, and now there are still eight hundred and fifty remaining, chiefly collected from the Roman temples in the Peninsula, and from the temple of Janus which stood on this site.

One hundred and fifteen, Mr. Ford says, came from Nismes and Narbonne, sixty from Seville and Tarragona, one hundred and forty were presented by Leo, Emperor of Constantinople, and others came from Carthage. The interior of the cathedral, four hundred and seventy feet by three hundred and fifty, consists of seventeen naves from north to south, not including two naves turned into chapels; and from east to west

(1) Tickler, vol. i., chaps. xix. and xx.

(2) Mohammedan Dynasties, p. 219.

thirty naves, besides the side aisles, now also converted into chapels. The columns support two rows of arches one above another, and some of the upper ones are interlaced, which have a good effect; the roof is only thirty-five feet from the pavement, and the shafts of the columns are about eleven to twelve feet high, and without bases, in order to afford more space to walk; they vary in diameter, and not two capitals together are alike, and few good. The columns are all monolithic, and of marbles of various countries, different coloured granites, jasper, and porphyry, but the greater number of a light rose-coloured Spanish marble.

On entering, the effect of the double arches is very displeasing, but by degrees, and on a second visit, the eye becomes more reconciled to it. We must, however, recollect this is a monument above one thousand years old, spoilt by the Christians changing the centre of the mosque into a cathedral, and thus destroying the effect of the immense court; and the present whitewashed roof is also a poor substitute for the beautiful alerce artesonado work of the Moors.

The Chapel Villa-viciosa, formerly the Maskurah, or seat of the Caliph, is very interesting; the one in front of it, in the plateresque style, and gorgeous with gilding, promises little of the elegance which it conceals. The Moorish decorations are very rich; the half lions at the spring of the arches, those of a full size at the beautiful side arch, and the different ornaments and Cufic inscriptions, are extremely interesting. The roof is of alerce wood, and very handsome; the gilding still remains in considerable quantities, and the azulejos are charming; the recess, or mihrab, in which the Koran was placed, is larger than usual, but very beautiful.

We then visited the chapel of San Pedro, called by the Spaniards Del Zancarron, in derision of the foot-bone of Mohammed; seven beautiful arches, supported by marble columns, form the *façade* of this interesting chapel, and lead into what was originally a gallery, but is now formed by iron railings into three rooms. One of them contains a painting of the Last Supper, by Cespedes, the composition and colouring of which deserve praise, but there is little beauty in the expression; and there is no possibility of tolerating anything which destroys the effect of this interesting Moorish chapel.

The other room, corresponding with this, has a doorway ornamented with a beautiful

horse-shoe arch, richly decorated with mosaic azulejos, the patterns of which are quite charming. Over the arch is what appears to be a window with a lattice carved in marble. The centre and chief room contains the tomb of the Constable, Condé de Oropesa, the plainness of which contrasts strangely with the richness around, and especially the gorgeous roof above, supported by eight clusters of three marble columns each, and glittering still with gilding, inscriptions, and beautiful ornaments. The arched doorway, leading from the centre room into a little gem of a chapel, is exquisite beyond description. The mosaic azulejos which cover the wall are perfectly charming, and the interior of the arch glitters as if the mosaic pieces were of solid gold. This gem of Oriental magnificence, an octagon of fifteen feet, was the Holiest of Holies of the great mosque, and the pilgrims made the tour of it seven times, as was their custom at Mecca. It is ornamented with six beautiful arches, two little columns, all of different marbles, with gilt capitals and bases, supporting them on each side; and the dome of the roof, in the form of a shell, is one piece of marble. The walls of the chapel are of the same material; the lower part smooth, and the upper carved into the richest decorations. The splendour of the Omeyyah dynasty was not then a dream, an illusion; a thousand years have passed, and Europe cannot exhibit better taste or greater magnificence.

In the Capilla de los Reyes is a fine coloured figure, by Cespedes; the expression is good. There are handsome brass gates leading into the choir, which is plateresque, but very imposing, and the carving excellent, by Pedro Cornejo, born at Seville, 1677. There are seventy or eighty different Biblical subjects, and the ornaments of the stalls and columns are very rich and beautiful. In the centre is the Transfiguration. The roof is in bad taste, but really it requires some philosophy to examine patiently this fungus which destroys the splendid Moorish mosque. Well might Charles V. exclaim: "You have built here what you or any one might have erected anywhere; but you have destroyed what was unique in the world. You have pulled down what was complete, and you have begun what you cannot finish." (1) The pulpits of wood, resting on marble groups of a bull and an eagle, and an angel and a lion,

(1) Handbook, p. 304.

are also beautifully carved. The retablo of the high altar is good, and the marbles rich; but the general effect is bad, and the paintings by Polomino wretchedly coloured, and wanting in expression.

The numerous other chapels in this immense church seem to contain nothing but rubbish. The Madonna and Child, with St. John, St. Andrew, and St. Ann, by Cespedes, is much injured; but the painting is good, and the figure of the Madonna very beautiful.

In the Capilla del Cardenal is the tomb of Cardinal Pedro de Salaza, which is rather fine, but too much ornamented; and though imposing from its size and design, the execution is bad. In the same chapel is a painting representing the taking of Cordova, interesting for its subject. In the sacristia is a beautiful silver custodia, a splendid work of Henrique de Arphe, 1517, in the most elegant Gothic style. The sacred subjects and figures are of silver gilt, and well executed; and the filigree ornaments are also very exquisite. There is a silver crucifix of the same period; and another chiefly of gold, ornamented with precious stones. We were then shown what is considered by the guides the greatest wonder of Cordova—a delineation of a cross, with a figure upon it, scratched, they say, by a Christian prisoner with his nails.

The summit of the tower of the cathedral is the best place for forming a correct idea of the ancient capital of the Moors. One of the bells has a Gothic inscription on it, and it is said to be of that period; the others are not worked in a manner to make them musical; two men were labouring away, and their occupation appeared to be simply turning the bell round and round.

The view, looking towards the bridge, is picturesque, of the towers, the winding Guadalquivir, the Moorish bridge, the verdant Mont Mariano, and in the distance the Sierra de Cabra. In the other directions the vast city appears one mass of grey-roofed houses and white walls, mingled with trees and courts; and many of the houses have open galleries and square windows, quite Moorish. Around the town are groves of oranges and pomegranates, and large plantations of olives; and farther off, the verdant plain, probably El Campo de la Verdad, where Roderick's nobles pledged their faith; and, beyond, forming a fine natural boundary to the valley, the Sierra Morena, well wooded, and many farms and villages scattered high up its acclivities, and finishing with a steep hill,

on the summit of which is the Moorish Castle of Almodovar.

The ancient walls and towers of Cordova are visible from here; and they point out a large building where Hisham's powerful minister Al Mansur had his palace.

Standing on the summit of this old mosque, with Moslem remains around, and the once-splendid metropolis, still Moorish in all its features, and now so changed, recalls vividly the misfortunes of the Arabs, and especially the last of their kings, the unfortunate Boabdil, who was here so splendidly entertained by Ferdinand, when his influence was supposed to be great with his subjects in Granada, and here also subsequently neglected by the King, when his subjects had driven him from his throne, and he was no longer useful in stirring up the flames of civil discord.

Changed as Cordova is, its population of a million sunk to forty thousand, there are still sufficient architectural remains to recall its ancient glory, and time can never destroy its kindling associations. Though the plains may be less carefully cultivated, the Sierras and noble Guadalquivir are still the same; and gilded, as I saw this view, with the rays of the declining sun, and not a cloud visible in the blue expanse, it was intensely interesting. Southey might have been here, his description is so accurate:

The temples and the towers of Cordoba,
Shining majestic in the light of eve,
Before them Bælis roll'd his glittering stream
In many a silvery winding traced afar,
Amid the ample plain. Behind the walls
And stately piles which crown'd its margin, rich
With olives, and with sunny slope of vines
And many a lovely hamlet interspersed,
Whose citron bowers were once the abode of peace,
Height above height, receding hills were seen,
Imbued with evening hues; and over all
The summits of the dark sierra rose,
Lifting their heads amid the silent sky.
The traveller, who with a heart at ease
Had seen the goodly vision, would have loved
To linger, seeking with insatiate sight
To treasure up its image, deep impress'd,
A joy for years to come. O Cordoba!—

DON RODERICK.

Of the Alcazar, built on the site of the Castle of Roderick, there are few remains; a circular, an octagonal, and some square plain towers, are all that exist. They are surrounded with gardens of lemon-trees and pomegranates, the latter now covered with their orange-coloured blossoms.

The circuit of the walls is interesting.

Starting at the cathedral, we first examined the fine gate built by Herrera, ornamented with four columns of the Doric order. The bridge was built in 719, on Roman foundations, by the Governor As-samh, and is picturesque; the arches are very irregular, some appearing almost pointed, others circular, and they differ also in size; yet the general effect is good, and the Arab writers might well consider it one of the most magnificent structures in Andalus.

On the opposite side to Cordova is a fort, with a fringe of battlements, and a watch-tower in the centre of the bridge. Turning down the Alameda of the Obispo, we came immediately to a ruin, decorated with three horse-shoe arches, called the Baths of the Queen, and certainly well adapted for the purpose. It is now a mill, and there are others in a line with it. Some of the foundations of the walls are of immense stones, but hewn regularly, and probably Roman, with Moorish tapia-work above. The towers at starting from the cathedral are circular, and occur every forty paces; but in other places they are square, and only half that distance apart from each other. The barbican can be traced for a long way.

Before arriving at the gate of Sevilla, which appears to be Roman, with Moorish arches engrafted on it, we observed how the city had been curtailed, the ancient walls extending beyond the present enclosure. We passed the Alameda de la Agricultura, which is very pretty, with its trees and roses. The octagonal tower of the Mala Muerte is very picturesque. The large churrigueresque convent of the Merced—now converted into a useful asylum for widows—and the Catolina, and its orange-trees, are rather pretty; as is also the plain gate of Placencia, with the two palm-trees adjoining.

The first palm planted in Spain was at Cordova, by Abdu-r-rahman, in the garden made by that brave and wise Caliph. It is said that the philosophic monarch used to take great delight in gazing at his date-tree, as it recalled the changes of his own eventful life—once a wanderer in the tents of the Zaneta—and called to occupy so gloriously the throne of Spain. In the midst of his prosperity, thoughts of the land of his birth sometimes forced themselves on the mind of Abdu-r-rahman when he gazed at the palm, and compared his own lot with that of his favourite tree: "Beautiful palm! you are, like me, a stranger in this land; but the winds

of the west caress gently your branches, your roots have struck into a fruitful soil, and you raise your head towards the sky. Like me, you would shed sad tears, if you felt the cares by which I am oppressed. You have nought to fear from fortune, but I am always exposed to her caprices. When cruel fate and the fury of Al-Abas banished me from my dear country, my tears watered often the date-trees which grow on the borders of El Forat; but neither the palms nor the river have preserved the memory of my griefs. Thou, O beautiful palm! hast no regrets for your country; but I, sad and melancholy, cannot cease to lament her." (1)

Cordova has lost what treasures of art she once possessed, but we visited a private collection, where the paintings were bad and ridiculously dear; doubtful Murillo, 400*l.*; six other paintings dreadfully injured, and without a name, 200*l.* each; a wretched head, said to be by Morales, 20*l.* Andalusia is certainly not the country for collecting paintings, and assuredly not for bargains.

Near to the cathedral is one of those institutions for orphans, which are generally found in every large Spanish town. It contains about two hundred of different ages, and there are always about eight or ten wet nurses in the establishment and about fifty others for older children; the infants are deposited in a kind of cupboard, which turns with a wheel; close to it is a bell, which the depositors of the child can ring, so that it need not be exposed above a minute or two. They say that about one-third of the children thus abandoned by their parents die.

Cordova is a miserable-looking town—a poverty-stricken place. One misses sadly the clean houses and beautiful balconies of Seville, covered with shrubs and flowers.

The Plaza de la Constitucion is picturesque. Three sides are exactly alike, and seem to be nearly all windows, or rather green shutters, as they were almost all closed; but the paint had not the usual Spanish freshness, and though there was more than sufficient whitewash on the houses to do away with their ancient appearance, they wanted another coat to present the redeeming brightness and cleanliness of Seville. The streets are wretchedly paved and extremely narrow and twisting; but apparently the narrower the street, the more aristocratic; for the broadest and straightest in the city is inhabited by the poorest people.

(1) Condé, p. 169.

Nothing can be more melancholy than the deadness in these almost deserted lanes and squares. I saw two or three carriages, almost a century old in their build and appearance, dragged by ill-fed mules, and servants in shabby liveries, driving to the Alameda; and the pale cadaverous-looking ladies inside, *sangre azul* (blue blood), no doubt, looked as if they did not often enjoy an airing; but I did not see a single one of those steeds for which Cordova and the neighbourhood was famous until the French invasion.

The Plateria is interesting to those who are curious in old jewellery. I saw a beautiful cross for sale, formed of fine emeralds, which I regret I did not purchase. The silver ear-rings and brooches are curious. Cordova is a very cheap place; bread much lower than in Seville; meat half the value; house-rent so reasonable, that almost every poor man has a good one to himself. As the circuit of the existing walls is greater than those of Seville, and the population of that place is one hundred thousand and Cordova less than forty thousand, houses may well be plentiful. It is truly difficult to conceive, that in the tenth century, a million inhabitants, three hundred mosques, nine hundred baths, and six hundred inns, were in a city where there is now only one fonda, which, I am glad to say, is a good one, and charges moderate.

The climate of Cordova is delicious. Would that I could remain here, instead of returning to the cold damp climate which has driven me from England. I thought of the words of Musa, when, at the Caliph's command, he set out to give an account of his stewardship, and his unworthy jealousy of Tarik. O Cordova! great and glorious art thou among cities, and abundant in all delights. With grief and sorrow do I part from thee; for sure I am it would give me length of days to abide within thy pleasant walls.

Travellers in Spain must, however, recollect that with all the beauty of the climate, the warm sun and the clear blue sky, care should be taken not to eat much fruit, and avoid chills. Anxious to carry away a sketch of this interesting place, I arose with the dawn, the day after my arrival, walked hastily to the banks of the Guadalquivir, and, rather warm with the walk, sat down to draw, unmindful of the cold morning air blowing along the river. That evening I had a bad attack of cholic, the disease of the country, and had to nurse all the night and the next day, preparatory to starting in the evening

for Madrid, and was thus prevented seeing the Church of San Hippolito, which contains the tomb of Don Alonso de Aguilar, the celebrated companion and friend of the Marquis of Cadiz, and one of the most distinguished warriors in the Moorish wars. His exploits are the theme of many a song; and some years after the fall of Granada, he died gallantly, overwhelmed by a host of Moorish mountaineers who had broken out into rebellion. My illness also prevented my visiting the Church of St. Peter, where I believe there are some very ancient paintings on the right wall. At least I have a note to that effect, but I forget from what work I made it.

Mrs. H—— made an excursion to the hermitages in the Sierra Morena, a league and a half distant, which are well worth visiting, if only for the sake of the beautiful view of Cordova and the verdant plain, and in the distance the mountains towards Gibraltar. The hermitages are small huts, with a box at each door for the presents of their charitable friends and pilgrims, and a bell to summon the hermits. Mrs. H—— was in one which was unoccupied, and saw the hard boards on which they lie, and one of the iron chains, with which it is said they scourge themselves.

CHAPTER XXIII.

Departure for Madrid.—Baylen.—Defeat of the French.—Carolina.—German Colonists.—Gorge of Despena.—Perros.—Andalusians.—La Mancha.—Don Quixote.—Venta de Quesada.—Windmills.—Aranjuez.—Palace.—Beautiful Gardens.—Arrival at Toledo.

WE started from Cordova at nine o'clock in the evening; but I had very nearly abandoned the places I had taken from Seville to Madrid, price eight guineas; for, although so much better when I left the hotel that I thought I was cured, I had scarcely got seated in the *coupé* when I fainted completely, and on my recovery felt quite unequal to the journey. Fortunately, a friend, Mr. L——, happened to be in the diligence, who had a bottle of good brandy, which revived me, and repeated doses made me all right. The *coupé* was so roomy and comfortable for two persons, and the road so good, especially compared to the bad one from Seville to Cordova, I bore the journey admirably, and Mrs. H—— was not at all fatigued. Ladies generally dread this long journey from the South to the North of Spain, but the diligences are so heavy, they are not easily shaken; and

though the idea of travelling two days and two nights is formidable for all accustomed to English railway speed, the fatigue is really not great, and is felt less the second night than the first.

Travellers should take a good supply of provisions for the whole journey, for the meals are almost always at unseasonable and irregular hours; and not a single dish without the Spanish abominations, bad oil, saffron, and garlic. When I awoke the first morning, we were just approaching Andujar, an interesting town on the Guadalquivir, with brown towers and roofs, a picturesque old bridge, and rather a fine range of hills behind, of the same tawny colour. We then ascended some wild hills, through which the river Herrumblar rushes, the views occasionally picturesque, especially near the bridge. Passing groves of olives and vineyards, we came to Baylen, a miserable little place, famous for the splendid victory gained by the Spaniards over the French. Castanos's army consisted of twenty-five thousand infantry, two thousand cavalry, and a very heavy train of artillery, and large bodies of armed peasantry, commanded by officers of the line. The whole multitude that advanced towards the Guadalquivir could not have been less than fifty thousand men. After very little fighting, eighteen thousand French soldiers, under Dupont, laid down their arms before this raw army, incapable of resisting half that number, if they had been led by an able man. Joseph Bonaparte fled from Madrid, and all Europe was astonished at this victory and its results. The French troops, instead of being sent to France, according to the capitulation, were maltreated, and a number of them murdered in cold blood, especially at Lebrixa, where above eighty officers were massacred in the most cowardly manner. All who survived the march to Cadiz, after suffering every species of indignity, were cast into the hulks, where the greatest number perished in lingering torments, (1) and others were exposed on the destitute Island of Cabrera, without food or clothing, to feed on each other like howling wild beasts. These horrors were said to have been instigated by the clergy reclaiming the plunder the French had taken from the churches, (2) and may, in some measure, atone for the terrible retaliation of the French when they again invaded Spain. From Bay-

len to Guarroman, a miserable little village, the country is poorly cultivated.

We have now bid adieu to the beautiful villages and towns of the South of Spain, and really it is difficult to bear the loss of the exquisitely white houses, the freshly painted balconies, the Moorish lattices, the appearance of comfort, and even opulence—all is now changed for wretched dirty-looking huts and undisguised poverty. The country after passing Guarroman became rather pretty, covered with magnificent carob-trees, under which were tolerable crops of grain, and the hills planted with groves of olives. As we approached Carolina, the view is extensive, and the ranges of the Sierra Morena visible in the distance. This is one of several towns built and colonized, in 1767, by Germans and Swiss, brought here to supply the place of the banished Jews and Moors; but the promises held out to induce them to leave their country were never kept, and most of the foreigners died broken-hearted.

The town is uninteresting, with wide streets, and is anything but Spanish in its appearance. The inhabitants appeared generally dark, but I observed some with very light complexions, and two or three with sandy hair, the descendants, no doubt, of the colonists. The peasants working in the fields were coolly and picturesquely dressed, having nothing on their bodies but a white shirt, reaching half way down their thighs, and bound at the waist with a red sash; white stockings, extending from the knees to their ankles only, sandals on their feet, and a conical-shaped hat, seldom without holes or bruises, completed their costume. Leaving Carolina, we entered a pretty rocky country, with patches of cultivated land amongst the cliffs, and afterwards we enjoyed some fine extensive views of the Sierra Nevada in the distance, and large plains, one of them said to be the scene of the great battle of Las Navas de Tolosa, when two hundred thousand infidels were killed, and only a hundred and twenty-five Christians; so records an eyewitness, a better hand, says Mr. Ford, at guess-work, than arithmetic. (3)

We then reached a miserable little village, which, with our notions of Spain, we should scarcely have thought to be Spanish, but for the costumes of the peasants, and two or three youths playing their guitars to their wives, working at the doors of their hovels.

(1) Napier's Peninsular War, vol. i., p. 125.

(2) Foy, iv., p. 107; and see Handbook, 305.

(3) See Handbook, p. 306.

Leaving this hamlet, we immediately descended at a rapid rate an admirably constructed road into a wild valley, and soon reached the splendid gorge of Despena Perros (throw over the dogs, cast over the infidel hounds). The pass is narrow at the base, where the river flows; but where the road winds, the rocks are some little distance apart, forming, on entering, a fine natural amphitheatre, and the formation of the last rock on the right, at the end of the gorge, is magnificent. At one point of view, it appeared almost like a conglomeration of pinnacles, some perfect, and others broken.

The rocks are generally of a grey colour, covered with yellow and red tints, and illuminated, as I saw them, with a setting sun, were really splendid. This is the boundary of La Mancha, and here we bid adieu for ever to gay Andalusia, certainly the most charming district in Spain. The Andalusians are often vain and conceited, but always good-tempered, civil, and obliging—full of wit, fun, and pleasantness—indolent, but, as far as my little experience extends, honest.

Now we enter La Mancha, a dreary impoverished country, which even the genius of Cervantes and the exploits of Don Quixote cannot make interesting. I soon fell asleep, and awoke at Valdepenas, where the diligence stopped to dine at midnight, not having halted since eleven A.M. The inn appeared clean, but the meal looked detestable, and I was told every dish had garlic in it. The wine, which they called the best in the place, was very inferior to the excellent Valdepenas I have drunk in many places in Spain. I awoke in the morning just before arriving at the Venta de Quesada, the celebrated inn where Don Quixote was knighted. The round buildings at one side might well be imagined to be towers of a castle by a crazy knight, and the high enclosure the castle walls. The country around is flat, and covered with corn; in the distance is a low range of hills.

The tropical vegetation is now changed for less picturesque trees. At Cordova, we bid adieu to the graceful palm-trees, and on entering La Mancha, to the few aloes which we had seen in the hedgerows just before leaving Andalusia. We passed Villarta, a small village, and then drove through extensive but indifferent pastures, covered with poor sheep, and still poorer looking shepherds. We breakfasted at Puerto Lapiche, a miserable place, where Don Quixote told

Sancho they might get elbow-deep in adventures, which they very soon did. At a little distance on each side is a hill, with groves of olives around them.

Soon after leaving Lapiche, we observed several mills a long way from the road, which, in the distance, when their sails are not visible, might well be taken for giants by a crazy knight, and especially, as at that time windmills were novelties in the country; and having formed this opinion of them, and worked up his imagination to the belief, and closed his visor, he might well be described as encountering the giants of his disordered brain.

Madridejos, a town of seven thousand inhabitants, is a poor-looking place, but the most convenient for those who wish to see Tobosa and the Cave of Montesinos, which really do exist; (1) but as I am satisfied, from what I have seen, that the localities in Cervantes' admirable tale are sketched from nature, and having no fancy for the cheese Sancho liked so much, or any wish to be starved to death, I should be sorry to linger in a country apparently without a decent town, a clean village, or a tolerable inn—destitute of art and beauty, and where the peasants, male and female, are as brown and uninteresting as the mud huts, and the burnt-up pastures and sierras. I have observed on the deserts in Africa how the animals, and even birds and insects, often assume a sandy hue; here, almost everything has a general sameness in the colouring, a deeper tawny tint, but there is scarcely a bit of colouring to be seen which would not require a large mixture of burnt sienna. Alas! I fear, there will really be no tolerating the North of Spain, after the picturesque South.

La Mancha is celebrated for good mules, and generally we had remarkably fine teams of eight, two abreast, or rather six mules, with their hair shaved almost entirely off, to keep them cool and clean, and two horses. The mayoral and zagal, in their gay costumes, managing the six nearest the carriage, beating and shouting most vigorously, often pelting them with stones when ascending the hills; and a postillion, with yellow buckskins and jack-boots, riding the left leader. One of our mules fell exhausted, and was with difficulty raised.

Not the least of our regrets now is the beautiful *coiffure* of the South; for the gay

(1) See Handbook, p. 84.

handkerchiefs the women of La Mancha wear round their heads are but a poor substitute for the mantilla—the most becoming of all costumes when adjusted, as only a Spanish woman knows how. Passing an uninteresting country covered with poor crops of corn, we arrived at Tembleque, a miserable place, in a treeless plain. We then came to La Guardia, another wretched-looking village, on a sand-stone hill, in which the inhabitants have excavated caves for their dwellings. Similar barren hills, with singular flat summits, extend around the plains, which are also dreary and treeless.

At a clean-looking inn at Ocana, the diligence stopped to dine; and we then proceeded to Aranjuez, where we arrived in time for an eight o'clock dinner. This royal sitio is a charming place, a perfect oasis, after the deserts we have passed; but the grounds, and even the palace, would be admired in England. I never saw a royal residence on the continent abounding with walks so natural and so delightful. The exterior of the palace has not much architectural merit to boast of, but still looks well. The best point of view is from the small iron suspension bridge. There is a tolerably handsome *façade*, with high roof, containing, apparently, different floors of offices, like the Louvre, and there are two domes at each end. The river flows below a plainer front, and forms a cascade. A garden, filled with flowers, clipped evergreens, and orange-trees, and ending in a fountain, is in front of the principal *façade*. The other side of the palace is more imposing for its size, but architecturally not so good. Fine avenues of trees lead from it to the hills.

The entrance to the plaza before the garden-side of the palace is handsome. The extensive offices, with their arcades of arches, and the ornamental gateways, and the wavy hills beyond, are imposing. The views from this area looking towards the palace—the beautiful Alameda, formed almost entirely of magnificent elms, raised from plants brought from England—or towards the gardens of the palace, are very beautiful. The King arrived there to-day, which prevented our seeing the interior, which, however, I did not regret, as it contains no works of art. We rambled for several hours in the grounds, and saw what is called the Labradors (the Labourer's) house, but it is large enough for a prince, or, at all events, for a nobleman. The *façade* of the exterior, in the Italian style,

ornamented with statues and busts, is nothing remarkable. The interior is expensively furnished with a variety of costly clocks, silk tapestries, views of the royal palaces; one room, ornamented with silver-gilt furniture, in the worst style of Louis XV., and odious frescoes on the roofs.

Of the fifty-six clocks, there was scarcely one in good taste. The paintings were positively daubs, and the rooms of the second floor very little above six feet high. There was nothing, indeed, that I admired in this building, which the Spaniards are so proud of, but the beautiful marble floors, which are certainly exquisite. The fountains they boast of are not deserving of much notice as works of art; that of the Giants is not bad; one, in lead, would have been good if in marble; a fountain of Apollo, with an indifferent statue of the god, and columns supporting geese, I longed to have a shot at, and hurl from their pinnacles, and there are some ponds, with conservatories and islands. The great charm of Aranjuez consists in the delicious avenues of noble trees, the variety of foliage, and the shady walks. There are gardens left delightfully wild, except one opposite the Labradors House, which they pay us the compliment to call English, as it was laid out by Richard Wall, an Irishman, though anything more stiff or more monstrous cannot be conceived. I could, however, have walked all day long in the shady avenues of elms, amongst the fine tulip-trees, cypresses, splendid poplars, and others very rare, especially some American elms, with magnificent leaves. Anything more delightful and more refreshing, after crossing La Mancha, cannot be conceived, and there is a noble terrace on the Tagus; but, like the gardens, it is not kept in good order—a good fault for a royal domain; as it is better to see the grounds looking a little wild than excessive primness and stiffness, scarcely allowing a single branch to grow as it wishes.

Not the least charm of this delightful place is the choir of songsters in the trees. They say they abound in nightingales, and at times I thought I distinguished them; for in Spain, it is said, they often sing in the day, but the blackbirds, thrushes, and some I could not recognise, were quite delightful. All the birds of Spain seem to have congregated together, leaving other places singularly destitute, and are absolutely clamorous in the enjoyment of their liberty and security. The town of Aranjuez is evidently the offspring of

royalty, consisting of wide streets and houses like barracks, uninteresting in the extreme. The Plaza de Toros, neater than usual, is outside the town, and on a conspicuous hill is a telegraph. The Four Nations is a tolerable but dear inn; make your bargain before you enter, and do not ask the landlord to hire you carriages, though he is an Englishman, an unusual event in Spain.

We left Aranjuez at eight in the morning, hiring a conveyance for ourselves and Mr. L—— for twelve dollars. The rogue agreed first to take our heavy luggage; but, at the suggestion of our English landlord, he asked four dollars more for it. Avoiding this imposition by leaving our heavy boxes at Aranjuez, he then filled the cabriolet with other passengers, and we had no alternative but to consent to their remaining, or wait two days for a diligence. My indignation at being cheated in this way got the better of my discretion. I used a harder word to express my sense of their conduct than was prudent; a host of them attacked me in the street, and I had some difficulty in fighting my way into the inn.

Nothing can be more uninteresting than the drive to Toledo, except the first four miles through the magnificent avenue of elms—a splendid approach to a royal residence—the rest of the way was little better than a desert. On the arid hills, at a distance, we saw occasionally a few villages, and there was a large building like a convent. The Tagus might be traced from the vegetation on its banks, and was sometimes visible. Toledo looked imposing, even when first we distinguished it at a great distance, and the approach to it is remarkably fine. The general view of the city, with its lofty cathedral, is splendid; the buildings picturesque in their appearance, rising terrace-like one above another on the slope of the steep hill, the Alcazar crowning the summit; the view crossing the bridge of

“The glen where Tagus rolls beneath his rocks,”

the Moorish castle and other ruins, and then the Plaza, the most picturesque in all Spain, which we passed through, on our way to the good Posada de los Caballeros, were all intensely interesting, and fully realised our great expectations of this celebrated city. Well, indeed, might an Arab poet exclaim, “Toledo surpasses in beauty the most extravagant descriptions; she is indeed the city of pleasures and delights. God has lavished

upon her all sorts of ornaments; he has given her walls for a turban, a river for her girdle, and the branches of trees for stars.” (1)

CHAPTER XXIV.

Cave of Hercules.—The Goths.—The good King Wamba.—The Councils of Toledo.—The Tale of Florinda.—The Enchanted Tower.—The Moors.—Capture by the Christians.—The Muzarabic Rites.—Arabic Language.—The Castilian.—Present reduced State.

THE learned Salazar de Mendoza, in his history of the Cardinal Primate of Spain, states that this ancient city dates its existence almost from the time of the flood, claiming as its founder Tubal, the son of Japhet, and grandson of Noah, and was the warrior hold of many generations and a strange diversity of races. Of all the marvels of Toledo, the most wonderful was the Cave of Hercules; which, according to the learned Salazar, was first wrought out of the rock by Tubal, and afterwards repaired and greatly augmented by Hercules the Egyptian, who made it his habitation after he had erected his pillars at the Straits.

In 1546, Don Juan Martinez Siliceo explored this cave, which is said to extend three leagues beyond the Tagus, and to have found a chapel ornamented with bronzes, but from terror at the roaring rushing sounds they heard, and the foul air, the explorers fell sick and died, and a like fate is said to have been the lot of many who have penetrated into it in search of the treasures the Romans are said to have left there. (2) Who can doubt this, as the cave really exists? The entrance to it is said to be in the church of St. Genes, and, as in duty bound, I went to see it; but the door was always locked, though a respectable-looking man assured me that the entrance to a cave was in the church, though now it was walled up. When the Romans conquered Toledo, 193 B.C., the city was small; but Leovigild made it the capital of his kingdom, and from that time Toledo was called a royal city, and considered the metropolis of the kingdom of the Goths.

There are few of the Gothic kings worthy of any notice, but there is one whose name is soon familiar to all strangers. If the guide is at a loss for the builder of any old wall, Wamba has immediately the credit of it. As Mr. Ford says, “En el tiempo del Rey

(1) Mohammedan Dynasties, vol. i., p. 48.

(2) Legend of the Conquest of Spain, pp. 46 and 464.

Wamba, denotes a date beyond legal memory, as old as the hills; *au temps ou la reine Berthe filait.*" It is extraordinary the fond traditional love which is still retained for the good king Wamba, as if his reign was the only bright speck in the dark annals of their country beyond the hated period of Moorish domination. At the death of King Resessuinto, A.D. 672, the great men of the kingdom elected Wamba, a man of great power and consummate judgment, a brave warrior, and so modest that it is said he begged with tears in his eyes that they would not lay so heavy a charge upon him, and only consented to accept the crown when threatened with death if he refused. Navarre and the Court of Nismes would not acknowledge him; but the King waged war against them, with great valour subdued his enemies, and re-entered Toledo in triumph; the rebels mounted on camels with their beards and heads shaved, without shoes and miserably clad; Paul, whom they had elected for their King, with a crown of leather on his head.

Spain enjoyed a long peace under the prudent government of Wamba, and he beautified the kingdom, especially the royal city of Toledo, with a new wall, and erected towers, which he adorned with marble statues of saints, the patrons of the city. The Moors even then were tempted by the rich harvest Spain offered them, and one hundred and seventy vessels were laying waste the Spanish coast; but Wamba ordered all to take arms, except the infirm, and women and children, and decreed that every one should send to the war at least a twelfth of his people well-equipped, and the bishops and the priests were obliged to join the army with their forces. Wamba gained a great victory over the Moors, but this was the end of his glorious reign of more than eight years. Ervigius, a relation of the late King, but not so near as to have any claim to the throne, half-poisoned Wamba, and when in this state caused his head and his beard to be shaved like a priest's, so that he could not reign again, and then induced the monarch to nominate him as his successor. Wamba recovered, but finding Ervigius in possession of the crown, he did not deem the bauble worth an effort to recover it, but chose rather to retire into a convent, where he remained until his death, seven years afterwards.

The first of the celebrated councils of Toledo was held A.D. 400, and many of them,

as described by Mariana, are curious and characteristic, and though they were generally occupied with events of little political importance, such as questions of ecclesiastical discipline, the appointing of fast-days, the reproving of heresies, the reconciling and excommunicating bishops, condemning or approving the works of the learned, we find many subjects of great importance, particularly a series of decrees against the Jews, which may account for their hatred of Christians and their assisting the Moors in conquering the country.

In the sixth council, held in 637, they determined they would not give the crown to any one, unless he would swear to grant no favours to the Jews, and not to permit any person to enter the kingdom who was not a Christian.

At the eighth council, held in 653, the Jews presented a petition, from which it appears King Chinthila had obliged them to become Christians, and renounce their Sabbath and ancient laws, and all that the Jews requested was, that they might not be compelled to eat pork, which their stomachs could not digest, not being accustomed to such food, but offering to eat other meats prepared in the same way.

At the seventeenth council, A.D. 694, they considered, at the request of the King, whether the Jews should be driven from the kingdom, as the King proved that they had been concerting with the Moors to rebel, and deliver Spain into their hands. The prelates determined that all the Jews should be made slaves, their property confiscated, and their children taken from them at the age of seven, and given to Christians to educate.

During the reign of Witiza, a King remarkable for his cruelty and wickedness, the eighteenth was held, which was scarcely considered a council, as it disregarded the ancient laws, especially in allowing the Jews more liberty. The Gothic monarchy was becoming degenerate and corrupt. The nobles, once so valiant, and capable of enduring every hardship, were effeminated, and revelled in sensual delights. Don Roderick, before his accession to the throne, promised to be a Wamba, but he proved to be a Witiza in cruelty and vices. All will recollect the tale of Florinda bathing in the Tagus, and Don Roderick from a window gazing at charms too powerful for such a licentious monarch to behold unmoved. When a king was the suitor, and an unprotected girl the victim, historians and poets

may differ to eternity as to whether violence was resorted to by her Sovereign, in order to gratify his passions, or whether she was the wanton others represent Florinda to have been ; the crime in either case was great ; for her father, as was the custom of the Gothic nobles, had confided his daughter to the care of Don Roderick, and he abused the trust. All agree as to the remorse of Florinda, and the vengeance of Count Julian, except those who reject the tale altogether.

It seems monstrous for a Christian noble to abandon his religion, and betray his country to the great enemies of his faith, to revenge a private wrong, and one is naturally led to doubt the possibility of such apostasy ; but it appears from the seventh council of Toledo, that Teodisco, a Christian Bishop of Toledo, had set him the example, and gone over into Africa, abandoning his country and religion ; also for centuries afterwards the Spanish kings, in their quarrels, often sought the assistance of the Moors, and Moslems and Christians fought in the same ranks, sometimes against Christians and sometimes against Moors.

Count Julian had married the sister of Witiza, and was naturally the partizan of his nephew, who had not only been deprived of the throne by Don Roderick, but was also cruelly persecuted by that monarch, and obliged to take refuge in Africa, having previously engaged his friends to assist him when an opportunity should occur. He may therefore have brought over the Moors to revenge his private wrong, and to set the rightful heir, his nephew, on the throne.

Condé says nothing of the tale of Florinda, and though the chronicles of the period may be silent on the subject, tradition is not to be rejected when connected with such an important event as the subjugation of Spain by the Moors, and in this land of romance, with the wild Tagus still rolling through its rocky bed, and monuments of Gothic power and Moorish dominion still existing to assure us that all is not a dream, one feels inclined to be credulous, and not reject altogether as a fiction what is gravely recorded in the standard histories of Spain, and is also the theme of the legendary ballads of the country.

The coming of the Moors may well have been prophesied, as the rich spoils of the Gothic kingdom had already attracted the Moslems to the shores of Spain, the kingdom was become degenerated and more defenceless, and Roderick was not a Wamba ; but

never did prophecy assume so marvellous a shape, and yet Mariana gravely relates it.

Every one has heard of the wonder of Toledo, its lofty tower built on four brazen lions, with a massive iron gate covered with seventy locks ; of Don Roderick's compelling the ancient guards to unlock the portal ; of the gigantic figures with huge maces, who guarded the entrance ; of the beautiful gems which decorated the interior, and the marvellous radiant light, though there were no windows ; of the golden casket which none but a king could open, and the linen cloth he found, covered with drawings of Moors ; of the dismay of the monarch when he read the inscription, that these were the men who would drive him from his throne ; then how the linen cloth amplified into a vast transparent cloud, and a great battle was seen in the air between the Christians and Moors, the King observing his steed Orelia galloping about the field without a rider ; how, next day, an eagle let fall a burning brand on the tower, and fanned the flame with its wings, until it was reduced to ashes, and how a mighty wind, created by a vast flight of birds, raised the ashes into the air, and all on whom they fell perished in the great battle of Guadalete, when Spain was conquered by the Moors.

When the panic which paralysed all Spain, after the defeat of Don Roderick, reached Toledo, the Archbishop Urban, notwithstanding the strength of the city, fled into the Asturias, leaving behind him the five-and-twenty crowns of gold, set with precious stones, the splendid emerald table, and other treasures of the Gothic kings ; but carrying with him all the sacred relics, that they might not be profaned by the enemies of their religion ; the cassock the Virgin placed on the shoulders of St. Ildefonso ; the chest of relics removed from Jerusalem, when it was taken by the Persian Chosraes ; the holy books, the Bible and the works of the Saints Isidoro, Ildefonso, and Julian, "models of learning and holiness, treasures more precious than gold and pearls." Don Palayo accompanied Urban, and, in order that these relics might be more free from danger, they placed them in a cave, two leagues from where the city of Oviedo (where they now are) was afterwards built.

The relics and the written works of saints,
Toledo's treasures, prized beyond all wealth,
Their living and their dead remains,
These to the mountain fastnesses he bore.—

DON RODERICK.

It is impossible to ramble round Toledo, and see the noble Tagus rolling amongst the steep granite boulders, the strongest natural fortifications surrounding the city, except on one side, and the still existing lofty walls, towers, and castle, without wondering how it was, the capital of the Goths, enjoying an almost impregnable situation, surrendered almost without a blow her treasures, her liberty, and her religious supremacy, to the small army Tarik commanded. It almost makes one believe that the legend of the enchanted tower was not a fiction of later ages, but that the people really believed they were bowing to the inevitable will of fate.

Some say that the Jews, without delay, opened the gates to the conquerors; and others that the Christians, though reduced in number, resisted for several months; but, whilst they were engaged in a religious procession, commemorating the Passion of our Saviour, the Jews opened the gates to the Moors. If either of these accounts be correct, the city, through the instrumentality of the Jews, was taken by surprise, and yet the most liberal conditions were granted to the Christians. Those who wished might leave the city, taking with them their goods; and all who remained were allowed the free exercise of their religion, and seven churches granted to them for that purpose. The taxes were what they had been accustomed to pay to their own sovereigns, no new ones were imposed; and, a still greater privilege, they were governed by their own laws, electing their judges themselves.

We are accustomed to consider the religion of Mohammed as the religion of the sword, but the terms granted to the vanquished Christians prove the liberality of a people who then excelled every other nation of the earth in their various attainments. What is still more creditable to the Moors, the conditions were honourably fulfilled, and not broken, as the Spaniards did those they granted, eight centuries later, to the Moors of Granada. The Spanish writers, it is true, make out a list of about forty Christian martyrs, during centuries of Moorish domination; but it is generally supposed that these were men who were determined to be martyrs, and their sufferings may be traced to political causes, and rather to their aggressions on the Moorish government and religion, and not to their adhering to their own opinions.

More than two centuries later, Toledo,

under Giafar Ben Hafsun, made a long and brave defence against Abdurahman III.; and when famine raged within the walls, the gallant Moor, with four thousand followers, broke through the Caliph's army, and escaped.

Again, in 1085, Toledo was taken by Alonso VI., after a siege of several years. Besides that monarch's own subjects from Leon, the Basque provinces, Galicia and the Asturias, Don Sancho, King of Arragon and Navarre, with a large army, and others from Germany, Italy, and France, hastened to participate in an enterprise which attracted the attention of the Christian world. Marvellous were the skill and courage exhibited during this siege, and still more marvellous the vision of St. Isodoro appearing in a dream to Cyprian, Bishop of Leon, to announce to him that the city would be taken in fifteen days.

Famine rendered further resistance impossible, and honourable terms were granted to the Moors. The King, and all who chose to accompany him, were allowed to retire to Valencia; and those who remained enjoyed their property, and even for a while their Mezquita, contributing the taxes they had been accustomed to pay.

Soon after the conquest of Toledo by the Christians, a singular discussion arose as to whether the old Muzarabic missal and breviary, used in Spain from time immemorial, by the authority of the Saints Isidoro, Ildefonso, and Julian, or the Gregorian mass, supported by the Legate of the Pope, should be used. The term Muzarabic is taken from the Arabic, *Must-Arab*, which means a man endeavouring, in language and manners, to be an Arab, (1) as later on the Moslems were called *Moros Latinados*; thus the Moor *Alfaraxi*, in the "*Poema del Cid*," is described: (2) "*De tan buen entendimento e era tan ladino que semejava Christiano.*"

The people were attached to their ancient rites, and demanded that the question should be decided by arms, according to the custom of those times. A day was appointed, and two champions were chosen, when Juan Ruiz, who defended the ancient breviary, was victorious. Not satisfied with this result, a bonfire was made in the Plaza, and the two missals flung into the flames. The Roman leapt out, a little singed, but the Muzarabic remained in the fire a long time, without the least injury. The King, not altogether im-

(1) Mohammedan Dynasties, vol. i., pp. 419, 420.

(2) Ver. 266. Tickler, vol. iii., p. 347.

partial, adjudged that both were pleasing to God, since neither were burnt. The Queen, the Primate, and the Legate, succeeded in establishing the Gregorian Mass, though the ancient rites were preserved in several Muzarabic churches; and a chapel ages afterwards was endowed by Ximenes, to preserve the memory of a ritual so ancient, and which is supposed to approach nearer than any other to the Apostolical primitive form.

The features of this ritual, Mr. Ford says, are its simplicity and earnest tone of devotion, and the absence of auricular confession. The prayers and collects are so beautiful that many have been adopted in our Prayer-Book. The Host was divided into nine parts, which represent the Incarnation, Epiphany, Nativity, Circumcision, Passion, Death, Resurrection, Ascension, and Eternal Kingdom.

In Toledo, under the tolerant dominion of the Moors, the Muzarabs had six churches; and at Cordova, where the King resided, they had at least as many public places of worship within the city, and more than ten monasteries and churches in places adjacent. They had a regular succession of bishops, and held several councils. Priests, monks, and nuns, walked about in public, in the habits of their orders. They had large schools, abounded in wealth, and held offices of honour and trust under government. (2)

Arabic was the common language, and the Latin scarcely used or known, so that John of Seville translated the Scriptures into that language; and Mariana adds, that in his day there were copies existing of this translation in different parts of Spain. Even down to the fourteenth century, public acts and documents were often written and signed in Arabic.

Toledo, when rescued from the dominion of the Moors, was consecrated as the ecclesiastical head of Christian Spain, and so loyal to the throne of Castile, that Alonso XI. exclaimed, when Burgos disputed the precedence of Toledo in the Cortes: "Let Burgos speak first; I will speak for Toledo, which always does what I wish."

Toledo was always celebrated for the superiority of her schools and learned men, and also for the purity and correctness of the Castilian language, which is still said to be spoken better there than in any other city in Spain. War, and more especially the destruction of the monasteries and convents,

and appropriation of the Church revenues, have ruined Toledo; a population, once numbering two hundred thousand, is now sunk to only twelve or thirteen thousand souls; and yet for its locality, its historical associations, its cathedral, and still existing remains, it is still, with the exception of Granada, the most interesting city in Spain.

CHAPTER XXV.

The Cathedral of Toledo.—San Juan de Los Reyes.—San Tomé.—Santa Maria La Blanca.—Convent of Los Silos.—Hospital de la Cruz.—The Alcazar.—Excursion outside the Walls.—Moorish Remains.—The Hospital de Afuera.—Roman Circus.—El Cristo de la Vega.—The Baths of Florinda.—Moorish Bridge.—Fine Views.—Manufactory of Arms.—Streets.—Houses.—Moorish Plaza.—Peasants.—Ladies.—Arrival at Madrid.

THE cathedral, the pride and glory of Toledo, where all the works of art, wealth, and treasures of the city are now concentrated, is truly a museum requiring almost a volume of description. It was designed, says Mr. Ford, by Pedro Perez, and completed in 1492. The exterior is so built up and disfigured, that it has little to recommend it except one tower, three hundred and twenty-five feet high. The *façade* of the cathedral is tolerable, but would scarcely be so except for this fine tower; the best view of that part of the exterior is from a corner near the Archbishop's palace. La Puerta del Reloj would be good, if not disfigured and partly concealed by buildings. The bronze doorway with the carvings inside are beautiful. The Puerta de los Leones, opposite, is very fine, the pointed arch large and deep, and the niches on each side carried round it have a very rich appearance. The doors are splendid, the exterior of bronze with Raphaelesque ornaments, and those inside are of wood, beautifully carved, representing battle scenes.

The fine interior of the cathedral is about four hundred feet long, by two hundred wide; the central nave is one hundred and sixty feet high, the side aisles are low; but the general effect is good and rich, all the windows are full of stained glass of lighter tints than usual, but extremely beautiful in design and colouring. There is little to offend the eye in this cathedral, and a great deal to admire.

The Capilla Mayor, thanks to the great Cardinal Ximenes, is worthy of the church. The retablo is lofty and imposing, and the carvings, representing the life of the Saviour and the Virgin, are by Juan de Borgona and

(1) Robinson's Ecclesiastical Researches, p. 233.

others; but few of them seemed to be of much merit. This chapel contains the tombs of Alonso VII., Sancho el Deseado, Sancho el Bravo, and the Infante Don Pedro; but the sepulchre, which will entirely rivet the attention of the visitor, is that of the great Cardinal Mendoza (ob. 1495), with two *façades*, one towards the chapel, the other fronting the aisle, plateresque in style, but good of the kind, and worthy of this splendid chapel and the King-Cardinal, *a tertius rex* even when Ferdinand and Isabella reigned, who were anything but cyphers.

The exterior of the chapel is as magnificent as the interior; the rows of figures at the sides are admirable and most effective from every point they are seen from. The transparente is abominably churrigueresque in style, though it cost two hundred thousand ducats. The *reja* in front of the grand altar is fine, and the pulpits of gilt metal, on marble columns, look very splendid.

The choir is a treasure of carving; the lower stalls are, Mr. Ford says, by Rodrigo, and represent the war of Granada, and the surrender of the Alhambra to Ferdinand and Isabella. The carving of the upper stalls, and the line of alabaster figures above, are by Berruguete and Vigarny; those to the right on entering the choir, by the former, who also executed the throne of the Primate, and the immense Transfiguration above. These carvings are wonderful for expression, and admirable for the elegant draperies and designs; and it may truly be said such a choir does not exist in the world. The organs are in bad taste.

The ante-room of La Sala Capitular, with its beautiful roof, contains wardrobes exquisitely carved by Gregorio Pardo, a pupil of Berruguete; and apparently from these works, which are quite Raphaelesque in style, almost equal in talent to his master. A doorway with Moorish decorations leads into the principal room, which is truly magnificent, with its splendid roof and excellent frescoes, by Juan de Borgona, who lived and died here early in the sixteenth century. The gift of the Casulla, the cassock with which the Virgin is clothing the Saint Ildefonso, is perhaps the best; but they are all deserving of praise, for the drawing and composition, and for colouring also, as may be seen from those on the side of the windows less exposed to the sun and light. Beneath is a series of portraits of the primates, and few dynasties of kings present a longer list of benefactors to

their country than that of these Prince-Bishops. Many of them spent their enormous incomes in founding schools and universities; some in building bridges and making roads; others in erecting hospitals and forming charitable institutions, while again others headed victorious armies; and Mendoza and Ximenes were the most talented as well as the most powerful ministers Spain ever possessed. The good they did, and the numerous now dilapidated monuments of their wealth and charity, may well make the people doubt the wisdom of reforms which swept away the splendid incomes of their primates, and a chapter consisting of about one hundred dignitaries and prebendaries.

The Mozarabe Chapel, endowed by Ximenes, is very interesting; the neat altar is decorated with a beautiful Roman mosaic of the Madonna and Child, the latter with a spear spearing a saint; but the chief interest of this chapel consists in the paintings representing the landing of Ximenes in Africa, the taking of Oran, and his embarking for Spain. As a work of art, the first, though small compared to the battle scene, is the best; the one representing his departure from Africa being much injured. The Cardinal, in his dress, is in the front ranks of his army, determined to succeed on an enterprise which was entirely his own, and paid for out of his princely revenues.

The entrance of La Capilla de los Reyes Nuevos is very rich, and the chapel itself very pretty, with its groined roof and plateresque arch. Under four niches, the ornaments of which are poor and contemptible, are the effigies of Henry II., ob. 1379, and his wife Juana, ob. 1381; Henry III., ob. 1407, and his wife Catherine, daughter of our John of Gaunt, ob. 1419; Juan I., ob. 1390, and his wife Leonora, ob. 1382; and kneeling figures of the two latter are on each side the altar, but none of these royal tombs are worth observing as works of art. The paintings in the church are certainly the chief works of Mariano Salvador Maella, who was born in Valencia, in 1739, and died in 1819 at Madrid, and generally considered a feeble painter. An Adoration of the Shepherds is beautiful, the Child very well done, and the drapery Guido-like. The Nativity is also a good painting, but not equal to the other. The expression of the Saint in the Martyrdom of Santiago is fine. The St. Ferdinand and St. Hermenegild, and the large painting over the altar of St. Ildefonso and the Virgin, are

good, the Virgin beautiful ; but the lower part of that picture is not equal to the upper.

The chapel of Santiago, which is rich and lofty, but not in the best taste, contains several tombs, and amongst others that of the unfortunate Constable Alvaro de Luna, who was executed in 1451, at Valladolid, by the command of a weak King, who owed everything to the talents of his minister. He lies in the centre of an alabaster sepulchre, which is very imposing, with kneeling figures at each corner.

The chapel of San Ildefonso has a beautiful marble tomb of Gil de Albornoz, ob. 1350, in the centre, surrounded with charming niches, filled with statues. The tomb of Don Alonso Camillo d'Albornoz, ob. 1514, is rich plate-resque, and very beautiful. There are other tombs in this chapel, and high up on the walls indifferent *bas-reliefs* in marble, representing the most celebrated events of this Saint; among others, the graves opening when he preached, and the gift of the cassock, but I did not see the slab on which the Virgin alighted for that purpose. Over the altar is a good group of St. Ildefonso and the Virgin in Glory, by Albaroz, 1783.

In the chapel of San Eugenio is a Moorish recess, and in the chapel of St. Lucia are two good paintings of the Martyrdom of St. Peter; the one with both arms stretched out is very fine.

In the chapel of St. Martin are some old paintings, with gold grounds, well drawn, and almost Raphaelesque in colour.

In the next chapel, on the retablo, are similar paintings, with gold grounds, some of the Saints' heads quite beautiful, St. Peter's especially.

In the chapel of the Adoracion de los Santos Reyes, there is a fine retablo, with figures also painted on gold ground; the Dead Christ the best. The Magdalene at our Saviour's feet is very beautiful.

There are other paintings in this style in the cathedral, but the best are in these three chapels, and they may probably be considered the most valuable productions of the oldest Spanish painters. The single figures are better than the groups. The sacristans believe they are Flemish, but that is what they always say when they are at a loss for the name of the artist. Many of the earliest masters worked in this cathedral; amongst others, Juan Alfon, Rincon and his pupils, Inigo de Comontes and his brother; and perhaps these are some of their works. The

custodi suppose all in this style must be Flemish; but in the sixteenth century, the single figures of Christ—the finest paintings of Joanes—are on a similar gold ground.

In the left aisle, on entering the cathedral, are two good paintings, but not, as they say, by Rubens. In the chapel adjoining is one by El Greco, of the Magdalene and Virgin adoring a Christ, carved on a cross, stuck between the two figures, but not very good. In the chapel of St. Leocadia is a Virgin, nicely done, by Luca Giordano.

The Salon de la Sacristia is a handsome room, but the roof is badly painted, by the same artist. The only subject that can be easily made out is the Virgin investing St. Ildefonso with the cassock; the sky is muddy, the colouring bad, and drawing equally so—legs dangling in every direction. The large figures underneath, also by Luca, are poor; and yet this painter is thought more of by the Spaniards than many of their fine old masters. Beneath these are portraits of Saints, by El Greco; some of them are good, but the colouring of the flesh of this artist is always too livid. The Taking of Christ, also by him, is well done, but the bad light scarcely allows one to form a correct notion of it. The St. Francisco, a small figure, said to be by Cano, does not seem to me by that artist. It is a good representation of a pale lanky Franciscan; but the legs are so long, and out of all proportion, that I do not think the figure could have been executed by Cano.

In the Vestuario, I observed a Bassano and a Holy Family and St. Ann, apparently by Puligno, and almost equal to Andrea del Sarto. There is also a fine painting, the Martyrdom of S. Leocadia, by Oriente.

The ochavo or octagon is rich in marbles, and the fresco on the dome is by Luca Giordano, and better than the generality of paintings by that artist. This room is surrounded with relics; but a figure of St. Augustin was all I observed deserving of attention as a work of art. The Virgin's crown and dresses are magnificent, and covered entirely with precious pearls; her image is carved in black wood. In another room we saw, in closets barely large enough to hold them, four large silver globes, with maps and figures of Europe, Asia, Africa, and America, which are curious, but not particularly well executed. The sword of Alonso VI., the conqueror of Toledo, and the small cross which Ferdinand and Isabella placed on the Alhambra, after the conquest, are interesting; but the most

beautiful of all the treasures is the Gothic Custodia, the master-piece of Henrique de Arphe. It is very large, and made of silver and silver-gilt, a great part of the tabernacle inside of pure gold; and it is truly a charming work of art, the figures delicately executed, and the columns of the tabernacle in the centre quite exquisite. There are several missals; one they exhibit in three volumes of the New and Old Testament, with coloured illustrations for every verse, is rich and curious; but they are not particularly well done.

Wearied with treasures of art, we turned into the charming cloisters, which are ornamented with lofty pointed arches, and very noble. The frescoes by Bayeu are very indifferent; some by Maella not much better, and three by Luca Giordano, much injured, but the best.

Over the plateresque door of the *Nino Perdido* (the child stolen by the Jews), leading from the Cathedral, is a painting of the Annunciation, I could not learn by whom; but, as usual, when ignorant, they say Flemish. Bermudez says the archives show it to be by Luis de Velasco; and so Mr. Ford says. The Virgin is generally represented alone, when the Divine message is communicated to her, but on this occasion she has her friends around her. It does not appear to me much like Andrea del Sarto's style, as Sir F. Head states, but it is certainly a very delightful painting, well drawn, and the colouring excellent. The modest retiring figure of the lovely Virgin is exquisite, and the angel with her, between two columns, is also good. On the left is a group of female figures; the one with a white dress and yellow mantle is very beautiful. On the other side are four male figures; and the Holy Spirit and the heavenly choir above are well painted.

The chapel of St. Blas is always closed; the same may be said of the churches of San Juan de Penitencia and San Roman, which they say are well worth seeing. I was tired of going there in vain day after day to see them. *Cosas de Espana*.

In the Juderia, or Jews' quarter, is an old synagogue, called *El Transitu*, consisting of a fine long room, with an artesonado roof, beneath which are Moorish arches and double columns, and a broad band of foliage and rich work, containing the arms of Leon and Castile, and under it an inscription in Hebrew. At the end of this long room is some beautiful Moorish work, like lace, greatly in-

jured by the insertion of the altar. The honeycomb cornice is excellent.

The once splendid convent of San Juan de los Reyes, dedicated by Ferdinand and Isabella to their tutelar apostle, and destined by Ximenes for his reformed monks, is still worth visiting. You enter by an elegant portal into a room which leads to the exquisite cloisters, which are fearfully injured, and the garden in the centre is now a wilderness. The beautiful pointed arches of the cloisters, the elegant carved foliage, the good sculpture of many of the figures still uninjured, are extremely interesting. The convent is turned into a museum for all the vile daubs which are given up to the Government because not worth purloining. There was only one good painting, but it was certainly the most pleasing Ribera I ever saw. Joseph, with a hatchet and a log of wood in his hand, is a splendid figure; the Madonna, with a noble cast of countenance, and the Infant Jesus, fat, and coloured like a Rubens, and in drawing not unlike that artist, is charming; and the St. John is also good, but much injured.

There are rooms above, full of daubs, and many exquisitely carved frames well worth seeing. The chapel is very interesting, and must have been splendid; the ornaments which were too high for the French soldiers to destroy are admirable, consisting of capitals, eagles, shields, etc., and an inscription, with the names of Ferdinand and Isabella. The roof is very beautifully groined, and all the windows were full of stained glass, but the French broke all but one. Over the grand altar is a St. Martin on horseback, sharing his cloak with a beggar, said to be by Velasquez. It is lamentable to see so fine a convent entirely destroyed by lawless soldiers. Outside the walls of the church, the chains of the Christians who were captives in Ronda are still hanging.

In the Calle de Cristo de la Luz is a little chapel, once a Moorish mosque, and still decorated with short columns, supporting horse-shoe arches. The portal of the church is very elegant, and the pinnacles of the tower are good.

The Church of San Tomé has a brick tower with Moorish arches, and contains a painting, considered a master-piece, of El Greco. It represents the burial of the Count de Orgaz, who was the repairer of this church and the founder of the convent of St. Augustin, and therefore the two saints, St. Thomas and St.

Augustin, came from heaven to bury him. The livid colouring of El Greco suits admirably the dead body, and the armour in which it is clad is beautifully painted. The heads of innumerable by-standers are finely drawn, but want warmth, and the four burning torches are as livid as their faces. The crosses of the saints are cleverly painted. The Saviour, Virgin, and heavenly choir, all the ideal part of the picture, which ought to be the most beautiful, is abominably bad, wretched drawing, and still worse colouring.

In the Juderia is another synagogue, which was turned into a church, called La Santa Maria la Blanca, but it is now a ruin; application must be made to the Comandante for the key. The form is that of a basilica, with three aisles, divided by short polygonal columns, supporting horse-shoe arches. The lofty roof is plain, but said to be of cedars, from Lebanon. The walls are decorated with honeycomb arches, divided by little columns, and a broad band of lace-like ornaments.

In the convent de Los Silos is a fine room, with rich Moorish work, some of the decorations the most tasteful I have ever seen, and the artesonado ceiling the finest in Toledo. Near there the gate of San Clemente is very elegant. The Hospital de la Cruz, founded by the great Cardinal Mendoza, is now a military college. The portal is exquisite, with Raphaelesque decorations and figures, which are not bad. The patios are beautiful, especially the first, with columns with Ionic capitals, and decorations containing the escutcheons of the Cardinal; the roof of the gallery above is carved, but the great gem is the Berruguete ante-room of the chapel. It consists of four magnificent elliptical arches, supported by lofty buttresses, elaborately and tastefully ornamented, and in the spandrels are the arms of Mendoza, with supporters; the lofty roof is beautifully groined. The chapel is low, with a fine artesonado ceiling.

The Alcazar is a magnificent ruin. The Berruguete *façade* is imposing, but the patio, with its noble arches, supported by grey granite columns with Corinthian capitals, is truly splendid. Between each arch are the arms of Austria. The upper row of columns of the gallery above is almost entirely destroyed, except on one side. The view, looking towards that part and beyond the arches of the splendid staircases, is very grand. There is at first one wide flight of stairs, which branches into two, each eighteen feet wide. Nothing can be more simple, more classical,

and more beautiful than the decorations of the lofty hall of the staircase; the windows are charming, from their extreme simplicity; the plain, square, grey granite slabs above them are more effective than the most elaborate decorations could be. The Corinthian pilasters between the windows are admirable; indeed I have seen nothing of Palladio's that I prefer to this part of the palace, which I believe to be by Herrera. There is a fine hall leading out of it, without a floor; for Soult's soldiers set fire to this splendid building when they abandoned it. One is reluctant to rake up old sores, and appear to be reproaching a whole nation for what may have been only the fault of a few, but it is difficult to avoid it when one sees such wanton destruction as this.

An excursion should be made outside the walls. La Puerta del Sol is a picturesque Moorish gate and tower. A pointed horse-shoe arch forms the entrance, and within this three more are visible. The interlacing brick arches above, and also the circular ones, are very rich; a battlement fringes the top of the tower. We then passed the church of Santiago, which is curious for its architecture; the tower is of the time of the Moslems, and ornamented with two small windows, with Moorish arches. Proceeding to the Puerta de Visagra, which is handsome, we visited the old Moorish gate immediately below it, called La Puerta Lodada, which is very picturesque, with horse-shoe arches and perpendicular open slits to shoot arrows out of. Walking along the fine Alameda, we came to the Hospital de Afuera, the *façade* of which is not finished, but the portal is good. It was built by the Cardinal Juan de Tavera, and is one of the many useful institutions erected by the primates of Toledo. The patio is magnificent; the circular arches of the lower colonnade are supported by grey granite columns, of the Doric order; the Ionic columns above sustain elliptical arches. There are double columns at the angles, and the ornaments are simple and pleasing. This fine patio is divided by an open colonnade, which has a good effect, and leads to the chapel, which is lofty and handsome. In the centre is a beautiful tomb, by Berruguete, of the founder, the Cardinal Primate, and his statue lying on the top has a calm and noble expression. The four cardinal virtues are represented at the angles. Beneath the latter are eagles, and between them cherubs, scrolls, and *bas-reliefs*, more commendable

for their composition than their execution. The wooden retablo is a clever imitation of marble, and the design, by El Greco, good, but his paintings are bad, and the painting in the chapel adjoining, by the same artist, no better.

Passing by the remains of an ancient Roman circus, the form of which can be distinctly traced for a considerable distance by some of the arches and gradini, which are still remaining (of rubble-work united by cement as hard as stone), we came to the church of El Cristo de la Vega, in which were buried the tutelars of the city, St. Ildefonso, and St. Leocadia, who was born in 306, and cast from the rocks above by Dacian. The entrance is pretty, though a cemetery destined for the monks, and over the neat entrance into the chapel is a charming marble statue of St. Leocadia, by Berruguete. The interior is not worth visiting, but the oval exterior is beautiful, being covered with sunk brick arches. In the lowest row they are double, and circular in their form; in the next, honeycombed, and horse-shoe arches within them; the third row consists of double horse-shoe arches, and the highest of double circular arches, and, although they are only of brick, the effect is very good.

The view is fine from here of the ruined palace of Wamba, with its broken walls and windows rising on the rocks, the Puerta del Cambron and the pinnacles of San Juan de los Reyes. Below, close to the river, is an alcoba, a square Moorish tower, with a pointed arched entrance; a finer arch, fronting towards the river, and one opposite similar to it, supported by columns. The lower part is dilapidated, and was, they say, a bath, hence the tower is called Los Banos de Florinda, for here she is said to have been bathing when Don Roderick saw her through the last arch I have described. Supposing his palace to have been where the ruined walls are still standing, and this arch open, as it is at present, Florinda's charms might be seen. Alas! that the want of a blind should have caused such woes; nearly eight hundred years of Moorish dominion, and so many battles before the infidels were driven back into Africa. On one of the columns of this arch is an Arabic inscription. Below the alcoba is another little tower, and the beautiful Moorish bridge of St. Martin, with its fine centre arch and tower at the end. We returned into the city through the picturesque gate, called Puerta del Cambron, with its vain inscription, that

bore *ennui* may be expelled from the now deserted streets of Toledo.

Another excursion should be made over the picturesque Moorish bridge of Alcantara, adorned with towers, and a statue of the Tutelar; turning to the left is the Alameda, with hedges of roses (the Aranjuez road). The verdant meadow near it is La Huerta del Rey, containing some ruins, called Las Casas de la Reina. Opposite the bridge of Alcantara are the picturesque towers of the Moorish castle of Cervantes. Turning to the right is a fine view of the Alcazar and Santiago, now a military academy, and some charmingly picturesque Moorish arches, all that remain of a splendid hydraulic apparatus of the Moors, which did the work of scores of donkeys, now employed daily in taking water from the same place into the city. Picturesque mills on the wild and melancholy Tagus, and magnificent rocky granite hills, which, from their rhomboidal forms and bold appearance, reminded me of the mountains of the First Cataract of the Nile—form one of the most interesting views in Spain. There is a delightful ramble along the river for those who are good scramblers.

It is worth the trouble to walk out to the Fabrica de Armas, less than a mile from the walls, if only to enjoy the view of Toledo. Many points are more picturesque, but from no other side does it seem so capable of containing two hundred thousand souls it once possessed. The distance is very considerable from the Hospital de Afuera to the bridge of St. Martin, and yet it is one continued series of fine buildings, palaces, hospitals, churches, ruined towers, and walls. The grandeur of the ancient city is displayed—the poverty of Toledo of to-day concealed.

The manufactory now employs a hundred men; the blades seem good, and gold well laid on; officers' swords cost a pound; others ten shillings; the most expensive five pounds. There are models of the different periods of the Bourbon Kings, and some gems of the time of the Moors. The steel seems still of the same excellent elastic nature. The secret of the Toledan blade is not lost, but the modern forms are very inferior to the ancient.

The Tagus rolls through beautiful meadows, and shady trees adorn its banks; but perhaps the most pleasing view of this famous river is from the parador of the nunnery of Santa Fé, now occupied by only four nuns. In the dark Sala Capitular of their chapel is

a good figure of a Dead Christ, said to be carved by Cano ; it can only be seen with difficulty, so bad is the light.

Toledo is a charming place for the antiquarian and architect. In every street and corner something Moorish is to be seen, some decorations, arches, or windows, to remind us of her palmy days ; the ruins and dilapidations all around recall to our recollections the times when her archbishops received annually about thirteen millions of reals, whereas now they have only eight thousand dollars, the income of the canons formerly—when her clergy were the richest in the world, when manufactories of silk gave employment and wealth to thousands, when her plains were cultivated, and not almost a desert as they are now.

Then the twisting winding streets are utterly impassable without a guide ; never, even in Spain, have I seen such narrow passages, some of the projecting roofs actually hanging over each other, the bright sky, the colour of lapis-lazuli, scarcely visible above. Toledo is dreadfully hot in the autumn ; but even now, only the third week in May, we feel the benefit of these narrow shady alleys, and would not change them for the widest streets and largest squares in the world. Good houses are plentiful, sometimes covered with faded frescoes ; every one has their separate residence, and some of the courts are handsome, and always beautifully clean.

The Archbishop's palace is an immense edifice, but, although the portal is good, it seems an unsightly mass compared to the beautiful Ayuntamiento opposite it, with its Doric and Ionic decorations and towers at each end—a work, they say here, of Herrera, and certainly worthy of him. The plazas are generally small and undeserving of notice, except the Zocodover, which is the most Moorish and most picturesque square in all Spain. The *façades* of many of the houses are of wood, with such balconies, such windows, as no pencil could do justice to. I sat down often on the stone benches in the little Alameda in the centre, and was never tired of gazing at those picturesque old buildings, and the equally charming groups of fine-looking peasants, with conical hats, and jackets, breeches, and leggings, all of the same brown tawny colour. The ladies dress well—rich satins and silks, generally black, and almost always walk out in silk stockings and thin satin shoes, though the small sharp-pointed pavement is little adapted for

such a *chaussure*. All wear the mantilla, and many were very good-looking.

We left Toledo at six o'clock in the morning, and, the roads being heavy, did not reach Aranjuez until two. We observed on our right, in the distance, one of the old castles, of which there are several fine specimens near Toledo. (1) The ride from Aranjuez to Madrid is very uninteresting, until, at Getafe, we came in sight of the fine range of the Guadarrama Mountains, and on our right was, apparently, an old convent on a hill, now turned into a telegraph ; the situation is picturesque, but the hill was, like all the country around, without a single tree. Soon we came in sight of Madrid, and its fine situation, on a rising ground, was a great surprise to me. The country around is at present verdant, especially the banks of the Manzanares, which is now full of water. The range of the Guadarrama is magnificent, and the city itself imposing, with above a score of lofty domes, and towers, most of them ending in thin spires.

The approach over the bridge into a plaza, ornamented with obelisks and statues, and through the fine Alameda, is worthy of a great capital. It was eight o'clock when we entered. The well-built streets, lighted with gas, were crowded to excess with a smartly-dressed population pouring out for their evening walk. Everything had the appearance of a metropolis, but the ordinary European character of the streets, their width and regularity, announce to us we have reached another land, richer, and perhaps more civilized, but not so picturesque.

CHAPTER XXVI.

Madrid.—Climate.—Puerta del Sol.—Plaza de Cebada.—Moreria.—San Andrés.—Plaza de la Constitución.—Fête of San Isidoro.—San Fernando.—La Trinidad.—The Palace.—King and Queen.—The Royal Mews.—Armoury.—Naval Museum.—San Gines.

MADRID, or Majerit, was only a Moorish outport of Toledo ; but Charles V., finding the rarefied air of a place two thousand four hundred and twelve feet above the sea, and near to the high snowy mountains of the Guadarrama, beneficial to his gouty and phlegmatic constitution, preferred it even to Toledo, which, from its splendid and almost impregnable situation, on a river which might be made navigable to Lisbon, ought to be the metropolis of the kingdom.

(1) See Mr. Wells' Pilgrimage to Toledo.

Philip II. made Madrid the residence of the Court, and now, with its palaces and royal sitios and Government offices, it will probably continue to be the capital, though all complain of the inconvenience of the situation, and the unhealthiness of a climate so fearfully hot in summer, and bitter cold in winter, that the saying is "*tres meses de invierno y nueve del infierno.*" Spaniards, to the surprise of strangers, walk in the streets of Madrid, often when the evenings are very warm, with their cloaks hanging on their shoulders; but subtle and keen is the air which comes sweeping down from the mountains of Guadarrama, and care must be taken, in every season of the year, by those who wish to avoid the dangerous malady of the country—*el colico de Madrid* :

"El aire de Madrid es tan sutil

Que mata à un hombre, y no apaga à un candle." (1)

Madrid is certainly a fine capital, and worthy of this large kingdom; but those who visit it from the south must not expect to find the white houses, green balconies, and picturesque Moorish architecture. It is almost entirely European; but the wide streets, lofty palaces, well-furnished shops, and crowded streets, are imposing. The Court alone has raised it to its present affluence, and population of two hundred thousand. There are no manufactories, no commerce, but of the necessities and luxuries of life. The Spanish grandees always surround their Sovereign, not merely for a portion of the year, but every season, seldom visiting their princely domains in the country. Some of them are immensely rich, and though they are not given to hospitality, seldom give dinners, balls or other grand entertainments, yet they spend their money in other ways. Their priest, steward, and family doctor have each their equipage; and, besides an immense number of attendants employed, many of the great grandees have the upper stories of their palaces crowded with old servants and retainers, who live upon their lord's bounty.

Mismanagement is the rule in Spain. There is scarcely a noble who is not the victim of his steward, and a grandee with 60,000*l.* a-year would find it difficult to command 5000*l.* Still there is a great expenditure going on. The Cortes also, if they do no other good, at

least spend money. The Queen is generous, and disperses freely all the funds she can obtain; and myriads of officials follow the fashion, as far, and too often farther, than their means will justify. Poverty strikes you at every turn in most of the other large towns in Spain; luxury, and even extravagance, in Madrid.

The spring has been unusually wet, so that the Manzanares is really a river, the country around it verdant and pleasing; and the range of the Guadarrama, with its snow-clad summits, is a fine and unusual sight to see from a metropolis. Within the last ten or fifteen years, a great many trees have been planted; this season no frost has nipped their foliage, which is generally the case, so that Madrid is seen to advantage; and I must say the country is anything but the desert travellers generally describe it to be. Houses too are springing up; a great many have been built within the last few years, and some very handsome ones. I observed three immense palaces, which have been lately finished, not far from the Prado. The Spaniards seem to have inherited the Arab fancy for sobriquets; one is called *Luxury*, being the residence of a rich banker, who made a fortune in the civil war, and who is now enjoying all the indulgences great wealth and extravagance can afford him; his neighbour's palace is called *Decency*, for everything is proper and suitable to his station; the third is called *Poverty*, the noble owner being remarkable for his penuriousness.

The *Puerta del Sol*, a small oblong place, is the Alpha and Omega of Madrid. There you must go for all that you want; for omnibuses, for hackney carriages, and broughams, which are really excellent—for the best shops, for your letters, for news, and for the time, as the clock there regulates Madrid. If a Madrilenian is directing you to any part of the city, the chances are he will begin with—Go to the *Puerta del Sol*, and turn right or left; or if you lose yourself in Madrid, and find yourself at last in a broad handsome street, without fail it will end in the *Puerta del Sol*. It is the heart of the city, and the principal avenues lead from it; the *Calle Mayor*, which leads to the palace and that quarter of the town; the *Carera de San Jeronimo*, which leads to the Museum, from the opposite end of the *Puerta del Sol*; the *Calle de Alcalá*, the finest street in Madrid, the grand approach to the principal promenade, and which might almost be called the

(1) See Handbook, p. 403.

most beautiful in the world, the palaces or houses are so handsome, ending with the splendid building where Espartero lived, now used for the artillery, and the fashionable Prado. The good but smaller and narrower streets, La Calle de las Carretas, where I lodged, La Calle de la Montera, and La Calle del Carmen opposite, are the great thoroughfares to the other sides of the capital. In all the streets I have mentioned, the buildings and houses are often imposing, always handsome, and the general effect very striking.

For those who care more for the people than street architecture, La Puerta del Sol is still more interesting. It is the resort of all the beggars in Madrid, of the picturesque Maragatos, and other strangers from the provinces—of all, indeed, who have found their way to the capital, seeking for office and fortune—of hundreds without any other decent clothing but the Spanish cloak, which they wear all weathers, to screen them from the cold, when the wind comes down from the mountains, from the sun when it is hot, but too often to hide a multitude of sins, if poverty be a crime; and when discontent rages in the metropolis, it is in the Puerta del Sol the volcano bursts.

The groups of peasants, and of the Madrilenians, are always interesting; the most picturesque groups I saw were in the older parts of the capital, and more distant districts.

Starting at the town-hall, which, unlike every great city in Spain, is here a frightful building, I visited La Plaza de Cebada, and saw some charming groups of brown-clad peasants filling their water-barrels, whilst others were making use of them as seats, and, squatted round the fountain in picturesque groups, were discussing in an animated manner the news and politics of Madrid. Then I visited La Plazuela de los Carros, and saw similar groups around the fountain there; afterwards I rambled in the Moreria, and saw the Puerta de los Moros, prout-like houses, and the church of San Andrés, with its dome, the parish church of Ferdinand and Isabella, and a market crowded with interesting groups. I then examined the Calle de Toledo, the most interesting street in Madrid. I visited San Isidoro, the great church of the patron of the city; the *façade* is rather handsome, but the interior is churrigueresque; and I saw no works of art deserving of attention, except a good statue, over the grand altar, of the Saint, by Pareyra, who was born

in Portugal, and died at Madrid, 1667. Passing the Bank of Spain, which is a handsome building, I came to the Plaza of Santa Cruz, and was again delighted with the sight of charming groups, with their water-barrels around the fountain; and ended my tour in La Plaza Mayor, or de la Constitucion, the largest and most imposing in Madrid. It is very handsome and regular, well adapted for the *autos da fé* which used to be celebrated there. In the centre is a bronze statue of Charles IV.; and the spires which ornament the plaza, and the balconies to the houses, have rather a good effect.

I had an excellent opportunity of seeing the people of Madrid, having arrived the day before their great pilgrimage to the hermitage of San Isidoro, which takes place generally on the 15th of May, but the rain pouring down in torrents, the peasants could not contain their indignation, and a crowd of them went up to the chapel to upbraid the Saint for not sending them fine weather; not satisfied with complaining, they burst into the hermitage, attacked the defenceless image of their patron, broke its arm, and would have torn it to pieces if they had not been persuaded to retire. The town-council, to satisfy the people, put off the *fête* until Sunday, the 18th.

Every public carriage and omnibus in Madrid was required for this great *fête*; the Puerta del Sol was full of men belonging to the carriages and other conveyances, screaming and shouting for customers, and there was such a crowd of vehicles, private and public, broughams, omnibuses, gay *calèches*, and many driving at a great rate, it was very difficult to cross the plaza.

A very long hill leads up to the hermitage, and it was lined on both sides by booths filled with eatables and toys, chiefly little figures of an ordinary description, painted in imitation of the different costumes of Spain; but many of them were very correct, and all looked quite as gay, and decidedly more interesting, than our gingerbread exhibitions. The crowd of the middle classes and peasantry was immense, but the greatest attraction of the *fête* was a large green meadow between the hill and the river. Here there were innumerable picturesque groups seated on the ground, eating with their fingers, like Orientals, out of the same bowls; some had guitars, others were dancing, though not particularly well. A riotous set of good-looking lads and lasses were playing at the

rather rough game of throwing each other down; and when an unfortunate youth was on the sod, the girls cuffed him most unmercifully. Then there were swings and whirligigs, and halfpenny shows without end, creating the usual fun and laughter. Some of the men were very fine-looking fellows, their costumes interesting; and the effect was very pretty of the various groups on the green sward under the trees on the banks of the Manzanares.

Every one who cares for art should give their chief attention to the museum; but there are some good paintings in two other collections, the Academy and La Trinidad; having, however, dwelt with considerable length on the paintings in the museum, (1) I will notice these briefly. The Royal Academy of San Fernando is in a handsome palace in the Calle de Alcalá, and strangers have only to apply, to obtain permission to see it at any time. There are a vast number of paintings, but few of great merit. No. 19. A Crucifixion, by Alonso Cano, is good. 21. Christ's Resurrection, by Murillo; the soldiers sleeping are excellent. 3. A good Ribera. 9. El Tinoso, one of the grand works Murillo painted for the Caridad at Seville, which was disgorged from the Louvre. St. Isabel of Hungary is applying remedies to the bloody scabby head of a wretched beggar. The Saint is charming, and the old woman she is looking towards is very fine. The blind man in the foreground, the cripple with crutches behind the old woman, and the urchin with his hand to his head, are all excellent. The contrast between the group of poor, wretched, miserable objects, and the stately but compassionate Isabel and her attendants, is very striking. In the distance a group of figures is seen, and the architecture of the background is well done; altogether it is an admirable painting, and decidedly the best Murillo in Madrid. No. 18 is a tolerable Morales, representing Christ before Pilate. No. 12. A very beautiful Madonna and Child, and other Saints; author not known. No. 15. A fine Conception, by Ribera. No. 5. An excellent Christ at the Column, by Alonso Cano. No. 2. A Coello, much in the style of Rubens. No. 4. A good Magdalene, by Cano.

There are two large superb semicircular paintings by Murillo, representing the legend of El Patricio Romano. The first (No. 1682), and best, represents the dream of the Sena-

tor. An exquisite Virgin and Child appear to him as he sleeps, and point out where the new church of Santa Maria Maggiore is to be erected. The patrician is very fine, and the Virgin and Child are perhaps the most sublime figures, the most elevated in style, Murillo ever painted. The companion to this represents the Senator, accompanied by his buxom wife, relating his dream to the Pope, and in the distance is a beautiful procession, probably laying the first stone of the new church. There is a fine broad effect of light and shadow in these paintings, especially the first, which is truly admirable. No. 1036 is a good Ribera. Nos. 26 and 22 are in the early style of Velasquez, before he had learned to colour. A Dead Christ, by Ribera. Nos. 4 and 5, good Zurbarans; and an immense number of terra-cotta figures, not particularly interesting. In the Museum of Natural History there is little to observe, except a fine Megatherium, and an interesting collection of all the marbles in Spain, with the names of the districts they came from.

The new museum, called Museo de la Trinidad, in the Calle de Atocha, contains some good paintings, and a vast number of indifferent ones. I noticed a Friar, by Alonso Cano; and a good Christ, by Becerra, who was born at Balza, in 1520. There are thirty-four paintings by Vicencio Carducci, who came from Florence, his native place, at the same time as his brother Bartolomeo, and worked for Philip II. and Philip III. at the Escorial. The most interesting to us are those representing the exaggerated sufferings of the Carthusian monks, when persecuted by Henry VIII.; La Buena Ventura, by Ribera; some good paintings by Pantoja, Philip II.'s portrait-painter; a Christ bearing the Cross, by El Greco; an Annunciation, by Pereda, who was born at Valladolid in 1539; Ladies in a Balcony, by Goya; Sheep, by Murillo; and a reddish Claude. We then entered a handsome saloon, which is used for the Agricultural Society. Magnificent banquets held here, under the patronage of the Queen, were attended by the principal nobility, the landed proprietors in Spain, and all the intellect of the country, to devise methods to improve the cultivation of the land, and grand projects were propounded. Nothing was more easy for the nobles and members of the Cortes, then at Madrid, than to assemble together here; and doubtless they were all sincere in wishing to see their estates improved, and incomes increased; but to

(1) See Appendix D.

carry the projected plans into execution—to quit Madrid, the Court and its pleasures, to superintend the contemplated measures, and to find the necessary capital and energy, alas! these are the difficulties. It is, however, chiefly by agricultural improvements and economy that Spain can hope to redeem her finances. The hills are stripped of their forests, but no one thinks of planting a tree; thousands of acres are now lying waste, which were once cultivated; meadows are become pestilential marshes, for want of draining; and the fine plains of the South want but water-wheels and more oxen, and a better system of irrigation, to be the richest in the world. The land is sometimes let on long leases, even of one hundred years, at low rents; but usually, I believe, from year to year, at moderate rents. The taxes are not very high, but the prices of produce are generally low, and in many places there is little or no demand for grain, commerce being stagnant; and the tenants want industry and capital; but now there is a strong government, greater certainty that those who sow will reap, and certainly more confidence in the future, it is to be hoped that persons of fortune will find out that they could not lay out their money more advantageously than in agricultural investments.

In this room is an Assumption of the Virgin, by El Greco, the best I have seen of this master, the colouring very rich, and the drawing excellent; the drapery of the Virgin is rather heavy, but it is a fine painting. The Dream of Joseph, by Murillo, is in his vapoury style. A fine Head, by Ribera. The Woman Taken in Adultery, by Titian, is very excellent. The Raising of Christ, by Gherardo della Notte, is good. The Transfiguration is a fine copy, by Julio Romano; but the Spaniards here and elsewhere will have it this is the original, by Raphael. La Porciuncula, by Murillo; the drawing very good, but, having been almost entirely repainted, it is nearly spoiled. A St. Francis, by Ribera; and the same subject, by Murillo, both deserving praise. Samson and the Lion, by Rubens, is very fine. The Israelites collecting Manna in the Wilderness is a very beautiful painting, by Titian. A St. Francis, by Zurbaran; and Nos. 79 and 80 are good Castillos.

The Palace of Madrid is a splendid building, four hundred and seventy feet square, and one hundred feet high. The east front is very handsome and imposing, and the west

side is also magnificent; a noble and very extensive inclined drive, reminding me in form of the approach to the Monte Pincio, in Rome, leads up to a noble terrace before the Palace. The Queen being there, we could only go up a certain height, but even from that point the view was fine.

The gardens immediately below are somewhat stiff, and the plants too young; but the valley of the Manzanares beyond them is now at least verdant, though in hot weather and in the autumn, they say, it assumes a very different tint. The distant hills beyond the river have a wild, uncultivated, but rather grand appearance; and in the distance, the fine range of the Guadarrama, covered with snow, is such a view as is certainly not enjoyed from a royal palace in any other metropolis; and fortunately it is not spoilt by any straggling ugly suburbs.

The *façades* and large courts of the palace are richly decorated with pilasters; but it is the general effect which is fine, rather than the details. Over the cornice there were formerly a quantity of statues, which were taken down as dangerous from their weight, and no doubt they added greatly to its appearance. The chimneys are frightful; but, as a whole, it is certainly one of the most magnificent palaces in Europe.

On the east side is a circular flower-garden, surrounded by some of the statues which adorned the roof, and were never intended for close inspection. In the centre of this garden is a noble equestrian statue of Philip IV., cast in Florence, in 1640, by Pedro Tacca, from a model by Montanes. It is nineteen feet high, and weighs nine tons; and the horse, being in a galloping attitude, rests on its hind quarters; and though the forelegs of the horse seem too much curled up, the figure of the King is very grand, and it is truly a splendid statue—the finest work of the great Sevillian sculptor.

The royal chapel is as rich as gilding, marbles, and showy but not good frescoes, can make it. The decorations are Corinthian, and the effect is imposing. The music I heard there one morning was not bad; but at the elevation of the Host, when all were kneeling, they were not content with my stooping, which is more than is ever required in Rome; and as they continued to make angry signs for me to kneel, I left the chapel. The King was there, and is better-looking than I expected to find him; but there was a restless expression about his eyes, and

his countenance was anything but engaging. He is said to be very bigoted, and there is no saying to what lengths the influence of the priests may lead him, many even supposing it is not impossible he may renounce the Crown for himself and son, if he has one. His rooms are at one end of the palace, the Queen's at the other.

Isabella is not only the Queen of Spain, but, before she was *enceinte*, the Queen of fun and pleasure; dancing being her delight and perpetual amusement. Balls she gave without end, turning night into day, and day into night. Three o'clock in the afternoon was her hour for rising; and at five o'clock in the morning she went to bed. Expecting her confinement, she retires earlier, but gets up, they say, as late as formerly. She and her husband agree, it is said, better now than they did; but he hates balls, and always avoids them. They never drive out in the same carriage, but dine together every day, and appear on better terms. If she lives, there seems a chance of her changing the character of the nation; for gravity, from all accounts, is not at all to her taste.

It is strange to see the Queen such a votary of pleasure, having been brought up amidst war's alarms, and perils of no ordinary description; though only twenty years of age, the stirring events in Spain during that period would require a volume to describe them. Born in 1830, when the French revolution shook to their foundations the thrones of the Bourbon dynasties, it is curious to see how revolts have nearly every year of her life endangered her crown. The abolition of the Salic law created her enemies from her very cradle. In 1831, Don Carlos was proclaimed, and Mina headed the insurgents. The year following, that party had nearly deprived her of her throne by an intrigue. In 1833, when her father died, the Carlist revolution broke out, which lasted until July, 1840. For seven years was the country distracted by that terrible war, when enormities of the most fearful kind were committed; and not only were her enemies frequently near the gates of Madrid, but there were also revolts even in the capital.

In 1841, there were insurrections in favour of Queen Christina, and Isabella's person, and even life, was in danger, by an attack on her palace, the balls entering her sleeping-room. In 1842, there was a formidable revolt at Barcelona against Espartero. In

1843, a revolution in favour of Narvaez, which drove Espartero from the country. In 1844, revolts at Alicante, Murcia, and Valencia; and intrigues and conspiracies even in the capital. In 1845, Catalonia raised the standard of revolt. In 1847, the year of her sad marriage, there was a revolution in Galicia; and in 1848, a military revolt in Madrid. Yet Isabella goes on dancing, etc., without a thought for business, careless of the world's talk, and no more anxiety upon her brow than if her life had been one of perpetual sunshine. Her motto might be, "Let us eat, drink, and be merry, for tomorrow we die."

I did not regret much not being able to see the interior of the palace; fine furniture and French clocks are tiresome sights. All that was really valuable was, they say, removed before the Queen's majority. The palace was full of treasures—gold, silver, and plate, of the most costly description; but it is said they vanished in a marvellous manner—*Cosas de Espana*.

The royal harness-rooms, coach-houses, and stables, are worth looking at. There is an iron carriage, presented by the city of Bilbao to Ferdinand VII. in 1828, the machinery of which is curious. The carriage of Isabella's daughter, Juana, is made entirely of beautifully carved wood; even the spokes of the wheels and the pole curiously carved. There are also some very gorgeous sedan-chairs, splendid harness of the time of Charles V., very rich velvet trappings, embroidered with gold and silver. The state equipages in the coach-houses are almost all French, very grand and very gingerbread.

The carriage presented by the Queen of England is too plain, and has not the merit of being entirely English in style, for though a simple curricule, it is not particularly well built, and is decorated with strange ivory ornaments. Most of these gay French carriages are far too long. I did not see one compact really well-built one amongst them. The state equipage for the Queen is a gorgeous affair, surmounted with a crown, and is said to have cost a million and a half of reals—more than fifteen thousand pounds. The antiquated conveyances of the time of Napoleon show what a wonderful improvement in the manufactory of carriages has been made in France within a very short period. In the stables there are about two hundred horses, some tolerable ones from England, a few French and German, and a great number

from Aranjuez. The riding-horses from Andalusia, used by the King and Queen, are good, but none very valuable.

On the south side of the palace is (*la Armeria real*) the magnificent armoury—one of the sights best worth seeing in Madrid. It consists of a noble gallery, two hundred and twenty-seven feet long, by thirty-six wide. The entrance into this splendid room is very striking; down the centre is a double row of fine equestrian statues, thirteen in number, and two rows of armour on pedestals. The walls are lined with similar suits, and above the latter covered with different pieces.

There is, also, along the centre of the room, a row of cannons of the earliest ages; two lines of superb saddles, all differing in their decorations; and curious helmets, under glass cases; while from the ceiling hang gay and interesting banners, trophies of Spanish victories; 2521, is a beautiful helmet, with battles upon it, of the time of Francis I.; 252, a suit of Charles V., inlaid with gold; 1291, of the same period and style; 2308 and 2528, equestrian statues well executed, the armour of Charles V.; 2491, a helmet of the time of Philip III., beautifully worked; 2488, his suit of armour; 1109, one of Charles V., with a Madonna and Child worked on the breastplate; 1687, also of the same king, very beautiful; 2373, a grotesque helmet of Don John of Austria; 2370, a beautifully chased breast-plate of Philippe II., with a battle minutely worked upon it; 2469, Prince Philip on horseback, armour and horse both good; 2462, a helmet of Philip II., with a representation on it of the Greeks dragging the horse into Troy; 2450, a suit of the same king; 879, 869, and 853, armour of the time of Philip III.

At each end of the room there are cases full of curious guns, swords, and pistols, and some superb shields; 1879, 1918, 1842, and 1868, Charles V.'s armour; 1598, an old sword of King Chico's, an interesting relic; a curious shield of leather covered with feathers, with the war of Granada worked upon it, Ferdinand and Isabella entering at one gate, and Boabdil and his mother leaving at the other; 1733, a jewelled shield of the time of Philip III., 1694, another splendid one, with the war of the Carthaginians and Romans—Carthage, the prize, with its walls and towers in the background; 1705, the light sword of Isabella, with its handle inlaid with gold; 1702, a splendid one of the Great Captain; 1648, an-

other, with a perfectly plain handle, and much larger, with which, it is said, he gained his victories; banners used at Lepanto, with the Virgin worked on one, and a crucifix on another; splendid scimeters and yataghans, trophies of that great fight.

Returning up the further side of the room from the door, we observed splendid suits of Philip II. and III.; 2412, a fine helmet of Charles V., and there are preserved the chair and travelling-bed of that monarch; 2410, magnificent armour of the same king on an equestrian statue; 2398 and 2388, fine suits of Philip III., the first inlaid with gold; 2490, one of the Great Captain, embossed all over, but still very quiet-looking; 2342, the armour of Cortes on an equestrian statue; 2321, a splendid equestrian figure, with a beautiful open suit of Charles V.; 2308, of the same period, very handsome. Some of the guns are curious, and inlaid with ivory.

There are one hundred and eighty-six saddles, all different in pattern, and about one hundred and thirty suits of armour; 141, is a suit of chain mail of Alfonso I. of Naples. In a case at the end of the room is the banner of Charles V., and trophies from Lepanto. The armour is kept bright and clean—to a fault, indeed, as it looks too new; yet still it is a magnificent collection, and worthy of this land of chivalry and romance.

The naval museum is adjoining the palace, but the Spaniards have not much of a navy now, and yet one would imagine they had a great one, from the models in this museum of splendid frigates and men-of-war, some of which are really good, particularly the section of the interior of one. There is a picture of the battle of Trafalgar, and a portrait over it, not of Nelson, who gained the victory, but the Spanish Commander, Gravina, who was also mortally wounded in the engagement.

The models of the different sea-ports of Spain, including Gibraltar, are interesting. There is no cathedral in Madrid, and few churches worth a visit, for their architecture and the works of art they contain. In the church of St. Gines there is a Dead Christ, apparently by Alonso Cano, which is very good, especially the Virgin, with her hands clasped. A St. Joseph and Child, perhaps by Murillo. A Christ seated and stripped, with thorns on his head, is a very fine figure by Cano.

CHAPTER XXVII.

The Prado.—Buen Retiro.—Artilleria.—Botanical Garden.—Plaza de Toros.—Bull-fight.—Private Galleries.—Hints to Collectors of Paintings.—Museum.—General Remarks on Spanish Art.

THE Prado is the great and the only promenade in Madrid, for, although there are some other tolerably pleasant spots, such as the Delicias, and one or two of the little squares, such as Bilboa, etc., that have trees in them, they are nothing compared to the Prado. Passing down the splendid street of Calle de Alcalá, which widens as you approach the promenade, you enter, to the right, a fine avenue, about one thousand five hundred feet long and two hundred wide, extending to the museum and Calle de San Jerónimo. This is the principal lounge, called the Salon, and is a simple gravel walk, with an avenue of poor trees, but without flowers or grass, though, in truth, there is no room for such additions, the living mass of promenaders occupying, on *fête* days, every yard of the ground.

A balloon, a greater novelty in Madrid than in London, ascended from the neighbourhood the last time I visited the Prado, and the weather having been wet for a week and the Sunday evening beautifully fine, it was scarcely possible to get through the crowd of well-dressed people. Almost all the ladies have now the good taste to wear the graceful mantilla, though the Queen and her ladies had bonnets. There was little beauty of a high class, but a great many nice-looking, tall, well-made women, very lady-like and graceful in their appearance, though not so much so as the Sevillians or any Andalusians. They were all remarkably well dressed, but generally in the French fashion, with the exception of the mantilla.

Besides the crowds on foot, the drive was full of handsome equipages; I do not recollect to have seen in any metropolis, except London, so many smart carriages, good horses, and neat liveries, and there were also many gentlemen on horseback. Narvaez, with a countenance expressive of the energy and determination which have subdued Spain, was in a green English brougham, with a pair of horses; his carriage may easily be recognised, being the only one with a chasseur with a plume of feathers in his hat. The Prado extends some distance right and left beyond the Salon, and is ornamented with fountains, which are not worth particu-

lar notice; but as a drive or promenade, it would disappoint all, if the gardens opposite be not taken as part of it; and then the public drive and fashionable lounge, combined with the charming retired walks, are worthy of the metropolis of Spain.

Opposite the Salon is the Garden del Buen Retiro. The part open to the public is extensive and very delightful; shady walks, flower-gardens, a splendid avenue, ornamented with indifferent statues, and a large piece of water, are its chief attractions. The most enjoyable part is, however, reserved for the Queen, and is certainly pretty. There are summer-houses, luxuriously fitted up, a rustic cottage, with a gorgeous Persian room, where the royal party often breakfast and dine. Pagodas, surrounded with ponds filled with gold fish, a cottage with a representation of the good woman of the house sitting at the fire, rocking (by means of machinery) her baby, while her husband lies pale and emaciated in his bed, and, when you enter, suddenly raises himself up in rather a startling manner. With the exception of this cottage, which was more calculated to amuse the Queen in her infancy than now, and the Persian room, the different summer-houses are only places for repose. One on a hill commands a fine view of Madrid. Nearly thirty spires are visible, but the country around, green even as it is at present, looks dreary from here, appearing almost destitute of trees. This hill is artificial, being simply an immense dome of brickwork covered with earth. There is also a menagerie of wild beasts, a lion—panthers, zebras, monkeys, etc.; but the Queen does not appear to have much taste for quadrupeds, many of the cages being empty. Though there are few rare plants, the walks among the shrubs and flowers are pretty; the standard rose-trees are in great profusion and very beautiful. The Queen drives to these gardens every evening at half-past five, for an hour or two; the King and also Queen Christina visit them occasionally, but always at different times. It takes about an hour or two to see them, one gardener passing you on to another.

Besides this delightful lounge, there is also a botanical garden, opposite the Prado below the Museum, which seems pretty and retired, but, for some reason, it is closed this month. Near there is the artilleria, which contains models of guns, forts, and harbours, and machines for the manufacture of can-

non. The suite of rooms is fine, but spoilt by a roof painted in the worst taste. There is a trophy, in honour of Jacinto Ruiz, Luis Daoiz, and Pedro Velarde, who refused to surrender their cannon, on the 2nd of May, 1808, to the French—three men against thousands, and two of them perished. Adjoining the Museum is a granite obelisk, erected to the memory of those who, on the Sunday, were executed by Murat, to strike terror into the Madrilenians, but their deaths roused all Spain against the invaders. A short distance from the Prado and the fine gate of the Puerta de Alcalá, is the Plaza de Toros. The bull-fights are apparently finer at Madrid than at Seville.

The Calle de Alcalá was crowded with thousands hurrying to the scene; such galloping of *calèches*, omnibuses, and carriages, such screaming and shouting, all hurrying as if they had forgot that their seats were numbered, and there was no fear of losing them; a scene more animated could not be imagined. The arena was crowded to excess, Montes being expected, and, therefore, as usual, not a seat was vacant. The building is not remarkable, but it is a fine sight to see an arena filled with twelve thousand spectators. There were, perhaps, more banderilleros than at Seville, and their dresses were handsomer. To escape from the bulls, the chulos at Madrid are obliged always to leap the barriers, there being no openings as at Seville.

Montes was ill, but his pupil, Chiclanero, who took his place, is an admirable matador, and ranks as second only to his master. The horses were rather more valuable, and might, from their appearance, be worth 5*l.* each in England, and the picadores seemed to incur greater risk; one was tossed by the bull, and a second time seriously hurt and compelled to leave the arena; another picador was also wounded, and obliged to retire for a while. The Spanish people are always to be seen in their element at a bull-fight.

The collectors of paintings will find nothing cheap at Madrid. I visited several private galleries, and the best was a collection of four hundred, made by the late General Mead, shown to me by our Consul, Mr. Brackenbury, whose kind attentions and hospitality I have very great pleasure in acknowledging. I saw few that I admired, and they seemed to have a very exaggerated notion of their value. (1)

(1) These paintings were, I understand, sold in

There is great difficulty in getting old paintings out of the country. They say that the last tariff does not prohibit their exportation, but the officials have not learnt the new law, and, therefore, the old prohibition is practically still in force—*Cosas de España*. I sent a case from Granada to Málaga by the galera, but, on arriving there, I found that neither my banker nor the Consul would undertake to ship them. Two of them being on panel, I could not take them on the horses. I was, therefore, obliged to trust them to Matias Balcon, formerly landlord, but now a waiter at the Fonda de la Danza, and of whom I knew nothing, except that Mr. Ford calls him a worthy Galician. He undertook to deliver them at Gibraltar: but, as they had not arrived long after the time fixed, I wrote to the landlady of the Danza, who repudiated all connection with Matias in a way which gave me reason to suspect him. For several weeks I gave them up for lost, when, at last, by some means or another, they found their way to Gibraltar and my suspicions of poor Matias proved unfounded.

At Valencia, I took the precaution, before making any purchases, to ask a banker if he would ship them for me, which he agreed to do; but it seems the Academy obliges the officers there to be strict. After a lengthy correspondence, and a delay of more than a year, finding it impossible to export them from Valencia, they were sent to Madrid, to be forwarded from some place in the North, where there is no Academy. The ports in that part of Spain are worse than in the South, so that they were obliged to send them to Cadiz, where they were shipped, and I have at last received them. Let travellers, therefore, take warning, and send their purchases by the galeras, which are safe and cheap, to Seville or Cadiz.

Having heard that the hotels at Madrid are the worst in Europe, and very dear, I wrote to Mr. Purkiss, No. 23, Caballero de Gracia, who is always anxious to oblige the English. His house was repairing, but he got me very comfortable lodgings in the Calle de las Carretas, No. 29, first floor, kept by an elderly, good-natured, respectable person, Signora Evenita Espinosa, who gave us good breakfasts—chops, and delicious butter (though at Madrid it costs five shillings a-pound)—and excellent dinners, all for three dollars a-day, which is extremely reasonable for this ex-London early this spring, before my return from the continent.

pensive capital. I paid five francs a-day, as usual, to the *valet-de-place*; but I did not like him, and, therefore, will not mention his name. They say there is no lack of good places for dining in Madrid, and there are excellent confectioners' shops, and great varieties of cool delicious drinks at the *cafés*.

The great object of attraction at Madrid is the museum, with its two thousand paintings. There is no collection, here or elsewhere, of the most ancient Spanish masters, to enable us to trace the history of art in this country. The earliest works known as the productions of Spanish artists are a very few by Sanchez de Castro and Rincon, and their scholars; though I cannot but think that many of the old paintings with gold grounds, which I have noticed in several of the cathedrals and churches, and also in museums, which are generally attributed to Flemish artists, may have been painted by Spaniards, but are not now identified as such. The Moorish, foreign, and civil wars, which disturbed the country for so long a period, would prevent a school of art flourishing so prosperously and so early as in Italy; but when Granada was conquered, and the glorious reign of Ferdinand and Isabella had united the different kingdoms, and established peace and security throughout the realm, then we see literature and the arts making a rapid progress. The connection with Italy, especially with Naples, in their reigns, and probably the importation of works of art from that country, would give an impulse to the genius of such painters as Campana and Morales, who were born at the beginning of the sixteenth century.

Charles V. was a collector and liberal patron of art, and, during his numerous campaigns and journeys, had opportunities of acquiring the finest paintings of the Italian and Flemish schools.

About the middle of the sixteenth century, El Mudo and Joanes, who almost rivalled the great Italian masters in the beauty of their compositions, and the richness of their colouring, visited Italy at a time "that country was the seat of the arts and letters, and no small part of what was noble and cultivated in Spain was led across the Alps, and awakened to a perception of such forms and creations of genius and taste as had not been attempted beyond the Pyrenees." (1)

It is singular, also, to trace the effect of the progress of literature on the arts in Spain. Morales died (an octogenarian) in 1586, and El Mudo and Joanes, in 1579, when already the literature of their country had made great advance; when the lyrics and pastoral poetry of Boscan and Garcilasso de la Vega, and their imitators, had diffused an Italian taste in Italian forms throughout the country, and thrilling chronicles and histories of the New World had roused the feelings and energies of the nation; when dramatic representations of a religious character were common, the interdict of the Inquisition, which had lasted half a century, being already raised, and Lope de Ruida had made a successful effort to establish a popular drama. But it is very remarkable, that, with the exception of the three great artists I have named, almost all the best painters in Spain flourished in the first half of the seventeenth century, when the literature of the country was most distinguished.

Taking a dozen names, which occur to me as the most talented of the Spanish school, whose works will be most familiar to travellers visiting the cream of Spain, though some may change two or three of these for others, according to their taste, more deserving of the rank, we find that El Greco was born in 1558, Roelas in 1560, and both died in 1625; Francisco Ribalta, born 1551, Juan de Ribalta, his son, born 1597, both died in 1628; Ribera, born 1588, Francisco Herrera el Viejo, born 1576, both died in 1656; Zurbaran, born 1598, died 1662; Velasquez, born 1599, died 1660; Jacinto Geronimo de Espinosa, born 1600, died 1680; Alonso Cano, born 1601, died 1667; Orrente, died 1644; Murillo, born 1618, died 1682.

It was precisely at the same period that the literature, and especially the drama, of Spain was most flourishing, when indeed the genius of the three great authors, whose names are most known in Europe, gave an extraordinary impulse to the taste and literature of the country. Cervantes was born in 1550, and died in 1616; Lope de Vega, born 1562, died 1635; Calderon, born 1600, died 1681.

From a list published by Montalvan, it appears that there were seventy-six dramatic poets living, in 1632, in Castile alone; (2) and the number of heroic dramas, dramas for saints, sacramental autos and farces, etc.,

(1) Tickler, vol. i., p. 438.

(2) Tickler, vol. ii., 417.

were estimated, (1) at the end of this century, at thirty thousand. Lope de Vega alone wrote or improvised the extraordinary number of one thousand eight hundred plays, many of them religious, when for two years the secular drama was prohibited, and four hundred autos, (2) a kind of religious plays performed in the streets, when the gorgeous ceremonies of the Corpus Christi filled them with rejoicing crowds.

About the same time were published long religious narratives, in verse, on such subjects as the History of Man, the Passion of Christ, the Glories of St. Francis, and the legends of the Spanish Church. (3) These religious compositions must have had an immense influence on art, especially the dramatic representations, which were in truth little more than so many *tableaux vivants* of the very subjects Spanish artists selected for their canvas.

Calderon died (an octogenarian) in 1681, living almost long enough to witness the decline of Spanish literature, and Murillo died the next year; more than a dozen years after the artists I have named as the most talented of the Spanish school. After this period, there was no lack of either painters or authors; but they were rarely of such merit as to deserve to be compared to the eminent men who had preceded them.

Although art, as well as literature, was greatly promoted by the connection with Italy, the liberal patronage of the Court, and the great wealth which flowed into Spain from the mines of the New World, still this simultaneous rise and fall of art and literature could not be accidental, and it is not too much to assume, that the genius of the artists would naturally be roused by the thrilling poetical compositions of the great Spanish poets, and especially by the exciting dramatic representations, for which there was such a mania throughout the nation, that tailors (4) and sheep-shearers had become authors, and princes, nobles, and commons, wrote for and took a part in these exhibitions; the Count Duke Olivares inventing new dramatic luxuries for his master, Philip IV., who for forty years favoured and supported the drama with princely magnificence, writing for and acting in impromptu plays himself.

(1) Tickler, vol. ii., p. 419.

(2) Ibid., vol. ii., pp. 204 and 211.

(3) Ibid., vol. ii., p. 437.

(4) Ibid., vol. ii., pp. 447 and 448.

Those who expect to see a school of painting in Spain equal to the Italian will be disappointed; but if the Spanish is compared to any other in Europe, it will, I think, be acknowledged to be superior, and yet it had to contend with restrictions which were most prejudicial to the genius of the painters, and accounts, in some measure, for that solemn and almost severe feeling, which certainly is the general characteristic of Spanish paintings. The artists were not allowed to draw more than the head and hands from the naked figure—a great restriction, especially in a country where there was no antique sculpture to supply the place. Further knowledge of anatomy was deemed useless, as, by the rules of the Inquisition, every other part of the body ought to be covered.

Those who have seen the beautiful feet of the Madonnas of the Italian painters will find, with regret, that the feet of the Virgin are invariably concealed in Spain. The same strict regard to their notions of propriety extended to the composition and drapery. The angels were always painted with wings, and in the Annunciation required to be decently clothed, and kneeling down to the Madonna as to their Queen, and not falling down with their legs uncovered. Pacheco, a painter himself, who was appointed by the Inquisition to inspect the paintings in the studios, and see that the rules were attended to, says that he knew of an artist at Cordova who was imprisoned for introducing into a picture of the Crucifixion a blessed Virgin in an embroidered petticoat and fardingale, and a St. John on horseback, and he styles the incarceration a justly deserved punishment. (5)

The artists who were enabled to visit Italy would there recover from the effects of these trammels on their early education, and others, like Murillo, would copy, perhaps, the almost naked figures at the doors of the convents; but these restrictions on the composition and colouring of the loftiest themes—those sacred subjects in which the Virgin is the life and grace—were very prejudicial to the genius and taste of the artist, and the beauty of his paintings.

Englishmen, whose school is distinguished for landscape-painters, will be surprised to find that Spain has no great artist of that kind. Iriarte, born in 1620, though the best, has little merit, and it does not appear that he visited Italy, otherwise he would have

(5) Sterling, vol. i., p. 330.

seen the works of the great landscape-painters—Poussin, Claude, and Salvator Rosa, and, probably, have become acquainted with those artists, as they were born only a few years before him. Velasquez, no doubt, enjoyed these advantages, which may account for some of his landscapes, though only accessories to his great paintings, being so very beautiful, and certainly unequalled by any other Spaniard.

This absence of landscape-painters may be partly attributed to the same dearth in Italy at the period when Spain chiefly derived from that country her knowledge of the arts; but I conceive it to be principally owing to the Spaniards of every age resembling Orientals, and caring little or nothing for the beauties of nature, and never attempting to be graphic with their pens, or picturesque with their pencils; no one sketches in Spain, and their idea of a paradise is not a beautiful, but a rich, luxuriant, well-watered district, abounding in corn, wine, and oil.

Mr. Tickler says, (1) “One thing has much struck me in all the poems written by Spaniards on their conquests in America, and especially by those who visited the countries they celebrate; it is, that there are no proper sketches of the peculiar scenery through which they passed, though much of it is amongst the most beautiful and grand that exists on the globe, and must have been filling them constantly with new wonder.” The truth is, that when they describe woods, rivers, and mountains, their descriptions would as well fit the Pyrenees or the Guadalquivir, as they do Mexico, the Andes, or the Amazon. (2)

It is also remarkable, considering the intimate connection between the two countries, and the magnificent collection of Dutch paintings, comprising above fifty, by David Teniers, who flourished at the same period, and whose works, as soon as painted, would be conveyed from one part of the empire to the other, that none of the great Spanish painters of the time I have mentioned painted in that style. The Italian school suited the genius and more elevated taste of the Spanish artists better than the Flemish, though the influence of the latter may often be traced in the rich colouring and elaborate finish of the early masters.

It has long been a question whether Mu-

riillo or Velasquez is entitled to be considered the best of this school; most Englishmen would say Velasquez, as he resembles more the style of our own painters; but I think all Italians would say Murillo; this contest ought not to be decided from the paintings we see here. This collection, of no less than sixty-two of the works of Velasquez, is indeed the only one in the world. Except perhaps the hunting scene, with its beautiful landscape, in our National Gallery, there are few in any other galleries so excellent of their kind as to weigh much in the scale. But there is scarcely one of the forty-six Murillos here, admirable as many of them are, which gives any idea of the mind and intelligence exhibited in the great paintings by the same master at Seville, and others scattered about Europe. The paintings elsewhere should, therefore, be considered in weighing their respective merits. It is difficult also to draw a comparison between masters so different in their styles, and, in truth, it is almost like comparing Teniers to Raphael, and Tam O'Shanter to the Apollo Belvidere. Velasquez is undoubtedly a wonderful painter, the first of the naturalist school, but he never pretended to paint in an elevated style, and even told Salvator Rosa that he did not like Raphael. His favourite of the Italian school was Titian, and his numerous paintings with dark back-grounds, and the colouring of the flesh and the breadth of his effects, show to what extent he studied, though never equalled, the works of the great Venetian master.

This remarkable conversation, which might well astonish the Italians, was turned into old verse by Boschini:

Lu storse el cao cirimoniosamente
E disse: Rafael (a dirue el vero;
Piasendome esser libero, e sinciero)
Stago per dir, che nol me piase niente
Tanto che (replichè quela persona)
Co' no ve piase questo gran pitor;
In Italia nissun ve dà in l'umor
Perche nu che donemo la corona.
Don Diego replichè con tal maniera;
A Venetia se troua el bon, e'l belo;
Mi dago el primo liogo a quel penelo:
Tician xè quel, che porta la bandiera. (3)

“To those who proposed to him a loftier flight, and proposed Raphael as a nobler model, he used to reply, that he would rather be the first of vulgar than the second of refined painters.” (4)

ciated the beauties of the Cordilleras.—*Prescott's Peru*, vol. ii., p. 495.

(3) Boschini Navagar Pitoresco vento primo, p. 58.

(4) Sterling, vol. ii., 584.

(1) Tickler, vol. ii., p. 436.

(2) Pedro Cieza de Leon, the author of the “*Cronica del Peru*,” is an exception, as he fully appre-

When Velasquez visited Italy, he would see so many eminent artists, painting in the elevated style, that, feeling conscious, perhaps, of his want of imagination, and despairing of surpassing them, he clung still more closely to his own natural school, painting only what he saw before him most accurately, but without improving or exaggerating the defects of his studies.

Delighted apparently with dwarfs and other uncouth subjects, and apparently indifferent to beauty, for beauty is never seen upon his canvas, except such very scanty allowance of it which the royal personages who sat to him happened to possess. His handling is certainly wonderful, producing with a few touches the most surprising effects; and there is a breadth and grandeur about his best compositions which are very striking. He may also be truly called the prince of portrait-painters, painting not only the outward form, but the mind, whenever there was any to delineate. Some of his likenesses are beyond all praise, and his Court friends always look like gentlemen and ladies. He is also, as I have said, by far the best of Spanish landscape-painters. With all these excellencies, the absence of the ideal, of elevation of thought and mind, of all beauty male or female, of anything approaching to poetical feeling, of simplicity and of religious sentiment, lower him in my estimation much below Murillo, who possessed all these qualities.

Murillo had not the sublime elevation of style of the first Italian masters; but his Madonnas, when most homely, have always the charm of simplicity and great beauty; and often, in his Conceptions and Saints, his style is elevated and full of religious feeling. He is the painter of nature, but generally of refined nature; so that his paintings delight and elevate, and at the same time their beauty and truthfulness command the homage of every one. They may not always exhibit the dexterous handling of Velasquez, or such broad effects; but the Moses Striking the Rock, or the Miracle of the Loaves and Fishes, or the Conception, in the Museum of Seville, and many others I might mention, exhibit as powerful drawing, and more mind and intellect, than the wonderful portraits Velasquez made from what he saw before him.

No one can see those great works of Murillo without feeling that he possessed a sublime imagination, and no one can examine this fine collection of Velasquez with-

out observing that he is almost destitute of that gift. As a colourist, I also think Murillo greatly superior to Velasquez. The paintings even in this museum are sufficient to maintain this superiority. His colouring is always broad and effective, never minute and elaborate; and his flesh is the colour of the Andalusians around him—warm, Titian-like tints, such as abound in that sunny clime.

Though Murillo copied nature faithfully, he had the good taste to select the most beautiful models he could find; and if his countrywomen had possessed the classic features of many of the Romans or Tuscans, or if he had had the advantage of studying the Grecian antiques in the Italian galleries, doubtless his style would have been more elevated. When, however, we consider the masterly boldness of his drawing, the exquisite roundness of his forms, the breadth, depth, and richness of his colouring, and the transparency and atmosphere of his paintings, I cannot but think he is fully entitled to be considered the best of the Spanish school, and inferior to few, but very few, of the great Italians.

The school of Spain is of course the most interesting in this museum, as Italian, and also Dutch and French, paintings are to be seen elsewhere; but how few fine works of the great masters of Spain exist in the galleries of Europe! In England, we have many Murillos scattered over the kingdom, and a few paintings by Velasquez; but the other great masters, such as Joanes, Ribalta, Cano, etc., are almost entirely unknown. We can have but a faint idea of Velasquez from the pictures we possess of that master. Here he lived, and painted for almost royalty alone, and Spain still possesses the wonderful works of his brush.

The ancestors of this great master were Portuguese, but he was born at Seville in 1599. He first studied under Herrera the elder, and a similarity to that painter's style may be traced in some of the earliest works of the scholar; and it is probable that Velasquez is indebted to his master for that extraordinary freedom and boldness of drawing and colouring which are his greatest attractions. The brutality of Herrera, which had driven even his children from his home, obliged Velasquez to leave him, and study with Pacheco, whose daughter he married; but nature was then his chief master, and Pacheco gives an account (p. 100) of a pea-

sant boy who served him as a model. In 1622 Velasquez went to Madrid, and painted the Duke of Olivares and Philip IV., who appointed him to be his portrait-painter; and he had there the advantage of being intimate with Rubens, and profiting by his advice. In 1629 he went to Italy, and stayed a considerable time at Venice, a year at Rome, and afterwards proceeded to Naples, where he remained until the beginning of 1631, when he came back to Madrid. In 1648 he started for Italy again, to buy pictures and casts for the King, and, returning in 1651, was appointed the year afterwards to the office of Aposentada Mayor—a place which unfortunately left him little leisure. He died at Madrid, in 1660. (1)

As the catalogue is out of print, and there will probably not be another for years, I will mention the paintings, as they follow each other, which appeared to me worth attention. The keeper had one or two copies of the old catalogue, which he lent to strangers; but when others had applied before me, I had to manage without one; and it was only the day before I left that I was enabled to purchase the volume at five times its value.

Mr. Ford has unfortunately classed the paintings under the different masters, which makes his excellent description of them almost useless as a guide. Those who have any curiosity to know the contents of the finest gallery of pictures in Europe will find an account of it in Appendix D.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

Architecture of the Escorial.—The Palace.—Casa del Campo.—The Church.—Panteon.—Monks.

WE left Madrid at eight o'clock in the morning; and after passing on our left the Casa del Campo, a small palace of the Queen, in well-wooded grounds, which we have not visited, and on our right the Florida, another royal villa, still less worth seeing, we soon entered the dreary wastes which surround Madrid. When we came to the domain of the Escorial, the country was pretty

and park-like, the preserves covered with fine trees, and picturesque crosses perched on large rocks, reminded us that it was a monastery, church, and a royal mausoleum, that we were going to visit, as well as a palace. In the distance, the edifice is imposing, at the foot of a wild barren range of grey picturesque hills.

The very name of the Escorial is grand and historically interesting; and then the millions that have been squandered on the building, enough to exhaust even Spain, at that period the richest country in Europe, and the renown of the architects and artists employed, would have raised our expectations, if we had not recollected that the plan of the edifice, by royal command, represents the gridiron of St. Lawrence—a gridiron of granite, of which, as Mr. Sterling says, the frame and bars are a palace-convent, and the handle a monastic palace; and what architects, since architecture was a science, ever received such an order? Even Grecian and Roman skill could never have dignified such a commission with even the treasures of the New World to execute it on the grandest scale.

The large dome in the centre, and smaller tower on each side, and the four picturesque ones at the angles of the building—the latter the feet of the gridiron—have a very good effect; but the best front is towards the mountain and not Madrid; and instead of there being a handsome portico towards the capital, there is only a blank wall projecting in a frightful manner, being, in fact, part of the handle of the gridiron.

Juan Bautista de Toledo, the original architect of the Escorial, who was born at Madrid, studied in Italy, where he designed the royal palace at Naples, and the celebrated street called after his name. In 1563, the first stone of this edifice was laid; but four years afterwards Juan died, and Herrera, his pupil, succeeded him for twelve years, when he also died; but the building was concluded about 1594, probably after the designs of Herrera. (2)

(1) See Sir Francis Head's Handbook and Mr. Sterling's work.

(2) The monastery, or the gridiron itself, is a parallelogram, of seven hundred and forty by five hundred and eighty feet; the palace, a handle affixed to one of the longer sides, projects about two hundred feet, and has a front of about one hundred and sixty feet; the four spires, or feet of the instrument, at the corners, are each two hundred feet high; the two spires rising above the entrance of

the church, which occupies the centre of the building, two hundred and seventy feet; and its crowning dome, three hundred and thirty feet, with an interior diameter of sixty-six feet; the height of the pediment over the grand portal in the principal or western front is one hundred and forty-five feet, and the general height of the masonry to the cornice, whence springs the high-pitched roof, sixty feet. The windows in the grand front exceed two hundred in number; those in the palace front are

The best *façade* is, as I have said, towards the mountain; and it is certainly, from its simplicity, rather handsome. Eight Doric columns, half built in the wall, sustaining a good cornice; and above these are four similar columns of the Ionic order, supporting a neat pediment. This is the principal entrance; and there are two others, one at each side.

The eleven thousand windows, which it is said these buildings contain, in honour of the eleven thousand virgins of Cologne (an assertion which certainly no one will take the trouble to verify), are all small and contemptible, and, being entirely without ornaments, give the building almost the appearance of a vast hospital; while the large edifices for the ministers which surround it are exactly like so many immense manufactories wanting chimneys, and could never have been designed by Herrera. The towers at the angles have picturesque roofs; but, on the whole, the exterior of the renowned Escorial has scarcely any other merit than its splendid situation and its simplicity, which may almost be called grandeur, arising from its straight lines; but which, carried to such an extent, become repulsively monotonous, and are almost destitute of architectural beauty. There is a regular routine for visiting the sights. The palace and Casa del Campo may be seen in an afternoon, the chapel about four o'clock, and the convent only in a morning. We went first to the palace. The galleries and courts representing the spaces between the bars of the gridiron are spacious and handsome, leading to a suite of rooms, which are mostly in a dilapidated condition, though they still contain some tolerable paintings. A Madonna and Child, by Alonso Cano, is good; a Crucifixion, by Giulio Romano; a portrait of Philip II., by Pantoja; an Adoration of the Magi, by Rubens; a Head of Christ, by Guido; a fine Landscape, by Salvator Rosa; St. Hermenegild and his wife and child, by Ribera, a very good painting; a Madonna and Child, they say by Rubens, but more like Vandyke; the Pope Innocent X. and his secretary, by Velasquez, is fine. They exhibit with great reverence the furniture of Philip II. The chairs he had made for his gouty foot, and the stains even on them, from the remedies he used; the oratory, in sight of the grand altar of the

three hundred and seventy-six; and the whole number of external windows in the building about eleven hundred.—*Sterling*, 172.

church, where he heard mass and died, clasping to his heart the veil of "Our Lady of Monserrat."

We then went into the Sala de las Batallas, so called from the battle-pieces painted in it by Granelo and Fabricio Castello, from an original chiaroscuro roll, a hundred and fifty feet long, which was found in the Alcazar of Segovia, (1) representing the Battle of Higue-ruela (1431), where John II. and Alvaro de Luna defeated the Moors, with a loss of thirty thousand killed and wounded. (2) The King and his General are seen going to the fight in armour, the trappings of their horses reaching to the ground. They are afterwards represented in the middle of the battle, Luna piercing a man and making others prisoners. Then there are representations of Santa Fé and Granada, and Moorish ladies, probably the party at Zubia, witnessing the conflict between the Moors and the Christians. There is also in this gallery, by the same artists, a picture of the celebrated battle of St. Quintin, fought 10th August, 1557, the day of St. Lorenzo, when, as the Duke of Braganza said, Philip must have been in an awful fright if nothing less than the Escorial would satisfy the vow he then made to his patron saint, to build a church, a monastery and a palace. The vow cost millions, and Philip's victory was almost useless; for instead of taking advantage of the alarm in France and marching to Paris, he lost his time besieging St. Quintin. (3) There is also a representation of the fleet going to Lepanto, and that naval engagement. These paintings are very badly executed, and only interesting for the historical subjects, and as portraits of the men and manners of the time.

The gallery is handsome, and the roof painted with arabesques. We rambled through a great many apartments covered with tapestry, the colours remarkably bright, and sometimes pleasing; and saw four rooms, which are splendidly decorated with marquetry of the choicest woods, tortoise-shell ornaments inlaid with gold, rich furniture, and arabesque paintings. They say the workmen were forty-six years in finishing this suite, and that they cost fifty eight millions of reals (above half a million sterling).

We then went to the Casa del Campo, a little palace, built for Charles IV. when a prince. The architecture is wretched, the

(1) See Handbook, p. 471.

(2) Vida de Don Alvaro de Luna Quintana, vol. ii., p. 65.

(3) See Handbook, p. 810.

rooms small, and the walls covered with paintings, but almost all bad. I observed a St. John and the Lamb, which they say is by Murillo, but it appeared to me more like Ribalta; it is, however, a good painting; a tolerable Benvenuto Garofalo; a little Albert Durer, representing Christ addressing the Multitude on the Mount; the Miracle of the Loaves and Fishes; a Garden Scene, by Rubens; some China figures and *bas-reliefs*, which were not bad; but, wearied with looking at insipid Bourbons and vile daubs, it was refreshing to turn to even copies of the loggie painted by Raphael in the Vatican.

Passing the portico of the principal *façade*, we entered the Patio de los Reyes, so called from six statues of Judah, seventeen feet high, which decorate the front of the church, but are not remarkable as works of art. This large court, and the buildings at the sides, are plain-looking, with an immense number of windows. The church is ornamented with a portico, formed of six Doric columns, forming five arches, leading into the interior, which is very simple and very grand, where indeed we may recognise the genius of Herrera, and the effect of the entrance is increased by the darkness of the ante-room. The form of the church is a Greek cross, with three naves, and Mr. Ford says it is three hundred and twenty feet long by two hundred and thirty wide, and three hundred and twenty feet high to the top of the cupola, which is sustained by four fine circular arches, that spring from simple cornices, resting on piers ornamented with fluted Doric pilasters. Many of the frescoes of the roof are by Luca Giordano, but they are all too yellow and bright with vivid blue tints, not harmonizing well with the simple grey granite; the pavement is of plain black and white marble, and very appropriate. The retablo of the grand altar is extremely handsome; and certainly, for its architecture, one of the best I have seen in Spain, and does more credit to Philip's Italian artists than any other of their works in this church. In the centre is a handsome-looking tabernacle, with three fluted jasper columns on each side; the Doric capitals, bases, and triglyphs of the cornice are gilt; the six columns above are Ionic, and the four above these Corinthian, as are also the two at the top, supporting a pediment. On the upper row is a crucifix and gilt figures of Saints; and there are also ten others in two rows. The space between the columns is filled up with paintings; those in the lower row are by Pelegrino Tibaldi,

the others are by Zuccaro; but none of them of much merit; Christ at the Column is the best. The porticos of the oratories at the side are also beautifully ornamented with jasper columns; and above are most interesting bronze-gilt painted kneeling figures, representing Charles V., his wife Isabel, his daughter Maria, and his sisters Eleanora and Maria; and on the opposite side, Philip II., his three wives, and his son Don Carlos.

In the chapels there are some good pictures, especially those by El Mudo, who was an admirable painter. Philip, long after his death, might well say that none of his foreign artists equalled his dumb Spaniard; and, as Lope de Vega said of him, "*Ningun rostro pinto que fuese Mudo*," (No countenance he painted that was dumb.) (1)

Juan Fernandez Navarrete, surnamed El Mudo, was born at Lagrono in 1526, and died at Toledo in 1579. He studied in Italy, and is called the Spanish Titian, a title he deserves, from the grandeur of his compositions rather than from the similarity of his colouring. His works are chiefly to be seen here; indeed, I have seen none elsewhere, except two or three of much less merit in the Madrid gallery. It is strange, and deeply to be regretted, that a Court, which thus acknowledged the merit of one deserving artist, who was in truth incomparably superior to the Italians, brought here at a great expense to disfigure the building, did not look round for native merit. Joanes, the Spanish Raphael, died at Valencia the same year as El Mudo; and the divine Morales lived seven years longer in neglected poverty in Estramadura; had the services of these two great painters been secured, this church would indeed have been a museum of art.

St. James and St. Andrew, by El Mudo, are remarkably fine figures, the heads very expressive, the colouring rich, and the drawing bold. St. Jerome, by Zuccaro, is very good. St. Matthew and St. Bernard, by El Mudo, are excellent. St. Bernard and St. Benito, by Coello, are very nicely coloured and very fine. St. Francis and St. Domingo, by Juan Gomez, a scholar of Velasquez, are much in the style of El Greco. St. Matthew and Mary Magdalene, by the same artist, are very well done. St. Antonio and St. Paul, the raven bringing them food, by Alonso Sanchez Coello, the Velasquez of the Court of Philip II., is a very fine painting.

(1) Sterling, p. 250.

St. Sebastian and another Saint are good. The Martyrdom of St. Just, by Juan Gomez, exhibits very fair colouring, but the drawing is confused. The Four Evangelists, in two opposite chapels, by El Mudo, are extremely fine, and the boy in one particularly graceful. The Annunciation, by Zuccaro, is pleasing. St. Santiago, very grand, by El Mudo.

The choir contains some carved columns, and some curious choral books, with very massive bindings, embossed with brass ornaments, but not containing many pictures. The frescoes in the choir are very bad, and still worse in the cloisters, which are decorated with Doric pilasters, and are large and lofty, though not very remarkable for their architecture.

The principal staircase is plain and handsome, but the immense fresco on the roof is very indifferent, and so are the others on the walls. They represent the battle of St. Quintin; the fresco on the roof is called La Gloria, from an immense gloria or apotheosis of St. Lorenzo by Luca Giordano, by Luca fa Presto, as he may well be called, to have covered this enormous space in seven months. This poor artist, weak in his compositions, and chalky, ineffective in his colouring, was brought here from Naples by the King—a present of fifteen hundred ducats made to him, all the expenses of his journey and living paid, a pension of two hundred crowns a month assigned to him, and large prices also given for his works, which was requisite; for, as he used to say, he had three sorts of pencils, of gold, of silver, and of wood, and he made his pictures tally with his prices. Two priests were in attendance upon him, to explain to him the manner of treating sacred subjects which was permitted in Spain, and the Prior wrote an account to the King of what Luca fa Presto had done. On one occasion, he wrote thus: “Sire, your Giordano has painted this day about twelve figures thrice as large as life. To these he has added the powers and dominions, with the proper angels, cherubs, and seraphim, and clouds to support the same. The two doctors of divinity have not answers ready for all his questions, and their tongues are too slow to keep pace with the speed of his brush,” (1) and yet this is the divinity who is still worshipped by the modern schools of painting in Spain.

The upper cloister contains some pictures. A Christ at the Column, by El Mudo, is very

good. The patio is extremely beautiful, ornamented in the centre with a handsome domed tabernacle, with Doric columns, statues, and four fountains and ponds, around which are beds of box cut into quaint shapes and figures.

The view from the cloisters, looking towards the mountains, over the charming terrace, is very fine.

The ante-room of the sacristia is decorated with arabesques, and also the sacristia, which is a very handsome room. The Forma of Coello at the end is a very good painting; the draperies are excellent, and the heads are admirably drawn, but it has been very much injured by restorers. There are other works of art, worth observing; a Christ bearing the Cross, by Guido; several fine Riberas; Job with his Sheep is very good; a Dead Christ, exhibiting fine effect of light and shadow; a St. Francis, in a grand attitude, is also by the same master. Heaven, Hell, and Purgatory, by El Greco, did not please me, though thought much of here.

We were admitted, the next morning, to the room behind the Coello in the sacristia, where the celebrated Forma, the miraculous wafer, which bled when trampled upon by Zwinglian heretics, is preserved in a gilt-bronze urn, and two gilt angels are represented as guarding it from danger; above are suspended the banners and trophies taken at St. Quintin, and the walls and floors of this little sanctuary are covered with beautiful marbles.

Our guide then conducted us to the Sala Capitular, the roof of which is rather prettily decorated, but the treasures of art which it once contained are now almost all in the museum at Madrid. The second room is decorated in a Raphaelesque style, and contains some fine Tintoretos; especially a Martha washing our Saviour's feet. In the third room is a St. Jerome, the best of two Titians, and a good Nativity by Ribera—the Madonna beautiful, and the head of the old woman, with a basket of flowers, is very fine.

In the chapel there are some paintings. A San Lorenzo, by Titian; this painting has been badly restored lately, but the saint is a fine figure. There is also a good Nativity by the same master; some hard paintings by Bosco; a Nativity, by Ribera, very fine; Christ bearing the Cross, by El Greco, and a very excellent Holy Family, by Ribera, similar to one in the museum at Toledo. The Last Supper, by Titian, to my great disap-

(1) Sterling, vol. i., 383.

pointment, was locked up in the refectory, the custode ill in bed, and would not part with the keys.

We descended by a beautiful staircase of jasper and marbles into the Panteon, which is situated under the high altar of the church, in order that the dead may benefit from the daily elevation of the Host at the different masses, for which they all paid so liberally. The Panteon is an octagon thirty-six feet in diameter, and thirty-eight feet high, and the twenty-six niches with black marble urns are destined only for kings and the mothers of kings. It is a splendid mausoleum; the marbles, porphyry, and jasper are so rich and beautiful, and the designs in good taste; but there is a repulsive chilliness which mocks the magnificence of the sculpture. Not a ray of light or sunshine can penetrate this dark abode, and it was only by the light of a flickering torch we could distinguish the names inscribed on the classic urns. There were many—especially that of Charles V., who really lies here—which make the memory busy with the past, and kindle deep reflections. There is another mausoleum called *El Panteon de los Infantes*, for the rest of the royal family, which is not shown, and, they say, not worth seeing.

We then ascended the dome, and on our way had opportunities of examining better the architecture of the church, and the frescoes, which are chalky and very displeasing. That the King should have employed, at an enormous expense, such feeble foreigners, when so many better artists were starving in the country, reflects little credit on his taste or patriotism. The view from the summit is very fine of the wild and beautiful woods and picturesque mountains, and then the foreground is so interesting! The town looks like an immense barrack, and is very ugly; but the towers and high roofs of the Escorial, and the beautiful Court of the Evangelists, with its cloisters, ornamented with Doric and Ionic columns, are imposing; and the gardens, with their stiff beds of well-trimmed box planted in quaint shapes, form a striking contrast to the wildness and natural woods around. We were shown in the choir the corner-seat where Philip II. was in the habit of sitting—a fit place for reflecting on his eventful life, and contemplating the beautiful church, of which he might well be proud—and we then went into an adjoining chapel, and saw a Christ in white marble, by Benvenuto Cellini; the head is fine,

though the hair falls too much over the forehead; the body appears rather long; the legs, from the knees downward, very good; but the proportions did not appear to me to be very correct, though this impression may be caused from its being impossible to get at a proper distance from it.

Lastly, we visited the library, which is a splendid room, nearly two hundred feet long. The Doric book-cases are very handsome, but the roof is wretchedly painted by Tibaldi; his paintings, representing Philosophy and Theology, are better than the others, but his drawing is exaggerated, and his colouring bad. This artist was born, in 1522, at Valdelia, a village near Milan, and was brought, with many others, to Spain by Philip II. The historical frescoes of Carducci underneath, benefiting, perhaps, from the contrast, are tolerably good. The Council of Nice, Geometry, the division of the Delta of the Nile, the Indian Philosophers, the Conversion of St. Augustin, and the School of Athens, and also the decorations between these paintings, are pleasing.

They show a beautiful Old Testament of the eleventh century, with letters of gold, containing some paintings, the outlines of which are good, but they are hard, and not well coloured. They will also show, if asked for, an exquisite Koran, tastefully decorated; indeed, there is scarcely a design in the Alhambra more beautiful than the one which adorns the title-page.

The most interesting painting in the library is that of Philip II., a pale, emaciated, and care-worn old man, on the threshold of eternity, about to bid adieu to all his grandeur and renown—to his artists, to his Escorial, the magnificent toy of his declining years, and to all his wealth and immense power. It looks like one who had felt the vanity of earthly successes, of even such victories as St. Quintin and Lepanto, and of all the magnificent architectural dreams he had lived long enough to realize; and like one who had also experienced the bitterness of reverses, the Armada defeated, the fleet destroyed, and the resources of even his immense empire exhausted. As long as it remains at the Escorial, this will, I think, be considered one of the most interesting portraits in the world.

I have endeavoured to give some idea of the Escorial in its present state, but it is impossible to describe the dismal solitariness of these now deserted courts and buildings; they say that there are a dozen chaplains for

the service of the church, but not a single monk, priest, scholar, or servant even, belonging to the establishment did I see, except the very few officially employed. One cannot but feel some sympathy for the thousands of decrepid old friars and nuns who have been turned out of the convents of Spain into a world where they had often neither relations or friends, with a miserable pittance allowed them by Government, totally inadequate for their subsistence, even if regularly paid; many who had enjoyed the ease and comfort of these splendid institutions absolutely obliged to beg their bread. The priestcraft which created the Escorial—for, in all probability, the bigot Philip was but their tool—never contemplated that an edifice resembling the palace temples of ancient Thebes in its enormous size would rival those mighty ruins in solitariness, though not in magnificence. There is, however, a singular elasticity in the Roman Church which has enabled it to recover from severer blows than this, and as the priests are slowly re-establishing their power in Spain, it is not impossible that this palace-convent may again be crowded with monks and scholars.

CHAPTER XXIX.

Pass of the Guadarrama.—La Granja.—Palace Gardens.—Segovia.—Cathedral.—The Alcazar.—San Esteban.—San Martin.—The Roman Aqueduct.—Picturesque old Streets.—Journey to Valladolid.

WE started at twelve o'clock from the Escorial on horseback, not a carriage or *calèche* even to be procured. We left Madrid with the intention of going to Avila, but the weather was so unsettled, it was impossible to venture with a lady on such a long mountain-ride over a bad road. It was raining a little when we started for La Granja, and they thought us bold to think of crossing the Guadarrama with such a threatening sky; but the weather had been so indifferent lately, we had no hope of anything better, and the road being magnificent, we ventured, and it turned out a beautiful evening.

In two hours we passed the village of Guadarrama, and in another hour a little village called Molinas. We then began the ascent of the range of mountains; the views were splendid, and every minute became finer and finer; of picturesque rocks, a grand outline of mountains, rich woods, and the beautiful plain in the distance; the pine-clad summits we afterwards crossed were perfectly Alpine, and the snow not quite melted. We were

three hours in reaching the little hut where we began to descend. The view on the Granja side is equally magnificent—a wide valley, covered with fine pines, and the mountains around also clad with noble trees, except the grey granite heights of the Guadarrama partly covered with snow. This is certainly the finest pass I have seen in Spain, and would be admired even in Switzerland.

In two hours we reached La Granja, or San Ildefonso, the admirably constructed road descending through the splendid forest of pines as gradually as it had ascended. Water was not entirely wanting to the views we enjoyed to-day, as we heard almost continually a wild roaring amidst the rocks and woods, and occasionally saw the silvery torrent dashing along, especially at the bridge, an hour before arriving at La Granja, and, even when screened by its rocky bed and the luxuriant foliage, it was fine to hear the noise of this mountain river, swollen now more than usual by the late heavy rains. The palace would have been worthy of its reputation if it had been built amongst the pine-clad valleys, a few miles from where it is the site would then have been magnificent; but although the picturesque hill, covered with wood behind the gardens, and the snowy Penalara beyond, eight thousand five hundred feet high, are very fine, the view on the other side is extremely barren, and the low brushwood looks very miserable, especially after passing the forests of the Guadarrama. The architecture also of this palace is not very remarkable. You first pass two long piles of buildings, with towers at each end. These lead into a large plaza with three sides, consisting of two ranges of offices, and in the centre are the royal apartments. The chapel, ornamented with a cupola, and two domed towers, and two other towers with rather picturesque roofs, decorate the *façade*.

The garden front is by far the best, consisting of two floors, with large windows, the ornaments of which are good. In the centre division, they are divided by high Corinthian pilasters, supporting a lofty and ugly pediment, decorated with indifferent statues. The wings of the building are ornamented with Doric columns on the ground floor, and Ionic on the first. The rooms which are occupied by the Queen are handsome, especially three which were fitted up last year;—one a boudoir, covered with flowers, is very beautiful, and shows she has a taste for elegance and luxury. The views from the

rooms are of the barren plain—indeed, it would be difficult to find a country residence with a more uninteresting prospect.

The King's apartments are much superior, the furniture is more beautiful, the rooms are larger, the floors are covered with marble; and the views are charming of the garden, the fountains, and the fine range of snow-clad mountains. One does not know whether to praise the disinterestedness of the Sovereigns who could strip the rooms they live in of the treasures of art they once possessed, or blame the Princes who, with splendid fortunes, live surrounded with daubs, with scarcely a painting which, if they have any taste, they could look at with pleasure. Even in the picture gallery there was hardly a decent painting. I observed a Coronation of the Virgin on metal, which appeared to be by Rubens; some Bassanos, which were not bad; and two equestrian statues of the son of Philip V. and his wife. In one of the rooms there were some little views taken by the present King, who is said to rise at four and five o'clock, and amuse himself with painting landscapes, but I cannot say with much success. In the gallery below there were some Bassanos, some wretched sculpture, and tolerable casts.

These apartments are paved with marble, and used for dancing by the gay Isabella; and at the end of the suite is a large saloon, which is the supper-room.

The gardens are said to have cost an immense sum, but are not to be compared to Aranjuez, consisting entirely of straight stiff avenues; and the fountains, many of which are worthy of admiration, are much injured by the green colouring on the figures and ornaments—a wretched imitation of bronze. The isolated figures in the ground, also painted green, are bad enough; but the mixture of green and white is detestable. The Baths of Diana, with the sculpture around the fountain, would be very good, if it were not for some of the ornaments being thus bronzed. La Plaza de las Ocho Calles, with eight avenues and as many fountains, distant views of others, and the statue of Pandora in the centre, is very pretty. The fountain of Andromeda is also well done. It was, however, almost a relief to get out of the stiff French avenues, and walk through the natural brushwood to the large piece of water, the reservoir for the fountains, where the view of the mountains is very fine; indeed, few natural lakes can boast of such a land-

scape. The flowers-gardens are not worth seeing.

This is a cool spot, even in the hottest weather, being three thousand eight hundred and forty feet above the level of the sea; and late at night we felt it cold, as we dined at ten o'clock; and well we might, as the panes of our window were broken, and the dinner at the Fonda de la Viscaina was but cheerless, though our beds were clean.

We left La Granja at twelve o'clock on mules, and in a short time came in sight of the dome of the cathedral of Segovia, a picturesque old town; some of the streets and groups of houses are charming, and the plaza one of the most curious in Spain, affording finer subjects for the painter than even the Zocodover of Toledo. The buildings vary in height, and many of them are built entirely of wood, and rotten and tottering; lateral pressure alone appearing to prevent their falling into the plaza. It was fortunately market-day, being the eve of the grand *fête* of Corpus Christi, and the plaza was crowded with people—noble-looking fellows, in picturesque costumes.

A fine contrast to these old dilapidated houses is the east end of the stately cathedral, rising behind them, with its numerous pinnacles and rich fret-work. This is the only fine part of the exterior, the west end being very plain. Nothing can be more striking than the interior, with its lofty pointed arches, and the extraordinary character of lightness and elegance such an immense pile possesses. It is divided into three lofty naves, and almost all the windows are of richly painted glass. The roof is beautifully groined, and the upper part of the dome is excellent. The iron railings which surround the high altar are very elegant, but the altar itself is poor, though the retablo is ornamented with four jasper columns. Before the grand altar was a beautiful custodia of silver, so bright that at a distance it looked like crystal. It is very exquisitely executed, and was resting on an elegant gilt car, for the procession of Corpus Domini tomorrow. The stalls in the choir are carved, to correspond with the pointed architecture of the church, and the pulpit is of marble, with some pretty *bas-reliefs*, and looks well. The west front of the choir is unusually handsome; the statues which adorn it tolerable, and the marbles extremely rich and beautiful.

In the Capilla de la Pieta is a Dead Christ,

by Juan de Juni, surrounded by six figures, some of which are very fine; but the Magdalene, with both arms spread out, is not good. The garments of these figures are painted with the richness of Paul Veronese.

The pavement of the cathedral is of black, white, and salmon-coloured marbles, diamond pattern, and very handsome. In the room leading into the cloisters is a fine tomb of Diego de Cavarrubias, ob. 1576; the expression of the venerable prelate is very grand. The cloisters belonged to the old cathedral, and having been pulled down, were put up again in 1524, when the present building was begun; but no one would suppose that they had been disturbed. There is a curious ancient painting, much injured, but not badly executed, representing Maria Saltos, a frail Jewess, sentenced for adultery to be flung from a rock, and, having invoked the Virgin, she is represented in a halo of glory coming to her assistance, as Maria is falling to the ground. Her tomb is underneath the painting.

In a room adjoining the cloisters we saw the sepulchre of Don Pedro, the son of Henry II., who fell from a window of the Alcazar, in 1366. His little hands are folded on his sword, which lies between his legs; but the gilding which covered the sarcophagus is now nearly worn off.

The Sala Capitular contains a richly-decorated roof, a neat chapel, and a good portrait of St. Carlo Borromeo praying before a Dead Christ. The frescoes in this room are chalky, and very bad. Over the altar of the chapel is an excellent painting on marble, representing the Adoration of the Magi; the figures and horses are very good, and the colouring excellent.

The tower of the cathedral is three hundred and twenty feet high, and the cathedral itself being built on the top of a hill, it has a fine effect at a distance.

We then went to the Alcazar, and from the terrace had an extensive view. We saw the Parral, once a wealthy Jeronomite convent; but the Governor now keeps the key, and it is a bother of hours to get into it; they say it contains some fine tombs, and the tower is picturesque. We saw also the Casa de Moneda, where the national coinage used to be struck, and the church of Villa Crux, built in 1204 by the Templars, with its circular arched entrance—the most ancient church in Segovia.

The Alcazar itself—the prison of Gil Blas—

is the great object of attraction, built on a rock, rising precipitately above the river, with a high roof and round towers with spires, but the extremely picturesque tower, with its twelve turrets, is best worth attention. The walls are covered with a Moorish circular decoration, which relieves the dead space. The Alcazar is now an artillery college, and we had great difficulty in obtaining permission to see the throne and the reception rooms, the roofs of which are Moorish and magnificently gilt; the different ornaments, columns and stalactite decorations are extremely rich.

We then went to the tower of San Esteban, which is ornamented with five rows of arches, some pointed and others circular, and at the foot of it is an open corridor, with Saxon arches resting on double columns with enormous capitals. The church of San Martin has also an open corridor, with similar columns and very curious capitals, and some of the circular arches, with Saxon ornaments, are still remaining. In the interior is a fine old tomb of a knight in armour, Don Rodrigo del Rio, and the tomb of Gonzalo Herrera and his wife is also curious. Last but not least of the sights of Segovia is the magnificent aqueduct, one of the finest Roman remains in Spain. Mariana says Toledo was founded by Hispalo, and the aqueduct also built by him; but he adds, more probably by Trajan, or at least it was erected in the time of his reign. Compared to the flimsy, tumble-down, though picturesque houses around it, one would imagine this to be the work of giants. It is perfectly simple, yet, from the immense size and the correct proportions, there is an imposing grandeur about it, which is truly magnificent.

There are no buildings near to the Pont du Gard and the aqueduct of Tarragona, and therefore there is nothing to compare them with, except the still higher hills adjoining; but here, in the centre of low houses, arches of such a prodigious height may well be thought by a superstitious people to be the work of the devil, and we cannot be surprised at their being incredulous at Trajan having had anything to do with their erection. The grey granite stones are some of them very large, and no cement is used. There are two rows of arches, the lower row alone varying in height as the aqueduct spans the valley. It is this part which is so very picturesque and so very grand—buttress rising upon buttress, the centre arches of the lower row

being above a hundred feet from the ground, and the views through them are strikingly picturesque of the curious old buildings with wood-work in the front, like some of our ancient farms in England, and houses over corridors, almost tumbling down, and propped up with a singular variety of rustic columns. The view of the Parish of San Salvador from one point is very remarkable, with the picturesque tower of San Just with its circular arches; and beyond the grand aqueduct, the eternal monument of Roman power, and the Prout-like groups of houses, the fine range of the Guadarrama rises proudly, covered with snow.

We had a delightful ramble over this picturesque old city; every street is a picture, and deserves visiting over and over again. The Plaza de la Constitucion and all about the Plaza de la Merced, beneath the aqueduct, are charming; there is nothing like them in Spain. The inn at Segovia is also of the time of the Moors. The tower has a machicolated battlement, and the walls are covered with Moorish ornaments. Our dinner was good, and, though the rooms have not a pleasant appearance, the beds were clean.

We were told at Segovia we should go to St. Raphael, the nearest point to Segovia on the road from Madrid to Valladolid. The unsettled state of the weather had induced us to abandon our visit to Avila, and we now unfortunately gave up seeing the waters playing at La Granja, and the procession of Corpus Christi, which, even in this small town, would have been worth staying for, and shortened our stay in Segovia, thinking that on the great *fête* day we should be certain to find places in the diligence to Valladolid.

We started at five o'clock in a *coche de colleras*—a kind of rustic Lord Mayor's coach, with a great many glass windows, and the wood part formerly gaily painted; but time had almost destroyed the decorations, or it would have looked much grander than the equipages in the fine painting by Velasquez in the National Gallery, which in form it rather resembled. Our team consisted of three mules. In two hours we passed the village of Obro, two and a half leagues from Segovia; the country uninteresting, but the views extremely wild and extensive. Our route lay amongst boulders of grey granite, and sometimes we were jolted considerably in crossing them, to the great danger of our

rickety old carriage; and often the streams had torn up the road, and it was difficult to pass. I was surprised at their asking me at Segovia an apparently exorbitant price for one day's journey, especially as there was a lively competition for the job; but the danger to the frail vehicle on such a road as this was, no doubt, taken into consideration.

We arrived at ten o'clock at St. Raphael, situate on a plain adjoining some pretty rocky hills, clothed with pines. We there found that we had been misinformed at Segovia; and that the diligence, instead of passing at eleven, would not arrive until four in the afternoon. The landlord informed us that there was no doubt we should find places, and unfortunately we allowed our coach to return to Segovia. We waited patiently, and got a miserable dinner; but great was our disappointment when we found the diligence was quite full. We then regretted we had not driven or ridden to Olmedo, ten leagues from Segovia; and we should then have only had eight leagues to go to Valladolid. They said we should have no chance of finding places in the courier; and our disgust was not a little increased, finding towards night bugs crawling on the walls. Taking advantage of our difficulty, they asked an ounce (3*l*. 7*s*.) each for horses without saddles, or a tolerable substitute for them, to Olmedo, one of two days' journey to Valladolid; and the men who made the offer had a bad appearance, and seemed quite capable of helping themselves to any other ounces we might have in our possession. Rather than submit to this imposition, being more than ten times what they ought to have asked, or take the chance of next day's diligence, and, in either case, be obliged to pass a night with the bugs, I hailed a galera which was passing; and we got in at nine o'clock at night, agreeing with the mayoral that he should stop the courier at midnight, and we should quit him if there was room.

Our travelling companions in the galera proved to be two of the rudest, though decently dressed, Spaniards I ever met with, unwilling to yield half of our fair share of the conveyance. One had his mother, who made herself as comfortable as she could, stretching herself out, and taking twice the space she was entitled to; and the other had his wife, and a sickly child who was almost always crying. These were not the only passengers, for I heard in the night an extraordinary noise, not quite human, and yet I

could not make out what it was; when over me bounded a big animal, which turned out to be a huge dog, vomiting from having eaten too much supper, or from the motion of the cart jogging down the hills, enough to make anything sick. The galera has often a dog sleeping in the loose net underneath, between the wheels, to protect it from marauders, but this one belonged to the Spaniards, and was apparently unaccustomed to travelling.

When the courier passed us, every place was full, so there was no chance of relief from our prison. At a little after daylight we stopped at a venta, where all our fellow-travellers took a glass of raw aniseed brandy and a piece of bread, which lasted them till their eleven o'clock breakfast; and then such messes they eat as English eyes rarely behold. We got some eggs, the never-failing resource in Spain.

We arrived at Olmedo at six o'clock, and reposed there in a decent posada until midnight. No horses or better vehicle was to be got there, and the road being excellent, and the motion of the galera bearable, we would not risk waiting for the diligence, which, as it turned out, was full again when it passed. We had an unpleasant night of it. One of the Spaniards, stretching out his legs, disturbed me continually; and at last, in removing his feet, less softly perhaps than I had done three times before, I knocked off his shoe. He awoke, and, finding it gone, thought I had pitched it out of the galera, as he certainly deserved, flew into a furious rage, and, being supported by his friend, would have attempted some violence, if I had not shown him the muzzle of a pocket-pistol I carry in my pocket, which calmed him wonderfully.

We were glad to arrive at nine o'clock at Valladolid, and escape from the galera—"Que diable allais-je faire dans cette galère." It is a great drawback to travelling in Spain, that there is no posting, and so few public conveyances, that it is dangerous to run the risk of finding seats; and yet it is impossible, in making a tour of this description, to say when one will be at a certain place, and, therefore, useless to take them before leaving Madrid. We ought to have taken the old coach from Segovia to Valladolid, although such slow travelling, not quicker than on horseback, is wretched work in such an uninteresting country as Castile. From St. Raphael to Valladolid, we saw nothing but

flat uninteresting plains, badly cultivated, wretched crops and mud-built villages, occasionally a little relieved by distant views of mountains.

Some of the women near St. Raphael and towards Valladolid wear yellow, others crimson petticoats, and very large straw bonnets; and we met occasionally picturesque groups of Galicians, migrating, for the summer months, to earn a few hard dollars, to make their mountain-homes more comfortable; and some Maragatos, from the hills near Astorga, with slouching hats, leathern jackets and belts, and black breeches, made very full to the knees, and tight below, like the Nizam costume in Egypt and Turkey.

CHAPTER XXX.

Valladolid Cathedral.—University.—La Antigua.—Los Agustinos.—Descalzas Reales.—Parroquia de la Magdalena.—Las Huelgas.—Santa Maria de las Angustias.—The Palace of Philip III.—San Pablo.—Colegio de San Gregorio.—San Lorenzo.—Santa Cruz.—The English College.—The Museum.—Streets and Shops.—Promenades.—Excursion to Simancas.

VALLADOLID was called by the Moors Beled Walid, and was often the favourite residence of sovereigns, especially of John II. and Charles V. Since Madrid was made the metropolis, it does not appear to have declined so much in wealth and prosperity as other cities in Spain, the population being now twenty-four thousand, nearly half the number it contained in the days of its prosperity. What time had spared, the French invasion effected; and immense treasures of art and splendid architectural buildings were plundered or destroyed; and although the town appears to be reviving, the confiscation of the Church property will prevent the restoration of many buildings far too beautiful and too interesting to be allowed to perish entirely; but it is probable that measure may ultimately be more beneficial to Valladolid than many other cities in Spain, which do not possess so much capital, industry, and enterprise, and such a rich neighbourhood.

The appearance of Valladolid is anything but imposing at a distance, and does not, like Toledo, convey the idea of having been, at any time, an important place—the residence of princes, the capital of the empire. The entrance through the Campo Grande, a wide open space, surrounded with large buildings, convents, and palaces, is, however, fine; and soon the picturesque appearance of the plaza and other streets kindles

an interest which the exterior of the city does not promise.

When there is a cathedral, everybody begins with that. The *façade* is simple and elegant, if it were not for three churrigueresque ornaments on the upper part, which injure the simplicity of the design. Four half-Doric columns ornament the lower part. Herrera's plan was to have had four towers, but only one was completed, which fell nine years ago. The interior is simple, and yet grand. Four noble arches on each side divide the church into three aisles. The beautiful grey stone is whitewashed here and there, which injures the effect; yet still it is fine, and proves how much more imposing are correct architectural proportions than gorgeous gilding and tasteless over-ornamental decorations.

The rail before the choir is handsome, but too lofty; and near the high altar was a gilt car, used in the procession of the Corpus Domini, and on it a silver custodia, executed by Juan d'Arphe, and considered his masterpiece. The largest figures are Adam and Eve, under a tree in front; the face of Eve is not well executed, but Adam's is much better. The smaller *bas-reliefs*, representing various Biblical subjects, have all the delicacy of Benvenuto Cellini; and this custodia exhibits greater simplicity than usual, fewer plateresque decorations, the beautiful fluted Doric and Ionic columns not being destroyed by an overabundance of ornaments. The Assumption, over the high altar, by Zacarias Velasquez, is not particularly good, but the Virgin's attitude is fine. There is a Transfiguration, by Luca Giordano, in one of the chapels, which is not bad, especially the Apostles in the foreground; and in a chapel on the right, on entering, are two interesting tombs, one of the founder of the church, a good-looking old gentleman and his lady, both kneeling, with hands clasped; opposite to him is a reverend prelate, in the same attitude.

The best painting in the church is a Crucifixion. Our Saviour and also the thieves are cleverly drawn; the Virgin weeping is very well done, and the figures in the foreground are fine, though somewhat exaggerated.

The great curiosity of the cathedral is el Cristo de la Cepa (the Christ of the Vine Stock), preserved in a beautiful small silver custodia, with spiral columns; a Christian and a Jew disputing in a vineyard about the Divinity of Christ—the Jew said, "I will be-

lieve you, when the Messiah comes out of this vine." The image, it is said, instantly appeared, and was given to the convent in 1415 by the Primate of Toledo. It is about eight inches long. The head of Christ has certainly a human appearance, but with long rough hair, whiskers and beard; and below the head is the resemblance of a body, resting upon a gilt hoof; and above our Saviour is a piece of the tree.

The University is vilely churrigueresque, though the animals on the columns in front are rather quaint.

The church called the Antigua was built in the eleventh century, and has a tower ornamented with three rows of arches, two of which are Saxon. The architecture of the interior is not remarkable. The altar or retablo, carved on wood, and painted by Juni, is very fine. The knees of the Christ on the Cross are raised too high, but beneath is a grand group, with the Virgin swooning with agony. St. Ann in a niche below is very good; also the figures on each side. St. Lucia and St. Barbara, especially the latter. The large Apostles beneath are excellent, and several of the small *bas-reliefs*, which cover the rest of the retablo, are well executed; but some of the figures are exaggerated in their attitudes, though very many of the heads are exceedingly fine. There is also an image of the Virgin, which is not bad.

In the chapel of the Cancellaria are some curious old paintings of Saints, with gold glories around their heads, which are well worth observing. The figure of an old man resting on his staff is excellent.

The *façade* of the Agustinos, now a ruin, is good, but the capitals are too heavy. The portal of San Benito, with its pointed arches and Doric pilasters, is fine. This once-splendid convent is now a barrack. A soldier observing me looking at it, and writing a line on my tablets, called out the guard, and ordered me to stand. An officer soon appeared, who happened to have a few grains more sense than many of his countrymen in this strange land, and even blushed for the absurdity, when I made a joke of the mischief I had committed; otherwise I might have experienced the misery of a Spanish prison, as many have done for this offence. La Aduana Vieja has a neat Corinthian portal, and a tower on each side.

The church of the Descalzas Reales contains a fine Corinthian retablo. The paintings above the grand altar, of the Assump-

tion and Coronation of the Virgin, are by Matias Blasco, who painted here early in the seventeenth century. The Virgin in the Coronation is very beautiful, and the figures in the foreground of the Assumption are excellent for their drawing and also colouring. Some of the others are good specimens of Vincencio Carducci, especially the Annunciation, the Flight into Egypt, and the Marriage of Joseph. The Virgin in the Annunciation is a well-drawn figure, full of expression, and certainly these are the best paintings I have seen of this master, exhibiting considerable boldness in the drawing, and great breadth of colouring. Santa Clara, the Madonna and Child, and the Saints below, are by Arsenio Mascagni, and are powerfully drawn, but not well coloured.

The church, called La Parroquia de la Magdalena, built in 1570, consists of one aisle, with a finely-groined roof. The Corinthian retablo is considered the master-piece of Esteban Jordan, a sculptor also in the service of Philip II. The carved figures of the Apostles below are very good, and the Transfiguration in the centre remarkably well done. The Ascension of the Virgin above the altar is beautiful, and another figure of the Madonna is excellent. Opposite the altar is an interesting tomb, also by Jordan, of the Bishop-founder, Pedro de Gasca, who was sent by Charles V. to restrain the excesses of Pizarro. He is represented lying in his robes, with his book and crosier in his arms; the head is well executed, but his countenance is not expressive of the best temper in the world, such as he is said to have possessed.

Gasca was one of the most remarkable men Spain ever produced. With only a staff in his hand—without an army, fleet, or money—he went out as President of Peru, at a period that portion of the New World was in open rebellion, under Gonzalo Pizarro, and in four years, by an extraordinary suavity of manners, great common sense, and a union of tact and firmness, he recovered an empire almost lost to the Spanish throne, restored the poor Indians to comparative freedom, and returned home with a fleet laden with treasure for the Emperor, but as poor himself as he went, having even rejected presents of plate and immense sums of gold from the grateful Indians and colonists, satisfied with the reward that had been promised him of a mitre in his native land. (1)

(1) See Prescott's Peru, vol. ii., p. 201.

In an adjoining chapel is a carved figure of a Magdalene, which is very well done.

In the church De las Huelgas Reales the retablo is by Hernandez, and very fine. The Assumption of the Virgin, at the top, is good; the Ascension, beneath the latter, is truly exquisite—so much beauty and such deep expression—the cherubs are also delicately and charmingly carved. St. Bernard on his knees, with his hands stretched out, receiving our Saviour from the Cross, is admirable. The other Saints are well executed, especially St. John. The Adoration of the Kings is the best of the paintings, said to be by Zuccaro; but they are hard, and the colouring not good. Opposite the grand altar is an imposing alabaster tomb of the foundress, Maria de Molina, wife of Sancho el Bravo. She lies at full length, with her hands clasped together, on a sarcophagus, ornamented with coats of arms and figures.

In the Chapel del Christo there are some Apostles, on a gold ground, which are not bad; the shadow of the figures is painted on the gilding.

In the interior of the church of Santa Maria de las Angustias there is a simple elegant retablo, by Juan de Juni, with a splendid group, representing the Annunciation in the centre, fine figures of Saints on each side, and a beautiful Pieta above; the Apostles below are also good. Coloured statuary, executed by such men as Juni and Hernandez, is certainly very effective in its proper place. Under a showy tabernacle is the Senora de los Cuchillos, so called from the seven swords piercing her heart, executed, as the sulky custode says, by Hernandez, but it is quite like the style of Juni, and undoubtedly, according to all authorities, by that master. The head is remarkably fine, and full of feeling; an agony of grief could not be more powerfully depicted. There are two figures of the Magdalene and a St. John, which are likewise by Hernandez, and also a tolerable Christ at the Column. The paintings around the tabernacle of the Dolorosa are not bad.

The Palace, once the residence of Philip III., and now of the Infante Francisco d'Assis, contains a small patio, with the capitals of the columns all different, and a large court. There are figures with good *bas-reliefs* and busts over them, some with crowns, and all intended for Spanish Sovereigns. The large patio is ornamented with Doric and Ionic capitals, but the effect is injured by being

built up. The staircase and interior are not worth seeing.

The *façade* of the church of San Pablo, rebuilt in 1463, by the celebrated Cardinal Juan Torquemada, Inquisidor of Seville, is extremely rich, consisting of a fine elliptical arch, with Gothic pinnacles on each side, over it a circular window, and every portion of the *façade*, even the columns, covered with sculptures and decorations, with the arms of the Duke of Lerma above.

The *façade* of the Colegio de San Gregorio adjoining, founded in 1488, has also a rich, but not so good a portal, though more curious from the subjects, consisting of trees and strange figures in armour. An interesting and fine cornice runs along the extent of the building, decorated with heads, festoons, and cherubs. The entrance-door into the Colegio is admirably finished, and in the first court, which is ornamented with columns, there is an exquisite window over the entrance. The cornices, heads, and figures of the different doors you pass through are all beautiful. The cloisters are the finest in Spain, and truly splendid, but certainly of a later period than the *façade*. On the ground floor are elegant lofty spiral columns, with neat capitals, supporting circular arches, above which a massive carved chain runs around the court. The spiral columns on the first floor, also sustaining similar arches, are shorter, and between each is a handsome balustrade; resting on this are beautiful little columns, supporting small double arches; most elaborate sculpture of fruit, angels, and ornaments, filling up the rest of the arch. The decorations are rich, the effect magnificent, and in good taste. Several of the rooms on the ground floor still retain their artesonado roofs, and the staircase is splendid, especially the ceiling. The doors and windows of the upper gallery are very beautiful, and the roof of the principal suite of rooms, consisting of a long chamber, with a small one at each end, once separated only by plate-glass partitions, is magnificent, and gives a princely idea of this once-renowned Colegio.

In the church of San Lorenzo is a painting representing a procession, bearing an image of the Virgin to Maria, Queen of Philip III. The Virgin de las Candelas is a beautifully carved and painted figure, by Hernandez. The expression of the Madonna and the Child in her arms is charming, but her hand is injured. There is also a good Holy Family, by the same artist, the drapery admirable, St.

Joseph's head fine, and the Child Jesus, standing between Joseph and the Virgin, is extremely well executed.

The exterior of the church of Santa Cruz is in a rough state, but is simple and good, though I should doubt its being by Herrera, to whom it is attributed. The interior is elegant, and is really a little museum of the works of Hernandez, being filled with his painted sculptures. The first on the left is Christ's entrance into Jerusalem on an ass, with the colt following. The three figures in front, little less than the size of life, strewing their garments in the way, are very good, although their costumes are Spanish. The three behind, with olive-branches, have dresses rather more Oriental. Our Saviour's appropriate garment is covered with a splendid black velvet dress, embroidered with gold, and one has to raise it up to see that it is not the taste of the artist. The next is now the Virgin del Carmen, formerly de Candelas, and also very good. There is a soft expression about the faces of the Madonna and Child, particularly the latter, which is very beautiful, and her drapery is excellent. The third scene is Christ in the Garden: Our Saviour is a noble figure; the angel with the cup is also good, though not pretty. The Ecce Homo is fine, but a less pleasing subject.

The next, on the other side of the church, is Christ at the Column, rather bloody, but not offensively so, and remarkably well done. The great genius and talent of the sculptor is shown more in this than in any of the others. It is coloured naturally, though brownish, and is truly magnificent. The last representation is the Deposition from the Cross, which is also very grand; St. Joseph and St. Matthew are taking Christ down, whilst St. John, a noble figure with an admirable expression, is looking up. The Magdalene is fine, and also the Virgin seated in agony. In the background, at the foot of the Cross, is a soldier with a hammer. All these figures are as large as life, and wonderfully executed. The interior of the church of San Miguel is handsome, with good Corinthian pilasters. The retablo is very beautiful, and contains some good sculpture; the Adoration of the Kings and the Circumcision are the best. The Palace of a Duke, opposite to it, is worth observing.

The English College is a singular establishment to find in such a country as this; the chapel is neat, but contains no works of

art. There are now six English students, and they generally stay five or six years; and, being educated to be priests, at a small expense, they are seldom from the upper classes. The very courteous rector, who has been here about twenty years, has, however, a high English manner, which was rather amusing in a land where the priests are now so crest-fallen. The college was founded by the celebrated Jesuit Parsons, in the time of Philip II., and they have large possessions in this one of the richest districts in Spain.

The Colegio de Santa Cruz is now the museum, but unfortunately it is seldom open, and many were the journeys I made to it before I succeeded in finding the *custode* at his post. There are no regular guides at Valladolid, and, besides the distances being considerable, there is not a city in Spain where there is greater difficulty in sight-seeing. One church is open at one hour, another never opened at all, and the keeper of the keys resides at a distance; but, as a general rule, early in the morning is the most likely time to find them open. The best plan here and throughout Spain, is to make a list of all you wish to see, and give it to your valet; and thank your stars if your hostess, in dispensing this patronage to her favourites, accidentally selects one who even knows when the places are closed.

The *façade* of the museum is plain and good; the cornice, the parapet, and the six buttresses, ornamented with little Corinthian columns, dividing the windows, have a good effect. The centre is more elaborately finished; the portal, with its circular arch and richly decorated columns, is covered with elegant plateresque ornaments. Above the entrance is a *bas-relief*, representing the founder, Cardinal Mendoza, praying to the Virgin. In the interior there are a prodigious quantity of bad paintings, but many good ones, and two rooms full of admirable figures, carved in wood and painted, by the best Spanish sculptors. It is a collection from the different convents destroyed by the French, a small portion only of the immense treasures of art they once contained. An account of this gallery will be found in Appendix E.

Valladolid is a fine old town. Besides the buildings I have described, beautiful bits of architecture, churches, towers, old palaces, and charming groups of houses, with their very picturesque roofs, are continually met with. The Plaza Mayor, or de la Constitu-

cion, is very handsome, with an imposing tower on one side, and all round the large square there is an open arcade, supported by Doric columns, where the people walk in crowds, and loiter in the gay shops. The habitations above these arcades are large, and look very pretty, with their various-coloured awnings hanging over the balconies.

The Fuente Dorado is picturesque. Some of the old streets are curious, and in the Plateria, where the silversmiths reside, the shop-windows were well stored with jewellery, but not equal or to be compared to the work of ancient times. Valladolid has also its promenades. The Campo Grande is an immense place—so spacious, that Napoleon, it is said, reviewed there thirty-five thousand men. On one side is a very pretty Alameda, with a flower-garden, fenced with roses. Several large buildings adorn this plaza—the Colegio de Ninas Huerfanas, for female orphans; San Juan de Letran, which looks imposing at a distance, and the convent of Carmen Calzados, now a military hospital, but once full of treasures of art.

The Alameda there is frequented in the winter, being partially protected from the cold winds that are then prevalent, but from which, like true Castilians, they make no efforts to protect themselves by planting trees. The fashionable promenade in the summer is El Plantio de Moreras, which is really delightful, affording private retired walks, as well as a long wide avenue for the crowd, and all cooled by the refreshing breezes from the Pisuerga, which is really a river, and not a dried-up bed, as is usual in Spain.

The promenade was crowded, but there was little beauty, and few ladies, compared to the number of gentlemen; it leads to the bridge, which is not remarkable. Two large hospitals (one for orphans) we passed on our right were formerly convents, and their beautiful arched galleries near the roofs—some open, and others now partly walled up, but the columns still visible, are interesting. The country around Valladolid is very rich, so that it must ever be a flourishing place, and there is a stir in the streets indicating a traffic very different from the deadness of Toledo. Such commerce may enrich her citizens, but can never restore it to its former splendour, when it was the residence of a Court, when the priests were almost princes, and the large ruined palaces were inhabited by the nobles, who in Spain follow their Sovereign. Foreign and civil wars, and ecclesiastical reforms, have

completed her ruin, and reduced Valladolid to the rank of a flourishing little provincial town. At the Fonda de las Diligencias we had a few creepers; but the rooms look clean, and the dinners were tolerable.

We hired a carriage and two mules, and drove over to Simancas, a castle belonging to the Henriquez, the Grand Admirals of Castile, and, when taken from them by Ferdinand and Isabella, made the *dépôt* for the national archives. The distance is four leagues, and the country is very uninteresting. An old bridge leads up to the little town, and a more wretched-looking place cannot be imagined. It is surprising that a great nation should keep their valuable records in such a miserable out-of-the-way spot, where it is wearisome both to mind and body to visit them. The Escorial, with its thousands of empty rooms, is admirably adapted for such a purpose, and now it is absolutely requisite to find a more suitable place, as there is no space left for the cart-loads which come annually from Madrid, and the cases are heaped, like huge bricks, in the centre of some of the rooms.

We walked through thirty-eight chambers, some of them with galleries and decent book-cases; but the secretary had got the tertian fever, and though he was well enough to talk to me, he would not accompany us, and produce the valuable papers which he keeps under his lock and key. I should have liked to have seen the letters of Queen Mary and Mary Stewart, the will of Isabella, the codicil of Charles V.; but it was after one o'clock, and he would not leave his house; nay, more, he cheated us, sent his nephews, who were to show us everything, but who, in fact, knew nothing, and had not the keys, and when we returned, he was in bed, and would not stir. I urged the length and expense of the journey, the fatigue and the unpoliteness to a lady, to require her to come to-morrow; the impossibility of our doing so, as we had taken our places to leave Valladolid in the diligence, and I also offered a handsome bribe. The sun was hot, and he would not leave his house or give the keys to his nephews. It is to be hoped that the archives will soon be removed to a more convenient place, and from the custody of such a good-for-nothing secretary.

We saw the outside of El Becerro of Alfonso XI., which is a kind of doomsday-book, and contains an account of the rents paid to the Crown; but they would not let us open it. We found on a table the convention of

Boabdil, by which he agreed to leave Spain, and saw his signature, and a whole volume of the Italian accounts of the Great Captain, signed by himself, in a large, vile, illegible hand. One contained, in his handwriting, an account of their accuracy. There were many tempting titles, but my application to examine them was refused.

In the plain below the castle, the King Don Ramiro defeated the Moors, A.D. 939, killing thirty thousand men, and Mariana says, according to some, sixty thousand men gaining great spoils, and a number of prisoners. It is said two angels on white horses fought in the vanguard of the Spaniards, a thing which, the historian adds, never happened, unless, as in this case, the victory was very important. (1)

CHAPTER XXXI.

Journey to Leon.—The Mesta.—Wretched Appearance of Leon.—The Cathedral.—San Isidoro El Real.—San Marcos de Leon.—Inns.—Return to Valladolid.

WE left Valladolid at half-past seven o'clock in the morning, in the *coupé* of the diligence, and had a wearisome drive of twelve hours to Leon, through a country always flat, sometimes consisting of large fields of corn and poor pastures, often entirely uncultivated, and never as it should be; not a fence to be seen, and utterly treeless. The villages are like those of the Fellahs on the Nile, without the graceful palms, being built entirely of mud; the churches are generally of the same tint as the burnt-up soil, and even the tiles of the roofs are of the same monotonous colour.

We saw large flocks of Merino sheep, generally half-starved-looking things, each flock attended by about a dozen shepherds and as many fine dogs. They were migrating from their winter quarters in the warm, but now burnt-up, plains of Estramadura to the highlands of Leon. If the flocks had not been so immense, one could have fancied them Bedouins, rambling from pasture to pasture. This migratory system is called the Mesta, an institution which is mentioned as enjoying the attention of Government as early as 1273, under Alfonso the Wise.

When Estramadura was conquered by the Moors, the cities and population destroyed, and the uncultivated plains were only calculated for sheep-walks, the highlanders of Leon

(1) Lib. 8, ch. v.

and Castile occupied the pastures in the winter seasons; and in process of time, by right of occupation, claimed an interest in the soil which has often been disputed; but the system still exists, though curtailed of many of its privileges. Mr. Ford says, the term *Merino* is derived from *Marino*, because, it is said, the original breed of sheep was imported by sea from England under our Henry II.; and sheep formed part of the portion given by John of Gaunt, when his daughter married the heir of Enrique III. We observed herds of cattle and horses, but no farm-houses, the labourers all living in the villages. At Ceinos, I noticed an old tower of a church, with Saxon arches, now almost tumbling to pieces; and before arriving at Rio Seco, I saw a long wall of hewn stones, apparently a Roman aqueduct.

Rio Seco is a more important-looking place. The tower of St. Maria, with its circular arches, is fine; and one of the *retablos* in the interior is said to be by Jordan, and another by Juan de Juni; but our mayoral would not allow us time to see them. Near the village of Mayorga, on the comparatively pretty river Cea, Lord Paget, with four hundred of the fifteenth regiment charged six hundred French dragoons, and rode down men and horses; and in the same plains Franceschi's dragoons, with an equally gallant charge, scared away Blake and his whole army. (1)

Our diligence was very good, and the road admirable, and we came at an excellent pace. The mules and horses—generally two of the latter in the team of eight—were first-rate.

In the time of Trajan, the soldiers of the seventh legion founded a village, which they called *Legio*; but the Gothic King Leovigild changed it to Leon. No place suffered more from the religious war, which lasted so long. In 845, the Moslems arrived before the city, which they besieged, battering its walls with war-engines, until the inhabitants deserted the place, and the Moors plundered whatever they found, and set fire to it. They then attempted to demolish the walls, but could not accomplish their purpose, owing to their solidity and strength, being seventeen cubits in thickness. (2) It was recovered by the Christians in 918, and, according to Mariana, (3) Ordonez was afterwards crowned there King of Leon, the first of a long list of monarchs who bore that title.

(1) See Handbook, p. 615.

(2) Al Makkari, vol. ii., p. 414.

(3) Liv. 7, chap. xvi.

Al-Mansur, in 982, made a sudden irruption into Galicia, and marched without opposition to this city which, he invested and took, putting the inhabitants to the sword. He next ordered the demolition of the fortifications; but finding that, owing to the strength and thickness of the walls, the operation was likely to last some time, he gave up his purpose. Leon was soon recovered from the Moors, the redoubtable Al-Mansur being, as the Spaniards say, defeated in 1002 at Calacanoçor, though the Arabs give a different account.

Mariana relates, that on the day of the battle a man, in the dress of a fisherman, on the banks of the Guadalquivir, at Cordova, notwithstanding the immense distance from the fight, cried out in Arabic, with a sorrowful voice, that Al-Mansur, at Calacanoçor, had lost his tambour, which gave rise to the story that the devil, in the shape of a man, had announced the victory. (4) Abdu-l-Malek, in 1004, defeated the King of the Galicians; and, according to Al Makkari, took and destroyed Leon, but another author says he was defeated. (5) There is no doubt this city was long the capital of the kingdom, until Don Pedro I., in 1350, removed his Court to Seville, and it gradually became the poverty-stricken place we now find it.

The old metropolis still looks well at a distance. The cathedral is in an imposing position, though the towers want height, and the distant range of hills is agreeable after the dismal plains we have crossed. The approach over the bridge, and along the fine Alameda, full of promenaders, some of the women pretty, is worthy of the time-honoured capital; and before we reached our lodgings, gates and arches, of an old date, frequently of *tapia*, walls and semi-circular towers, reminded us of the transitions Leon has experienced.

The interior of the city is wretchedly dull, and has a sad, ruinous, deserted appearance. They say, however, that it has improved greatly during the last few years. Almost all the property in the town formerly belonged to the priests; but since the destruction of the convents, many who purchased their possessions have repaired them. The Grand Plaza, however, looks still very miserable and poverty-stricken; though if it were kept neat and clean, it would be handsome, the Consistorio, on one side, being rather impos-

(4) Mariana, lib. 8, chap. ix.

(5) See Mohammedan Dynasties, vol. ii., p. 222.

ing. There are many palaces standing, which prove that the former magnificence of Leon was not a fable. One belonging to the powerful Guzmans is very fine. This name is more intimately associated than any other with Spanish history. (1)

A singular coincidence is noticed by Garibay. Three of the sovereigns of Leon and Castile, of the same name, had mistresses of the noble house of Guzman; and the descendants of each of these ladies, albeit illegitimate, ascended a throne. Dona Ximena Nunez de Guzman was the mother of Alfonso VI., of the Infanta Elvira, who married Henry Count of Portugal, and became the mother of Don Alfonso, Henriquez I., King of Portugal; Dona Maria Guillien de Guzman, the mistress of Alfonso the Astrologer, gave birth to Beatrix, who married Alfonso III., fifth King of Portugal; and Leonora de Guzman gave birth to the Count of Trastamara, afterwards Henry II., King of Castile. (2)

I admired still more La Casa del Ayuntamiento close adjoining, the ground-floor ornamented with Doric, and the floor above with Ionic, columns.

The pride and glory of Leon is her cathedral, commenced by Bishop Manrique de Lara about 1200; and certainly it is surprising to see so splendid an edifice—one of the most beautiful temples, in the early pointed style, in the world—situated in a wretched miserable little town of five thousand poor inhabitants. Its pampered magnificence is almost insulting to the extreme poverty of the people, and one cannot help thinking that its assumed privileges and exactions have not merely emptied the purses, but preyed even on the blood, bones, and marrow of the impoverished population, who might feast for a week with the value of one only of the countless magnificent windows which adorn this temple. The keeping up such a building, with a bishop and a host of clergy, is obviously beyond the means and wants of such a place as Leon, and the poor neighbourhood around it.

The *façade* is fine, but the two handsome square towers require more lofty and more elegant spires than those which are now upon them. One of these is a short, elaborate, filigree spire, and the other is of

more ordinary work, though intended to correspond. The centre of the *façade*, connected with the towers by short flying buttresses, is ornamented at the top with small columns with Ionic capitals and lanterns; beneath which is a fine wheel-window, and below the latter four other windows, with pointed arches, and a parapet gallery in front of them.

The three entrances into the church on this, the west, side are decorated with arches of the same style, elaborately ornamented with figures; and an image of the Virgin, of better execution than the others, stands between the doors of the centre entrance. Some of the sculpture borders on the grotesque, especially the Last Judgment, in which devils are represented filling vast cauldrons with the wicked.

The interior of the church is strikingly elegant, and far surpasses the exterior; but the effect is much injured by the walls being whitewashed, and the capitals of the piers coloured yellow, and still more by the choir filling up the centre aisle, and entirely destroying the effect of it. It is only at the other end, before the grand altar, commanding at the same time views of the beautiful transepts, that a correct idea can be formed of the extreme elegance of this Gothic interior. The east end of the exterior is very good; the pinnacles, flying buttresses, and the chapel of Santiago, are very rich and imposing; but still the interior is far superior. There are no side chapels, dark, and filled with rubbish, as is usual in Spanish cathedrals. The walls were formerly almost one blaze of gorgeously-painted windows, two lofty rows, divided by a gallery, and beneath pointed arches. The lower row of windows is now almost entirely bricked up, and painted in a bad style; the upper row is still glorious, and when both existed they must have been truly charming.

The transepts are very elegant, the wheel-windows there magnificent, and the little columns are graceful. The grand altar is overloaded with a heavy churrigueresque marble transparente, which appears monstrous, compared to the light elegant architecture of this beautiful temple. It is difficult to resist a longing to strip away all this gorgeous trumpery, destroy the abominable choir, which obstructs the view, pull down the brick-work which fills up the windows of the aisles, scrape off the whitewash which covers the walls, and the yellow-wash which covers

(1) The life of Guzman el Bueno is the shortest but not the least interesting of Quintana's *Vidas de Espanoles Celebres*.

(2) See Miss Pardoe's interesting work, *Memoirs of the Queens of Spain*, vol. i., p. 255.

the capitals of the piers, and the fine old tombs; and then, correctly restored to its pristine state, and not till then, this temple would deserve the reputation of being the most graceful and elegant cathedral in the world—*Pulchra Leonina—Leon en Sutileza*.

The stalls of the choir are ornamented with carved figures; those full-length, in the upper row, are better than the busts below. The *trascoro*, or west end of the choir, is splendidly decorated with gilt columns and arches, containing sculptures in yellow alabaster, richly adorned with gilding. The subjects are the Adoration and Offerings of the Three Kings, the Annunciation, and a Nativity, in which two subjects are represented, the Virgin in bed, attended by nurses, and below the Child is seen. They are well done, but it is scarcely possible to have sufficient good-humour to admire anything which destroys the effect of this noble aisle.

Behind the altar is the tomb of Ordone II., ob. 923, the founder of a cathedral which existed on this site, which was destroyed by the Moors. He lies at full length in his robes, and is surrounded with a host of figures, which look showy, but are badly executed.

In the chapel opposite is the tomb of the Condesa Sancha, not worth observing, except that she was rich, and, for her prodigality to the priests, murdered by her nephew and heir, who was torn to death by horses, as represented in the sculpture.

Behind the grand altar is also the tomb of San Alvito, ob. 1063, in a plateresque style. The columns covered with vine-leaves and fruit are very elegant.

In the chapel of the Carmen is a curious old tomb of a Bishop, and figures weeping around him; this is coloured with a yellow-wash. Behind the confessional is a fine old tomb (yellow again), with a procession of priests, some kneeling and weeping; the ornaments very boldly carved.

In the chapel of Nuestra Senora del Dado (our Lady of the Dice), is the miraculous image of our Saviour, which is said to have bled when an unfortunate gambler in disgust flung his dice at the Infant's face; and some such tale is certainly requisite to give the least interest to a very common-place group of the Madonna and Child.

The entrance into the chapel of Santiago, of the time of Ferdinand and Isabella, is very rich and beautiful, and the chapel itself is light and elegant in the extreme. The painted glass, the work of Flemish artists, in the three

lofty pointed-arched windows, is magnificent. There are in each of them twelve figures, divided into three rows, and representing Virgins, Saints, Bishops, and Kings, as large as life, and coloured splendidly. The architectural ornaments above the altar are beautiful, but the altar itself is churrigueresque, and in the worst taste. A carved door leads into the cloisters, which are very charming; on one side of the corridors noble pointed arches open into the court, and the walls opposite the latter are also adorned with similar arches, and beneath them are numerous fine old tombs, in semicircular alcoves richly decorated. One in the corner, of an ancient founder, is remarkable, and the *retablo* of the Veronica is very curious and very beautiful.

The capitals of the columns from which the arches which decorate the walls spring, are very singular, containing camels, other animals, figures, and curious ornaments. The roof is nicely groined, but the decorations appear more modern, and are in less pure taste. On the walls may be traced some curious fresco paintings, though unfortunately they are all greatly injured, and most of them entirely destroyed. Some fine heads, with inscriptions of Abraham, etc., may be seen. Some cities, with numerous towers. The Last Supper, and young attendants, painted with considerable grace. Christ at the Column, and Christ Disputing with the Doctors.

We visited the cathedral a second time, shortly before sunset (sending for the keys). The rich warm stone of the exterior, with the sun's setting rays upon it, was then very beautiful, and the painted glass within gorgeous beyond description, especially the wheel-window and two side windows of the transept. We then saw, behind the grand altar, the silver sarcophagus, elegantly decorated with well-executed statues of saints, and a figure of the patron of the church, San Froylan, which could not be seen on our visit in the morning, the Corpus Christi being exhibited on the altar for eight days, and no one being then allowed to approach it. The possession of the body of this Saint created vast disputes, which were determined by placing it on a mule, and letting the animal carry it where he liked. (1)

San Isidoro el Real, called El Real from its royal founders, Ferdinand and Sancha, is a curious mixture of Saxon, Gothic, and Ita-

(1) See Handbook, p. 320.

lian architecture. The chief entrance into the church, on the south side, is ornamented with a Saxon arch and sculpture of a rudish kind, representing the Sacrifice of Isaac and other subjects; but the effect of this old entrance is injured by the white glaring coat of arms, and the white figure of San Isidoro on his horse of the same colour, riding over the Moors at Baeza. The other entrance on this side, now closed, with the three circular arches above it, is more elegant; and the round chapel, with its circular arches, is interesting. The square tower is fine, with its plain Saxon arches, the upper row consisting of triple arches, supported by light elegant columns. These can only be seen by passing through the convent.

The interior of the church is dark and imposing, but it enjoys the high privilege of having the Host always visible, and lights are burning on the altar night and day, in honour of San Isidoro, or, as he was styled by the eighth council of Toledo, the egregious Doctor of Spain, who worked all manner of miracles as he was brought here from Seville—curing the lame and blind, and casting out devils. He must have been useful to the church-building societies of those days (*alias* the Church of Spain), as his body could never be moved in a morning from the place where they halted at night, until the inhabitants had vowed to build and endow a church on the spot.

Though this saint was distinguished during his life for learning, he was after his death the protecting tutelary of Leon, striking with blindness the leader of a mob who attacked this convent, fighting at the battle of Baeza with sword and cross, and at the great victory of Navas de Tolosa a noise of arms was heard from his sepulchre, showing the strong interest he took in the event. (1)

On the grand altar is an exquisite cross, worthy of Benvenuto Cellini. The buttresses which divide the aisles are ornamented with half-columns, with curious capitals, representing animals and children, coloured yellow, as usual here. The Panteon, a very low little chapel, dedicated to Santa Catalina, is the burial-place of many of the Kings of Leon and Castile. The sarcophagi scarcely appear more imposing than so many large handboxes with gilt borders; but they are really of marble, the colour of alabaster, and contain the bones of eleven kings, twelve

queens, many infants, and half a dozen saints. The columns, also of marble, supporting this little chapel, are broad and short, with enormous capitals; the shafts, like the sarcophagi, painted a light greenish-white, and the capitals coloured yellow, as usual.

The roof alone is undefiled, and is covered with curious old paintings representing various Biblical subjects. They are undoubtedly very ancient; and to judge from the very defective drawing, and yet the pains that have evidently been taken in thus elaborately adorning the last abode of royalty, I should say they are the most ancient paintings in Spain. On one little dome is a representation of our Saviour, with the four Evangelists. On another, Adam and Eve in Paradise, with different animals, and the guardian angel. I also observed the Massacre of the Innocents.

Under one arch, the different months of the year are depicted. January and February are utterly defaced; March is represented by a wood-cutter at his work; April, by the planting of young trees; May, the season for journeys, by a traveller on an animal, which has the tail of a mule, but the head more like that of a horse; June and July, by a reaper with a sickle, busy about the harvest; August, September, and October, by a representation of the vintage, collecting grapes into a basket from a vine; November is represented by a figure killing a pig; and December, by his enjoying it with a bowl (of good stuff, we will presume) before a Christmas fire. The months are inscribed to assist dull intellects, and in another place Gallus is written over a cock, lest it should be mistaken for anything else; the effect is good and rich, the colouring being better than the drawing.

The cloisters are elegant, and in good taste, and there is also another neat patio, with circular arches and Doric pilasters, and the Doric portal of one of the doorways is also very pretty.

A short walk along the Bernesga, which is but a poor stream, leads to the immense and once rich convent of San Marcos de Leon, finely situated close to the bridge, on the bank of the river; commanding extensive views of its windings, and the rich verdant plains beyond, and on the other side the snow-tipped mountains in the distance.

This convent was founded for the knights of Santiago in 1168, and rebuilt by Juan de Badajoz, 1514-49, and its Abbot was mitred. The *façade* is truly magnificent. The orna-

(1) See Handbook, p. 609.

ments in the Corinthian pilasters on the ground floor, and on the half-columns above, are plateresque and extremely rich. Between each column and pilaster are elegant niches for statues, and below medallions, containing *alto-rilievo* busts. At each end of the *façade* is a tower, ornamented with arches, and over the arched entrance of the richly-decorated portal, in the centre, is a good figure of Santiago, fighting the Moors.

Every column of this splendid *façade* is a study, for the curious figures of animals and ornaments with which they are all entirely covered. They must have been the work of years, and it is not surprising the convent was never finished. The cloisters are splendid, the lofty circular arches of the lower corridor are supported by buttresses, and those above sustained by Doric columns. *Alto-rilievo* busts and shells ornament the walls, and the roof is beautifully groined; the bosses of the ribs decorated with heads, crosses, and shells.

The entrance into the chapel, forming part of the grand *façade*, is very handsome. A noble arch covers a narrow porch, within which is a richly-decorated portal leading into the interior, which is simple and beautiful, but almost a ruin. The choir being elevated at one end, the effect of the lofty centre aisle is not as usual destroyed. The carved wood figures, full-length in the upper row, and half-length ones below, are by Guillermo Doncel, 1542, and very well done, though injured a little by repairing.

There is a richly-ornamented stone arch, in the plateresque style; and the roof of the chapel is nicely groined. In the sacristy is a fine carved roof, unspoiled by painting and gilding, the leaves and foliage are well executed; and there is also another sacristy, which is pretty, though there are too many ornaments on the roof. Lastly, we went into a room full of magnificent fragments of carved wood, gilded heads, and picture-frames, which I coveted, but could not purchase.

The hospital for the orphans is immense, and the cleanest and neatest-looking building in Leon; and there is an Alameda, but without trees before it. The Convent of San Clodio opposite once contained treasures of art, but it is now a complete ruin. The Handbook recommends a tolerable *posada* on the Rasgo; but as there were several in that street, we went to Monsieur Dantin's lodgings, where we had clean

beds, but the walls look dirty, and as to eating, it was positively starvation. They gave us a bowl of meat and potatoes for breakfast, which we could not touch; meat all rags, redolent with garlic and strong oil, and it was difficult to get anything we could eat for dinner.

Who could suppose that a Frenchman would not know how to fry potatoes? but such greasy detestable things were never seen in France or any other country, and we were obliged to ask for plain boiled eggs, as besides the potatoes we had only a wretchedly-cooked rabbit, a common dish in the starving districts of the north of Spain, and as there do not seem now many rabbits in this country, tales of cats being substituted naturally rise in the imagination, when the appearance and savour of the dish are not sufficiently favourable to dispel the idea.

Spain was always famous for rabbits, and Mr. Murray (1) mentions having seen a medal upon which conquered and suppliant Spain is represented as suing for peace; the figure, clad in feminine attire, holds in one hand an olive-branch, and at her feet crouches the genius of the country, in the shape of a rabbit. The fact appears also to have been well known, for Catullus alludes to it when he styles the Spaniards "*Cuniculosæ Celtiberiæ fili* (xxxv., 18), and large ships freighted with them were regularly sent from Cadiz for the supply of Rome. (2)

The inn where the diligence from Valladolid stops appears the best. There was a Maragato there I took a great fancy to, and if I had been commencing my journey instead of concluding it, I would have taken him into my service. With his leathern jerkin and belt, wide black trousers, and shaggy hair appearing from under his slouched hat, he was as wild-looking as the Dougal creature, and apparently as faithful; his activity was equal to his intelligence. It was "*Figaro qui! Figaro là!*" everybody wanted the Maragato; he seemed to give satisfaction to all, distinguishing and taking care of the luggage of a dozen passengers with the greatest facility, and there was an honest, zealous, trustworthy look about him, such as one seldom meets with in a coach-yard in Spain, or elsewhere.

We left Leon at four o'clock in the morning, and, the diligence (the *Entreprise de Navarre*) being slow and lingering at every

(1) Wilds and Cities of Andalusia, vol. i.; p. 80.

(2) Strabo, iii., p. 214; Handbook, vol. i., p. 105.

stage, we did not reach Valladolid until ten o'clock in the evening, six hours longer than we were by the opposition coach. Certainly, we paid dear for seeing the old city, the heat was fearful, and the penetrating dust such as is only to be met with in Castile. A grandee of Spain had hired for himself, friends, and servants, the whole of the conveyance, but he politely yielded to me a division of it. He was very intelligent, and civilly invited us to partake of his fare, which consisted of ham, rolled meats, cakes, etc., excellent wine of Asturias, and very capital English bitter beer, which they cooled by immersing it in fresh water from a well when we stopped.

CHAPTER XXXII.

Journey to Burgos.—The Cathedral.—San Esteban.—The Cid.—The Convent of Miraflores.—San Pedro de Cardena.—The Tomb of the Cid.—Las Huelgas Reales.—Streets, Promenades, and old Houses.

WE left Valladolid at four o'clock in the morning, and had a wearisome ride of thirteen hours to Burgos; nothing can be more uninteresting than the Castiles, indeed they are perfectly intolerable after the South, and yet the Spaniards with us were in raptures at the extensive districts, but indifferently cultivated. A gentleman, a resident of Valladolid, was never weary of extolling the merits of his native land, and how the fields of corn (and poor indeed were the crops) extended to the distant hills, and then there were vineyards of excellent grapes, red wine and white wine, partridges, hares, and rabbits, everything, in short, that man could desire, and yet not a tree, nor a fence, nor a decent dwelling, nor anything cheerful to relieve the eye.

The road was excellent, but ankle-deep in such a penetrating dust as is never met with elsewhere; it was really a blessing when a shower of rain fell, and laid it a little. We saw also on this road, as on the way to Leon, immense flocks of half-famished sheep, attended by a number of men, with horses laden with provisions, and a quantity of dogs, on their way from Estramadura to the rich pastures of their mountain homes in the North.

At Torquemada we breakfasted, and, the Castilian meals being as uninteresting as their plains, we began to long for the flesh-pots of France, and are anxious to get out of the country; but the roads in the north are very good, and the diligences generally drive at a quick rate, which is consolatory. Torquemada has a fine bridge, and the view near

the river is a degree more interesting. Approaching Burgos, the country is more agreeable, and the trees and hills are pretty, compared to the dreary plains we have crossed.

We passed Las Huelgas, a celebrated Cistercian nunnery, which is imposing with its tower, and the village which has sprung up around it; but the attention of all approaching the city is riveted on the magnificent cathedral. Nothing can be grander than the distant view. The noble towers, with their beautiful rich filigree spires, the rich and lofty centre octagonal tower, and the fine one of the chapel of the Constable, both bristling with pinnacles, which seem to rise from every part of the body of the church, are truly magnificent. One acknowledges at a glance that this is the best exterior of any cathedral in Spain.

Burgos was founded by Diego de Porcelos, in 884, when the tide of war in this part of Spain was beginning to turn against the Moors. In the latter half of the tenth century, the Moslems, under An-nasir, took and destroyed the city. After being retaken by the Christians and for some time under the dominion of Leon, it became the metropolis of a new kingdom, under Counts subsequently called Kings. When abandoned by the Court, the ancient capital of Old Castile became gradually a mere provincial town, and the French invasion completed her ruin—a population which was once fifty thousand not numbering now more than twelve thousand.

The *façade* of the cathedral, looking at it from the plaza, is not at all equal to the distant view, though the little plaza itself is rather picturesque, with its fountain, and the Archbishop's palace adjoining the cathedral, but it is not large enough to enable you to appreciate fully the fine proportions of the towers and spires. The three deep pointed-arched entrances which once adorned the *façade* were taken down, and the vilest and most miserable portals substituted for them. One cannot believe these were intended as an improvement, but would rather suppose that the rich Gothic doorways were destroyed, and they could afford no better.

The cathedral is altogether surrounded with buildings, which prevent a close examination of the exterior; but if the three old doors were like the one still remaining on the north side, this must have been one of the most perfect and most splendid florid Gothic

façades in the world. There are posts and steps up to the cathedral, as at Leon, and a balustrade above the entrances. It would be difficult to find fault with the upper part of the *façade*. The rose-window is magnificent, the towers richly decorated with trefoil and lancet arches and statues, and the two spires, of exquisite open filigree-work, are so delicate and so beautiful, as justly to create surprise how they can have stood the hurricanes of ages. The exquisite large octagonal tower is seen best from the cloisters of the cathedral, as is also the one over the chapel of the Constable.

The interior is not to be compared to the exterior, and the effect is almost destroyed by an unusually high choir blocking up the centre aisle. There is a want also of the rich-painted glass, which generally, in Spain, throws a halo over any number of blemishes, and there is also an unpleasing contrast between the comparatively unadorned architecture of the western end, and the over-decorated plateresque of the fine dome, one hundred and eighty feet high, and the transepts; but still the latter are very rich and very magnificent, though one could have wished for greater simplicity. The carvings of the choir are good, but not first-rate; those of the upper part are from the New Testament. The lower stalls are sculptured in better taste, and the subjects more curious. The organs are more simple and elegant than usual, and the tone very good. The Archbishop's throne is handsome, with the Taking of Christ carved on the back of it. All the exterior of the choir is Corinthian, and does not harmonize with the Gothic architecture. The iron rejas of the coro and transepts are fine. The retablo of the grand altar is rich, and ornamented with Doric, Ionic, and Corinthian columns, with the genealogical tree of our Saviour winding like ivy around the otherwise plain shafts. Some of the Apostles of this retablo are deserving of notice, but there is a want of simplicity, and none of the figures are of first-rate merit. The exterior of the grand altar is richly decorated with sculpture—some of it good, especially the Taking of our Saviour.

The most interesting chapel in the cathedral is that of Del Condestable, erected as the burial-place of the Velasco family, the hereditary Constables of Castile. It is a church of itself, with its choir, its chapels, and its sacristia, and is very magnificent, in the

florid Gothic style. The entrance is very handsome, and richly decorated with tolerable sculpture, with a fringe of rich lace-work.

The first view of this splendid chapel is very striking; the beautiful arches, the rich decorations, the lofty roof, the arms with their splendid supporters, the excellent sculptures of Saints and Apostles, in elegant niches, said to be by Juan de Borgona; the rich retablo of the altar; and the imposing tomb of Hernandez de Velasco, ob. 1492, and his wife, at whose feet is a dog, the emblem of her fidelity, form a magnificent *coup d'œil*. These tombs were sculptured in Italy, and the workmanship might be that of Benvenuto Cellini, so elaborate and beautifully are they finished. The carving of the retablo is pretty good; the Presentation at the Temple, and Christ at the Column, and Bearing the Cross, appear to be the best. There are two other fine tombs at the entrance of this chapel; indeed, this cathedral appears to me richer in these monuments than any other in Spain. You see in every direction, through the rejas of the different chapels, figures lying full-length before the grand altars; the sarcophagi more or less decorated.

In the sacristia of the chapel of the Constable is a Magdelene, said to be painted by Leonardo da Vinci; but the drawing of the back appears to be defective, though the colouring is beautiful, and it is certainly a very fine painting of the Leonardo school. Beneath it is the little portable ivory altar of the Constable. In the sacristia are also some poor pictures, said to be by Giordano; and a large and exquisite Cross, by Juan d'Arphe.

The entrance into the cloisters is very rich, and the sculpture admirable, especially the head of a priest with a cowl. The cloisters are wanting in height, but are very beautiful, and full of old tombs. The Sacristia Vieja contains some fine ancient carving, and there I saw Nuestra Senora de Oca, an image of the Virgin, with an apple in her hand, and the Child before her (of tolerable sculpture), ready to be carried in procession to-morrow; but the greatest curiosity of the place is El Coffre del Cid, fixed on a wall; a worm-eaten old chest, with a large hole in it. The Spanish hero, when exiled by Alfonso, and wanting money, filled it with sand, and told the wonderfully credulous Jews of those days, Rachel and Vidas, from whom he was borrowing, that it contained gold and jewels. According to Mr. Ford, when times im-

proved, he paid both debt and interest; but Southey, in his note, says, "I am afraid it is not quite so certain that the Cid redeemed the chest as that he pledged it." The poem, which gives the minutest account of the pledging, says nothing of the repayment; on the contrary, when Alva Fanez and the ladies, the wife and daughters of the Cid, are about to set off for Valencia, it says: "Behold, Rachel and Vidas fell at his feet . . . mercy, Minaya, good knight, the Cid has undone us, if he do not help us. 'We will give up the interest if he will pay us the capital.' 'I will see about it with the Cid, if God shall let me reach him; you will find good help from him for what you have done.' Rachel and Vidas said, 'God grant it; if not, we will leave Burgos and go seek him.'" (1)

The Sala Capitular has an artesonado roof, but not particularly good. The chapel of Santiago is large, and contains a curious old tomb. In La Capilla de San Enrique is a splendid marble sepulchre, with a fine kneeling figure, in bronze, of the founder, Enrique de Peralta y Cardenas, 1679. The chapel of the Visitation contains also tombs, and some ancient paintings; but I never could get into it to examine them, and only had glimpses through the railings.

La Capilla de la Presentacion contains a very excellent painting of the Madonna and her Child, holding a globe in one hand, and with the other giving a benediction; two angels supporting a crown over the Virgin. It was presented to the chapel by the founder, a Florentine, and appears an Italian painting. They ascribe it to Michael Angelo, and it may be by him; but it is difficult to say whose style it resembles most. It is powerfully drawn, and, though a little hard, a very admirable painting; the colouring is very much in the style of Innocenza da Imola, but the drawing is harder and bolder than that artist's. This chapel contains a fine tomb, in the plateresque style of Jacobo de Bilbao, and another of Gonzalo Diaz de Lerma, which is imposing, though the medallions around the sarcophagus are not good.

The chapel of Santa Tecla out-Herods Herod for the churrigueresque—such a mass of heavy gilding as the retablo never was seen. The dome and roof, though in the same style, have a better effect.

In the chapel of San Bruno is a painted sculptured figure of the Saint, from Mira-

flores, the best piece of sculpture in the cathedral. This chapel also contains some ancient tombs.

The other churches and sights of Burgos are of minor importance, except what relates to the Cid. The *façade* and interior of San Esteban are Gothic, and it contains some old tombs; one with a *bas-relief* of the Last Supper, but not very good.

We then came to the Arch of Fernan Gonzalez, erected by Philip II., which is curious, with its ball-tipped obelisk ornaments. A little further, a dozen columns surround the small site of the house of the Cid, the great hero of Spain. A monument of little taste has an inscription in the centre, and the pyramidal ornaments on each side bear his arms. A little beyond, there is a gate through the walls, ornamented with a Moorish horse-shoe arch. This road leads up to the castle, where the view is very fine.

The church of St. Agatha has over the entrance a bolt, which belonged to the Cid.

We then passed through the handsome gate of Santa Maria, ornamented with turrets and battlements, and excellent statues of the Burgos' celebrities, amongst others, the Campeador. They look like old Castilians, stanch and true.

Passing the bridge, and along the pretty Alameda, we remarked particularly the fine view from there of the cathedral, the town, and the little river Arlanzon, now very empty of water, and the handsome French-looking street on its banks, which has the effect of a new *façade* to an old building.

We then visited the church of Santa Ana, which contains some ancient tombs; and the church of St. Pablo, now a barrack; but as a fragment only of the cloisters is to be seen, it is not worth the trouble of going there.

We then passed La Casa del Cordon, formerly the residence of the Constables, and now of the Capitan-General, called Del Cordon, from a sculptured rope being the principal ornament of the portal. The patio, with circular arches and plain buttresses, is handsome. The Gothic entrance into St. Lesmes is good, and also the interior, which contains some old tombs.

In the Casa del Ayuntamiento are the ashes of the brave old Cid, removed here when the convents were destroyed, and deposited in a wooden urn, ornamented on each side with a trophy and the arms of Castile, and with inscriptions in Spanish to his honour.

Ruy, or Rodrigo Diaz, the hero of Spain,

(1) Southey's Chronicle of the Cid, p. 221.

and the source of everlasting disputes amongst the learned, who, rejecting as fabulous half the achievements of the Spanish Hercules, are obliged to acknowledge other feats equally extraordinary, was born at Vibar, near Burgos, of a respectable family, in 1026. Five Moors he had previously conquered, called Kings, but, like the Meleks in the East, little better than Sheykhs of villages, waited upon Rodrigo to pay him tribute, and saluted him as their Cid (Sey'd) or Lord, a title still common in Eastern lands, and always given to the descendants of the Prophet. Fernando I., pleased with Rodrigo's conquests, ordered that he should henceforth be called the Cid, and honoured him with important commands, sending him with ten thousand men against the Emperor of Germany, and employing him in the wars with the Moors, which the Christian Kings in Spain were always carrying on in those days, when not fighting with each other.

Fernando died A.D. 1065, leaving Castile to Sancho, Leon to Alfonso, Galicia to Garcia, and cities to his two daughters. The Cid distinguished himself greatly under Sancho II., in his war with the King of Arragon, and excelled all others at the battle of Grados; so that the King made him Alfarez of his troops, the highest military rank he could confer. Rodrigo assisted his Sovereign in conquering his brother's portion of Fernando's dominions; and when Alfonso, the King of Leon, routed the Castilians, the Cid showed himself as great in council as in arms; and Sancho, by his advice, collecting their scattered forces, attacked his brother before daybreak, when his soldiers, in the security of victory, were fast asleep, and they were all killed or taken prisoners.

Sancho then attacked Galicia, and his brother Garcia took him prisoner; but, Alvar Fanez and the brave Cid rescued their Sovereign, and changed the fortunes of the day. Garcia, like Alfonso, became a captive to his brother, who united their kingdoms to his own. Not satisfied with these possessions, Sancho attacked his sister Urraca in Zamora; but a crafty soldier, Vellido Dolfos, ingeniously persuading the King that he was driven out of the city for advising the council to surrender, induced him to go out unaccompanied to see a postern by which he professed they might enter; and, having rid the earth of the unnatural brother, he fled to Zamora, hotly pursued by the Cid. Alfonso succeeded to Sancho, but the Castilian nobles deputed

Rodrigo to require of the King to take a solemn oath that he had not instigated his brother's assassination.

The part the Cid took in this affair, he alone having courage to make such a demand, may account for the bitter animosity Alfonso showed to him afterwards. The gallant Rodrigo, even when peace prevailed, found employment, and distinguished himself as a champion in the disputes which, in those days, were decided by battle, conquering a knight called Ximon Garcia de Tiogolos, one of the best of Navarre, and killing a Moorish knight called Faras, and he won such renown assisting the King of Seville against the King of Granada, that his soldiers, grateful for the rich spoils they had reaped, called him Campeador, or King's champion.

It did not seem to matter much to the warlike Cid whether his cause was good or bad, assisting Sancho in his unjust wars against his brothers, or fighting for one Moorish King against another—wherever there were blows to give and take, he delighted to be in the thick of it. (1) But the love of fighting got him at last into trouble. During the absence of the King, the Moors of Arragon had attacked the castle of Gormaz; but Rodrigo rose, only half-recovered from a bed of sickness, and, not content with stripping them of all their spoils, laid waste the country to near Toledo, making seven thousand prisoners and immense plunder. The King of that city was the friend and ally of Alfonso, having received him hospitably when he lost his throne. Enraged at this aggression, and glad of an opportunity of indulging his rancour, he banished him from his dominions; and the Cid (in 1076) bid adieu to his ungrateful country.

With a few faithful followers and relations, the Campeador now started on his own account; and certainly the times were propitious for a guerrillero chief, the empire of the Moors being then divided into innumerable little principalities; and the Arabs had lost much of the valour they possessed when they came from Africa. Kings and chiefs, Moors and Christians, were always ready to join any successful standard. First, the Cid laid waste the country near Alhama, and took the strong castle of Alcozar, and afterwards won a great victory over the Moors;

(1) It appears, however, from the chronicle, that he objected to bearing arms against the Infanta, because of the days which were past, having been bred up together.

then he went to Zaragoza, where he took several castles, and gained many victories for the Moorish King, who, during his life, paid him handsomely, and yielded to him the government of the country.

At his death, in 1088, the Cid returned to Castile, where the King received him with great honour, promising him all the places he took from the Moors free from contributions. Rodrigo raised an army of seven thousand men, but his Court favour was of brief duration. The King had ordered him to march to Beliana with his forces; and, the Cid not obeying him to the letter, his enemies took advantage of this slight to inflame the King's anger. Alfonzo seized his possessions, and the Campeador and his family had again to seek their fortunes elsewhere. He had powerful foes; and, amongst others, Al-fagib, the King of Denia, and the Count of Barcelona, who attacked him with a greatly superior army; and, though the Cid was wounded, and carried to a tent, his soldiers fought like lions; and, besides great numbers killed, the Count and five thousand French and Catalonians were taken prisoners; but the generous Campeador treated his enemy splendidly, and in a few days gave him his liberty.

Alfonzo having marched against the Almoravides, the Cid hastened to assist in so glorious a war, and was received again with the usual honours; but the animosity of the tenacious and unjust King soon displayed itself; and the Campeador, when he found his services were not wanted against the Moors, thought it prudent to retire, and fortify himself in the castle of Pinnacatel, in the kingdom of Valencia. There, giving way to his vindictive feelings, he entered into the rich valley of Rioja, the Governor, a Castilian courtier, being his greatest enemy, and laid waste the country; but he had soon more noble enemies than defenceless peasants. The Almoravides had taken Valencia; and, when the news reached the Cid that the Christians were expelled, and that the King Al-Kadir, his friend, had been beheaded, "his anger was kindled, and his soul was inflamed," for he considered the city as his, and the King his tributary, as he paid him one hundred thousand dinars; so he swore he would revenge their wrongs, and recover the city.

Assisted by the chiefs of Murviedro, Kativa, and Denia, and his cousin, Alvar Fanez, his constant companion, as brave as himself, he

battered the walls of Valencia; there was fighting every day at the barriers, for the Moors came out and fought hand to hand, and many a sword-stroke was given, and many a push with the spear; but famine within them aided him more, a mouse even selling for a dinar; as I have stated, (1) he was successful. The Christian writers gloss over the faults of their hero, but I fear there is good reason to believe that the brave Cid partook of the vices of the age, and was treacherous and cruel. It appears from Condé, and the chronicle, that Ibn Geaf was only induced to open the gates of the city by the promise of the Cid that, under no excuse whatever, should any injury be done to him, his family, or their possessions; but in about a year the Campeador, under pretence that he would not give up all the treasures of Al-Kadir, burnt him in the market-place; and the Arab chief's family would have shared his fate, if the Christians, as well as Moslems, had not interceded in their behalf.

The Spanish writers say the Cid revenged on Geaf the death of his friend; that he was considerate and generous to the conquered, governing them with their own laws, and not increasing their taxes. Twice a-week he heard and decided disputes himself. "Come to me," said he, "whenever you wish, and I will hear you; for I have no taste for dancing and drinking with women like your chiefs, whom you could never approach. I will be as a friend or relative to you all." Often did the Moors attempt unsuccessfully to recover Valencia; but the brave old Cid, gaining many victories, ruled there gloriously, until A.D. 1099, when he breathed his last, amidst the din of war, the Almoravides besieging the city. It was the Campeador himself who was the strong tower of Valencia; and, when he died, Ximena, his wife, with all her courage, was obliged to follow the Cid's advice, and abandon the city to the Moslems. (2)

The Carthusian convent of Miraflores, half an hour's drive from Burgos, is well worth visiting, for the magnificent tombs it contains. The exterior of the church is simple and almost barnlike, with pointed-arch windows; but the principal *façade* is handsome, decorated with the arms of Castile and Leon.

(1) Page 16.

(2) See Mariana, lib. ix and x.; Quintana, *Vidas de Espanoles Celèbres*; Mohammedan Dynasties, Appendix xxxix.; Condé, vol. ii., p. 183; and the Chronicle of the Cid.

The interior was finished in 1488 by Isabella, after the designs of Juan de Colonia, (1) in the finest style of the florid Gothic, and consists of one aisle, with a beautifully-groined roof. Before the grand altar is the richest alabaster sepulchre in Spain, of her father, the founder, Juan II., and his second wife, Isabella. It is very large, and yet entirely covered with the most elaborate sculpture. Their faces are weak and miserable-looking, but the cushions they repose on, and their robes, in the luxuriance of the workmanship, rival the richest lace. The lions at his feet, and the group of a lion, a dog, and a child at hers, and the four sitting figures of the Evangelists, are admirable. The sides of the lofty sarcophagus are covered with glorious fret-work, fruit, foliage, and other ornaments, Saints, Madonnas, cherubs, and Biblical subjects; amongst others, worthy of attention, the Sacrifice of Isaac.

Opposite, in a recess in the wall, is the magnificent tomb of their son, the Infante Alonso. He is kneeling before an altar, and has the same style of inexpressive features; but the drapery is beautifully worked. The trees and foliage, mixed with cherubs, which adorn this sepulchre, are splendid, and the Angel and the Madonna, and also the Saints and Evangelists, in their rich niches, are admirable. These tombs are certainly wonderful, and no one should visit Burgos without seeing them.

The choir is elaborately carved, but only with ornaments, and not figures, except the further Coro de los Legos, which is quite in the style of Berruguete, and very fine. The retablo is imposing, and the effect very good at a distance; but it is heavy and too crowded. The subjects represent the chief events of our Saviour's life; the best are, the Last Supper, the Taking of Christ, the Annunciation, and the Adoration of the Kings. At the bottom of the retablo there are images of the King and Queen kneeling on each side of an altar. The painted glass is less rich than usual in Spain. The rooms adjoining contain nothing of importance.

In the chapel of San Benito there are some busts of priests in the retablo, two of them in black, representing the Saint, are well done, and in an adjoining chapel I observed a tolerable Christ at the Column, though the painting is not equal to the sculpture.

In the chapel, where the four poor priests,

who alone occupy this immense pile, say mass, there are two fine figures of Bishops, a good St. John, and an excellent St. Bruno.

The pleasant burial-ground, now much neglected, containing some cypresses and a neat fountain, is surrounded with the cells formerly occupied by the Carthusians.

We drove afterwards to San Pedro de Cardena; the heat was very great, as is to be expected in Castile in the middle of June, and the road was dreadfully uninteresting, over rocky downs, not a tree to be seen, or anything living, but a few shepherds and their flocks. We were glad when, after an hour's drive, we reached San Pedro, situated in a kind of hollow in this wretched plain; a more lonely and dreary situation cannot be imagined. The convent is very imposing at a distance, from its great size and simple neat architecture; but it was surprising to see such an immense edifice in a district where one would scarcely expect to find a cottage. Over the principal entrance is the Cid mounted on his steed Babieca, riding over the Moors. His horse's face is injured, only one eye remaining, but it seems conscious of what he is doing.

The interior of the church is fine, though the yellow-wash disfigures the lofty pointed arches. In the centre of the chapel of the Kings, Counts, and illustrious Barons, is the stone effigy of the great Cid, lying with his wife Ximena on a sarcophagus. When the French were here, some drunken soldiers utterly destroyed his face, and sadly injured the tomb. His wife, perhaps from the effects of a mutilation, has rather the features of a negro. The Campeador's beard, armour, and sword lying between his legs, are well sculptured for the period when they were executed. At the Cid's feet is a lion snarling, and his wife has a dog at hers, the emblem of her fidelity. Around the sarcophagus are busts and coats of arms. The walls also are covered with the armorial bearings of the illustrious dead buried there. It seemed to be their ambition to trace a connection with the great warrior. The inscriptions show that his daughters were married to the sons of the Kings of Arragon and of Navarre, and though the husband of one died before his succession, the other was the wife and also mother of a King of Navarre; (1) they record also the death of his son in battle with the Moors. Five claim the honour of being his nephews,

(1) See Handbook, p. 542.

(1) Mariana, lib. x., chap. iv.

two were cousins; one inscription is of his father, and another of his mother.

Above the entrance into the chapel are half-figures, coloured, of the Campeador and his wife; but, from their attitude, they might be quarrelling. Ximena seems in a great rage, and the Cid, with his arms stretched out, is not much more calm. She is represented as a fine-looking woman, with rather large features; but he is more mild and pleasing-looking. The statue of San Benito, on the altar, is not bad.

The chapel of the Martyrs is erected in memory of the two hundred monks buried there, who were murdered in 872 by the Moor, Zephe, when he sacked the convent, and their blood is said to have always issued out of their tombs on the anniversary of their martyrdom, until the Moslems were conquered, and their spirits rested in peace. Now, there is only one monk, with a solitary attendant, residing in this immense and lonely pile, the sole guardian of the tombs of martyrs, kings, and heroes.

It is doubtful whether Spain has gained or lost by the destruction of the convents, and the confiscation of the Church property. Ask the Spaniards, and they will answer you as they are individually affected by the measure, or as they are prompted by their zeal and affection for their religion, or dislike to monastic institutions.

No one can make an extensive tour in Spain without perceiving that there is a strong feeling that they have gained little anywhere from their aggressions on the Church, and are in many places severe sufferers from the destruction of the splendid convents, which generally created a certain degree of prosperity and comfort around them. If the lands had all been sold to individuals with capital and enterprise, and liberal institutions and a fair and unbiassed representation of the people in the Cortes had afforded some security that those who sow may hope to reap, and still more, that those who improve their land may reasonably expect to derive the benefit of their improvements, Spain would no doubt be a gainer by having thrown off an incubus which was certainly a great restraint on the intelligence and commerce of the country.

Although the kingdom now enjoys a salutary repose under a strong administration, yet as every month's rumour assures the country that its continuance depends upon Court favour, which may suddenly be with-

drawn, and no one has really much confidence in the future, the lands wrested from the Church are seldom better cultivated than they were formerly, and in many places are now a wilderness. As a matter of finance, the measure had its advantages, inasmuch as the Government realised capital during the civil war, when they required it most urgently; otherwise the amount annually paid for the support of the clergy is nearly as much as the interest of the sum they gained by the sale of the property at prices so much below its value.

Mr. Urquhart (1) says the clergy paid a revenue to the State which amounted, some years ago, to one hundred and eighty millions of reals, and that the Church now figures in the Budget as a charge of one hundred and forty millions; but this debtor and creditor account appears to me rather fallacious, inasmuch as the land from which the Church chiefly contributed to the exigencies of the State still pays taxes in the hands of lay proprietors, and the amount which the Church receives from the State is now much less.

A great portion of the rentals derived from the confiscated lands is spent in Madrid, or the chief towns of the district; whereas the priests might generally be considered a kind of resident landlords, an immense advantage to a country where the *grandees*, the great proprietors, never reside on, and rarely visit, their large estates.

The magnificent and over abundant churches and convents in such cities as Toledo, Leon, and Valladolid, are totally inconsistent with the number and poverty of the inhabitants. Such establishments could not have existed, if the Church had not concentrated in itself almost all the wealth of those districts. If Spain, with its territory twice as extensive as the British isles, and only one-tenth less than the size of France, (2) and with a population, to judge of them from that class of which the greater number of men are born, one of the very finest in the world, is ever again to take its ancient place in the scale of nations, this great blow to a Church, the chief obstacle to all improvement, and this dispersion of her colossal power and wealth, would certainly facilitate that event. There is, however, no reasonable chance of such a change; her excellent municipal institutions are crippled or destroyed; the coun-

(1) Vol. ii., p. 348.

(2) Handbook, vol. i., p. 90.

try owes an enormous debt, and it remains to be seen whether they will ever pay much interest.

Spain has got the finest peasantry in the world—courageous, high-minded, deserving of political power; but there is a want of an independent, talented, and wealthy middle class, and country aristocracy, to rouse the nation to better things, diffuse vigour, enterprise and industry, and, under the ægis of liberal institutions, create confidence, and develop the vast resources of the empire.

Convinced of the utter hopelessness of expecting such wants being soon, if ever, supplied, and finding, from the sad history of the past, that administrations change in Spain, but nothing else, it is impossible not to feel some regret that these fine convents, some of them noble specimens of Gothic architecture, and almost all museums of art, were plundered and destroyed, and that the treasures they once contained are lost or are now to be seen anywhere but in Spain. These mighty piles are characteristic of the country, and whether in the ancient towns, the dreary wilds, or amid the lofty sierras, are always interesting, though frequently so far beyond the means and wants of the wretched districts surrounding them, one naturally suspects them to have been the fruits of the virgin crust of the rich gold districts of the New World, or of the room Atahualpa almost filled with the precious metal for his ransom; but their wealth, however obtained, was not hoarded, but diffused, with a liberal hand, in charities, hospitalities, and in a liberal encouragement of the arts. It is an error to suppose that these establishments were only tenanted by those who made a trade of religion. They afforded seclusion, and ease of mind and body, to the broken-down man of the world, comfortable quarters to the weary soldier, a house of refuge for the worn-out pilgrim, a solitary cell for meditation, and cheerful society and the comforts of their religion for all.

The crowded churches, and notwithstanding the appropriation of their revenues, the absence of all appearance of anything like poverty in the chapels and services, prove that the Spaniards are now as devout worshippers, and as zealous friends of the Church as they were in her palmy days. The Spanish people has ever been deeply attached to religious institutions, and when their constitutions were breaking, and they felt the necessity of weaning themselves from the pas-

sions, the pleasures, and excitement of the world, they have, in every age, availed themselves, to an extraordinary extent, of these asylums as their last resting-place on earth.

It is not surprising that any of the adventurers who accompanied Columbus, and still less that those whose hands were imbrued with the blood of the Aztecs and the Incas, who insisted that the brave Guatemozin should be tortured to compel him to disclose his treasures, and who riveted the irons on the legs of the pusillanimous Montezuma—irons which may well be said to have entered his very soul; or that those whose voices called for the execution of the truthful and generous Atahualpa; or that many of the thousands who, from thirst of gold and adventure, followed them to the New World, should have sought a refuge in these asylums when, escaping from their fearful toil and perils, they returned to their native country with broken constitutions—without homes, finding perhaps the friends of their youth dead and scattered, and their ill-gotten wealth insufficient to relieve the loneliness of the last stage of life.

One can imagine also a Charles V. harassed with cares, wars, and disease, astonishing all Europe by retiring to San Yuste, and a Philip II. delighting in his cell in the Escorial; but the fashion of spending their last days in a convent, which prevailed amongst all ranks, is very remarkable, and, to such an extraordinary extent, is unprecedented in any other Catholic country. Some of the most distinguished artists, such as Cano and Joanes, El Mudo, Cotañ, Rincon, Borrás, Cespedes, Roelas, Rizi, and many others, took orders. Many of the poets (1) also finished their career in religious seclusion.

The three brightest ornaments of Spanish literature, Cervantes, Lope de Vega, and Calderon—though the two latter were not only the most successful, but the most prosperous of authors—and many of their contemporaries and imitators, spent their last days in these asylums. Not merely a number of the writers of dramas, but many even of the actors—a class notorious in Spain for their disorderly and vagabond lives—followed the fashion, and, taking refuge in a religious life, became devout priests, and died almost in the odour of sanctity. (2)

There is still the same inclination amongst

(1) Tickler, vol. ii., p. 387.

(2) Ibid., vol. ii., p. 404.

all classes to retire from the world, when ambition's fitful fever is past. The life of a Spaniard, even at the present day, is too often one of fearful toil, and rapine, and blood. The soldier in other countries in Europe is easily moved from place to place; but the Spaniard, who has to march thousands of miles over burning sierras, destitute of every comfort, has ever an eventful life, to say nothing of the foreign wars, revolutions, and the atrocious civil feuds, when unheard-of cruelties were committed. The actors in such scenes, probably without homes (for celibacy is the rule in the Spanish army), and perhaps equally destitute of friends, may regret that the soldier's last barracks, the friendly convents, are now closed.

We returned to Burgos by the celebrated Cistercian nunnery of Santa Maria la Real, called Las Huelgas Reales, being built in the gardens of the founder Alonso VIII., whose wife, Leonora, was daughter of our Henry II. The Abbess of this monastery, at one time, ruled over one hundred and fifty nuns of the most noble families in Spain, and exercised jurisdiction over fourteen large towns, and more than fifty smaller places; and was considered only inferior in dignity to the Queen. (1) When the monasteries were destroyed, there were one hundred nuns here; and now there are fifteen, and five preparing to take the veil; the Government, within the last two months, having granted them permission to have as many as twenty-four.

This is one of the many indications I have met with in Spain, showing the disposition of the present Government to restore, as far as is in their power, the fallen fortunes of the Church, and return by degrees, perhaps, to the old abuses. The architecture of different styles gives a history of the place; towers, with machicolated battlements, square towers, circular and pointed arches mingled together; and there are some fine old tombs at the entrance of the church. The view through the grating, of the choir where the nuns sit, is imposing; and must be more so when they are present; the seats seem to be beautifully carved, and the floor boarded—a regard to comfort seldom found in Spain. It is a kind of St. George's Chapel, where the old Spanish kings knighted themselves, and Alonso El Sabio conferred that honour on our Edward I. (2) There is a monument of the founder and his wife in the centre, covered

with velvet; and above the grating a good fresco of the grand victory of Las Navas de Tolosa.

The King is represented on his knees praying, on one side, and his wife on the other; and above, he is seen on horseback, in the midst of the fight. It is very superior to the fresco in the Escorial of the same subject. Close by the grating is an old gilt pulpit, covered with rudish figures of saints, but preserved as a great treasure; for in it preached the renowned St. Vicente de Ferrer. The grand altar is churrigueresque; on each side it are kneeling figures of Alonso and his wife.

Burgos is an interesting old town. The irregular plaza is picturesque, with its granite arcades, and looked very imposing, filled, as I saw it, with all the military, priests, authorities of the city, and gentry walking in procession, carrying the celebrated statue of the Senora de Oca, and other relics, to procure a safe accouchement for the Queen; while gay silk and satin curtains and bed-coverings, mostly crimson, decorated the balconies, crowded with the beauty and fashion of the place. The fine open space occupied by the bed of the river, though not often containing much water; the bridges, which have always a picturesque effect; the beautiful shady *alamedas*, or the *Espolon* and *Espolon Nuevo*, with their hedges of rose-trees on each side of the river; and the picturesque old gate of Santa Maria, form as cheerful and as pleasant a prospect as any town enjoys, enhanced greatly by the view of the old city, rising above the modern houses and the cathedral, one of the finest and externally perhaps the most elegant temple ever erected to the divinity.

The horrors of war, foreign and domestic, are over; the commerce of the little town is increasing; and large houses are building in every direction, some of them handsome ones. Burgos can boast of being the place where, in 1169, the first Parliament assembled in Spain. Every city had its deputy, who were chosen at first by the householders at large. The chamber comprised peers and clergy; and even before the fifteenth century the power of the Cortes was very great. (3)

The remains of the grandeur of Burgos may be traced not only in her splendid cathedral, fine churches and convents, but also in

(1) See Prescott's *Ferdinand and Isabella*, p. 39.

(2) See *Handbook*, p. 903.

(3) Prescott's *Ferdinand and Isabella*, p. 20.

the houses of her nobles. I have mentioned the palace of the Constable; in the Calle San Lorenzo there are about a dozen of their residences, with sculptured arched doorways, and some of them with round turrets; and in the Calle Avellares there are some portals richly decorated with busts and columns. (1) The entrance, also, of the Casa de Miranda, in the Calle de la Calera, on the other side of the river, is worth observing for its decorations, and double fluted Corinthian columns on each side; the figures also supporting the arms are graceful. The patio is very rich with its abundance of ornaments, figures, and fluted columns, but the capitals are in bad taste.

There are some few paintings collected at Burgos, but probably rubbish, as usual. I walked to the Institution first, whence I was sent to St. Jeronimo, and there told the curé had the key, and was teaching, and I could not get the porter to ask for it. They said if I returned at one, I should see them, and I did so, but found no curé and no key (Cosas de Espana). A traveller must either waste his time in staying twice as long in every city as ought to be required, or leave something unseen from the difficulty of getting access. I am weary of the words *sta cerrada* (it is closed), and the little value Spaniards have of any time but their own. They never think of keeping appointments.

After several applications, I was at last fortunate enough to meet with the Governor, who grants permission to see the castle; and certainly the ascent, which is but trifling beyond the house of the Cid, is worth the trouble. It is built on the site of the original palace of the Kings of Old Castile, and is the birthplace of Don Pedro the Cruel, and there the Cid married his faithful wife, and our Edward I. espoused Eleanor of Castile. The situation of the castle is very strong, as the Duke of Wellington perceived, and, his artillery and forces being quite inadequate, raised the siege and retired to Ciudad Rodrigo, when he heard of Soult's approach with a very superior army.

The view of the old town and its glorious cathedral, the alamedas, Vega, and distant mountains, is very fine, and the Vegas of the Huelgas and the Hospital del Ré are extremely pretty; the river winding through a verdant vale, richly planted with trees, is a refresh-

(1) The numbers best worth observing in the first street are Nos. 4, 6, 8, 14, 17, 23, 27, 38, 29, and 31; in the second, Nos. 4, 6, and 8.

ing sight in Castile. The Inn de las Postas, or as it is generally called del Doran, is the best, and the dinners are good for Spain; but, clean as the rooms appeared, we had a crawler or two for about the fourth or fifth time during our tour. If we had changed our beds as frequently during many months in England, or in any other country, we might perhaps have been equally unfortunate.

CHAPTER XXXIII.

Departure from Burgos.—Pass of Pancorbo.—Vitoria.—Streets.—Promenades.—San Miguel.—San Vicente.—Battle of Vitoria.—Pamplona.—Cathedral.—Ignacio Loyola.—Adieu to Spain.—Bayonne.—Bordeaux.—Mettray.

BEING disappointed in finding room at Burgos in the diligences, which at this season of the year are generally full from Madrid, we were obliged to take the courier in the evening, which I regretted, the country being more interesting than our former routes through the Castiles. They go at the rate of eight or nine miles an hour, but are more than twice as expensive as the diligences, on lines where opposition has reduced the prices of the latter; and they only allow thirty pounds of luggage to each passenger, and charge very high for the surplus.

The route was pleasant to Briviesca—the country, bounded by hills, was rich in pastures and corn, and trees were not wanting. That town seemed a noisy dirty place, with rather a picturesque plaza. Fortunately I was awake when we passed the fine mountain pass of Pancorbo, between the defiles of the mountains of Oca and the Pyrenean spurs. The dim light of a summer's night made the rocks appear higher and grander, perhaps, than they would have done under the glare of a Castilian sun. Some of them were of a very picturesque form, rising in one part so precipitately as scarcely to allow space for the river Oroncillo and the road along which we dashed.

Near the pass, the Handbook says, there is a ruined castle, where Roderick is said to have seduced the Cava. A more splendid natural barrier to the plains of Castile than this pass could not be imagined. And here we bid adieu to the Castilians, a people tenacious, proud, and independent, with a great deal to be admired in their characters, much sterling honesty, and a zealous love for their religion, their country, and their Queen; but to passing strangers, like myself, they are

not so polite, nor so good-humoured, nor half so pleasant as the Spaniards of the South, especially the Andalusians.

The lower orders in Castile and throughout Spain are far superior to the middle and higher classes. I was never weary of gazing at the groups of peasants, such fine-looking fellows, wearing their mantles with an air as if they were all *grandees*; and even when they had the appearance of being contrabandists, or even worse, one could not but admire them, there is so much character, courage, and independence in their mien, and they are always so civil and courteous when one addresses them; assuredly they are worthy of better institutions and a more liberal government.

Vitoria, the capital of Alava, is a thriving flourishing place. Diligences, couriers, gale-ras, etc., passing through continually have created a prosperity, which is exhibited in a handsome new town, with good inns; a large plaza, with a Doric arcade; a pretty Alameda, called the Florida, ornamented with statues, mingled with rose-trees, and enjoying pleasant views, of the verdant rich vale surrounding the town, and the distant hills; a little further beyond the suburbs is another promenade called El Prado, which is more rural. The new part of Vitoria has quite a French appearance; the inn still more so; beds with curtains, and the floors of polished boards instead of flags. We explored the old town, where many of the streets are full of picturesque Prout-like bits of tumble-down houses.

The church of San Miguel is finely situated on an eminence, and looks well from the plaza in the new town. The Gothic interior is imposing, though disfigured with yellow-wash. The retablo, ornamented with gilt Corinthian columns and coloured sculpture, is by Hernandez, and very good. The Circumcision, and the Adoration of the Shepherds, are excellent. The shepherd, with a lamb on his shoulder, is splendid. The Adoration of the Kings and the Purification are also fine. Over the grand altar in the centre is a large figure of the Conception, which is beautiful, but the drapery is heavy. Some of the Saints and Evangelists are also well done.

The interior of San Vicente is simple and elegant, the plain lofty columns, which seem to be the fashion at Vitoria, are here without capitals, and the groining of the roof springs from the tops of the columns with a fan-like

effect. The retablo is churrigueresque, and the sculpture not remarkable.

The porch of Santa Maria is richly decorated with pointed arches, immense groups of figures, statues, large and small, in elaborately carved niches, and a groined roof, the bosses of the groining ornamented with busts. The effect is good, though the sculpture is indifferent and much injured. The interior is destroyed by rafters, of an elliptical form, which span the centre aisle, and there are also two chapels with circular arches, which do not harmonize with the pointed style of the building. The rafters, however, which spoil a pretty interior, appear to be required to strengthen the walls. The view from the summit of the tower of this church is fine, of the old town and its Alameda, and the rich and verdant plains studded with innumerable villages with their picturesque church-towers, and bounded with ranges of hills whose soft outline is very pleasing.

This is a view, moreover, thrillingly interesting to every Englishman. The Allies crossed the hills surrounding the basin of Vitoria from the direction of Burgos, and Hill's corps entered through the defiles of Pueblo and Marquina. Near the road to Bilboa—where two ranges of hills, one more wavy than the other, slope down to the plain, and another low range of hills rises a little in the distance—were the British, under Graham. The hill of Arinez will be pointed out, where the battle was really fought, being the centre of the French forces entering right and left the road to Bayonne, by which they wished to retreat, but were prevented by the English and Spaniards (by the Spanish forces, says the custode), and the road is seen to Pamplona, in which direction, when completely beaten, they fled pell-mell, hotly pursued by the victorious Duke.

The basin of Vitoria was filled with troops. Sixty thousand Anglo-Portuguese sabres and bayonets, with ninety pieces of cannon, were actually in the field; but the Spanish auxiliaries were above twenty thousand, and the whole army, including serjeants and artillerymen, exceeded eighty thousand combatants. Deducting the officers, artillery-men, sappers, miners, and non-combatants, which are always borne on the French muster-rolls, the sabres and bayonets of the enemy would scarcely reach sixty thousand, but in the number of their guns they had the advantage.

The French escaped with the loss of their treasure, stores, and papers, but lost compa-

relatively few men. Never was an army, says Napier, more hardly used by its commander, for the soldiers were not half beaten, and never was a victory more complete. The French carried off but two pieces of artillery from the battle. Jourdan's baton of command, a stand of colours, and a hundred and forty-three brass pieces were taken. The loss in men did not, however, exceed six thousand, exclusive of some hundred prisoners. The Allies lost five thousand one hundred and seventy-six killed, wounded, and missing. One thousand and forty-nine were Portuguese, five hundred and fifty-three Spanish, and the rest English. Plunder to the amount of five millions five hundred thousand dollars was carried away by camp-followers and non-combatants. (1)

As Napier says, the fate of Spain was decided at Vitoria, but the statue proposed to be erected to the Duke has not yet been raised. We must, however, recollect, that it has never been the custom of the Spaniards in any age to erect statues to their great men who do not happen to have royal blood in their veins, except in the churches, where it appears to have been the policy of the priesthood to represent to their admiring congregations the great and intellectual of the land worshiping at the altars, and bowing to the Virgin and the Saints. We have seen no monuments to their brave soldiers—to their Cid, to the Great Captain, or any of the heroes of the Moorish wars; none to the discoverers of the New world—Columbus, Cortes, or Pizarro; and, except to Florida Blanca, at Murcia, not one to their statesmen or poets, and other distinguished literary men; and strange, in this bigoted land, none even to their great cardinals and archbishops (who, however, generally took care to erect their own useful monuments in the shape of benevolent and permanent institutions). Humboldt, fifty years ago, remarked that, "we may traverse Spanish America from Buenos Ayres to Monterey, and in no quarter shall we meet with a national monument which the public gratitude has raised to Christopher Columbus, or Fernando Cortes." The Inquisition and the priests, whose influence may be traced in almost everything in Spain, may have been reluctant, perhaps, to see marble statues of the great men who have ennobled the country, erected in the market-places, lest their flocks might admire them more

than the painted saints in the churches, especially when they balanced their respective achievements.

We left Vitoria at five o'clock in the morning, by the courier. The hour for departure is generally three, and, having risen an hour before, I was asleep when we passed Guevara, one of the chief strongholds of the Carlists, who have still a numerous party in the district between Vitoria and Pamplona. The Black Prince advanced by this road in 1367. The small town of Salvatierra is picturesquely situated, and the walls and towers of stone and good masonry seem to indicate that the place was formerly of greater importance than it is now. The drive from there, until a short time before arriving at Pamplona, is very pleasant, through a rich and generally well cultivated valley, with the Sierra of San Adrian on our left as far as the village of Lacunza, and then the Sierra Aralar, and on our right the Sierra of Andia, reaching nearly to Pamplona. These mountains were like two mighty walls on our right hand and our left, sometimes partly covered with trees, and the perpendicular summits rising above the foliage, and often broken into bold and picturesque forms.

We passed numerous villages, and saw others at the base of the sierras, which in the distance appeared pretty. The peasants are hardy and industrious, and the good crops are pleasant to look at after the thin ones in Castile. The labourers earn their tenpence a-day, but provisions are not very cheap, meat fourpence and fivepence a-pound. The country becomes more dreary approaching Pamplona, the valley changes into a wilder district, bounded by hills but bleak in the extreme, scarcely a tree to be seen.

Pamplona, the capital of Navarre, seems a flourishing place; buildings are erecting which would do credit to much larger towns, especially the new hall. The streets are not picturesque, but the plaza is handsome and looks gay, every balcony covered with an awning. The Plaza de Abajo is more striking, with its handsome Ayuntamiento at the end. The market was full of cherries, and the groups of peasants were characteristic, but I saw no beauty amongst the women.

The cathedral is well worth visiting. The *façade* is Corinthian, and, besides its being incongruous with a Gothic interior, it is utterly wanting in simplicity. The interior is, however, simple and elegant, but the effect is injured by the choir which, as usual, fills up

(1) Napier's Peninsular War, vol. v.

the centre aisle. The ancient *trascoro* which, to judge from the fragments of marble preserved in one of the chapels, must have been very handsome, was destroyed in the Carlist war, and now there is a plain blank wall, which, perhaps, has the advantage of not being so high. They have, however, attempted to ornament this wall by inserting in it a tomb, from the Capuchin convent, of the Count de Ganges, which would have looked well and been interesting anywhere else, being ornamented with a very beautifully executed battle-scene. The Count on his charger and some of the other figures are excellent. The choir is ornamented with good carvings, by Miguel Ancheta, of saints and evangelists; all are different, many of them excellent, and the wood is said to be English oak.

The royal tombs in the centre, with Carlos el Mayor and his Queen, Leonora of Castile, lying at full length, would be very imposing if they were not covered entirely with an iron railing, which destroys their effect. At the King's feet is a lion, and at the Queen's two dogs, instead of, as usual, only one; I suppose emblematical of her being eminently faithful. The sculpture around the sarcophagus is much injured. The roofs of the choir and *cimborio* are excellent. The *retablo* of the grand altar is architecturally good, but the sculpture is indifferent. The canons leave at an early hour, and I could not see the sacristy or library. The cloisters are extremely light and elegant. There is nothing so charming as cloisters such as these, affording a delightful change from the cold and comparative gloom of a cathedral, and yet, as works of art, there is always something to admire; all the capitals from which the beautiful arches spring are different, and are ornamented with flowers and figures, and Biblical representations, among others, the building of the Temple of Jerusalem, and Adam and Eve in Paradise. There is an iron palisade which came from the battle of Navas de Tolosa, but it is not otherwise remarkable, and also some tombs, but they are not particularly fine. The refectory is a handsome room with a good roof, and curious figures, from which the arches spring.

We then visited, near the promenade, the chapel of Ignacio Loyola, which is churrigueresque, but curious as a memorial of his life. There is a painting representing him receiving a wound in defence of this citadel, in 1521; another represents him in his suit of

armour, and one, as a penitent, making an offering of his sword; another, when, on his way to Jerusalem, the Divinity arrests his steps and tells him he has more useful work for him in Rome. The promenades are very delightful, and the fortifications apparently extremely strong, especially the pentagonal citadel; but there seemed to be few soldiers on guard, and the discipline very loose.

Pamplona is again the field of British triumph. Jourdan retreated here from Victoria, and the Duke blockaded the place. Soult made great efforts to restore the fortunes of France, which at first promised to be successful; at Sebastian the Allies were repulsed; at Roncesvalles they abandoned the passes, and at Maya they were defeated. (1) The Duke's presence changed the aspect of affairs, and several battles were fought, especially at Sauroren, a short distance from here, and the French were at length obliged to abandon their position on the heights adjoining, and were soon driven across the Pyrenees.

We left Pamplona at four o'clock in the morning, in the *coupé* of the diligence, and passing through a pretty country, abounding in corn and wine, came to the village of Bulatin, and soon afterwards, on our right, the village of Tetoly, very picturesquely situated, with a fine view beyond, of distant ranges of hills, well clothed with woods. The valley then becomes narrower, and we passed through a picturesque little forest of oaks, extending to the summit of the hills, and watered by a little trout-stream, following which we came to the village of Ulaquez, three and a half leagues from Pamplona, where the valley is again more cultivated and less woody. Occasionally the views were very extensive and beautiful, of rich plains and villages perched amongst the hills and mountains in the distance.

At the prettily situated but wretched Venta de Ruez, four and a half leagues from Pamplona, we changed horses, and ascended for half an hour a magnificent pass, mountains and rocks, covered with fine trees, villages in the rich valleys, and often fine distant ranges of mountains. We then descended into the celebrated valley of the Bastan. They say the view from the summit is very splendid, but, to our great disappointment, a sudden mist came on, and we had but glimpses of the beauty around us. This valley is

(1) Napier, vol. vi., p. 124.

twelve leagues long, and contains fourteen villages; the peasants have great abundance of cattle; wages are high (one shilling a-day), provisions cheap, and the soil excellent, if properly cultivated; but they have strong temptations to become contrabandists, and the peasantry on both sides the frontier carry on this illicit traffic to a great extent. Groceries, silks and other manufactures are brought over in large quantities, and many farms neglected for the more exciting and more lucrative trade of the smuggler. The road over this fine pass is magnificent, but for some part of it there is no barrier whatever from the precipice, though it is well protected by the *guardia civile*, not for fear of robbers, for there are none, but on account of the contrabandists.

When we had descended from the mountains, the mist was dispersed, or we had left it behind us, and we had a beautiful drive through a narrow and rich valley, the hills well clothed with foliage, and after passing Enirita, a flourishing village, the wooden balconies of the houses reminding me a little of Switzerland, in a quarter of an hour afterwards we arrived at the large village of Elisondo, where we breakfasted deliciously on a fat green goose, and well-dressed plump chickens, a glorious treat after starving so long in the Castiles. I felt rather ashamed of my voracity, having consumed the whole of the goose myself, Mrs. H—— preferring a chicken; but my scruples were calmed when I found the price here of such a bird is only ninepence, and chickens fourpence and fivepence each. This is truly a happy valley, so much beauty, and all the necessities of life good and cheap.

In three hours we crossed the frontier to the French side of the Bastan, and arrived at the custom-house of Anor, where our boxes were taken down, to entitle the porters to their fees, but were not examined. We had rather a pretty drive from there to Espelette, and reached Bayonne at four o'clock. The transition from a kingdom half a century behind all others, to the civilization of France, is very striking. The neatness of the admirable French fortifications compared to Pamplona, the discipline of the guard, the superiority of the uniform, the excellence of the hotels, and above all, the transition from the most diabolical cookery, redolent with strong oil, garlic, and saffron, to the most *recherchée cuisine* in the world, remind us our tour in Spain is ended. I could not,

however, repress some regrets that I had not seen more of that interesting country. Very early in the spring, or very late in the autumn, are the most agreeable seasons for travelling there; but now July is approaching, and the heat is already great for a lady to bear.

No one can visit Spain without feeling a strong attachment to that racy land, so unlike every other in Europe. It is a country that must please all tastes. The wildness and grandeur of the bleak sierras, and the rich picturesque vales, must haunt the memory of those who care only for scenery. The antiquarian and the architect will recollect the splendid ruins and temples which have excited his curiosity; the sculptor, the works of Montanes, Juni, Hernandez, etc.; the painter will think of Valencia, and its Joanes and Ribaltas; of Granada, and its Canos; of Seville and its Murillos and Zurbarans; of the Escorial, and its El Mudo; and of Madrid, and its Velasquez—artists which can never be fully appreciated elsewhere.

The politician will recall subjects without end for his speculations—the undeveloped resources of the country; plains longing for the plough, and thirsting for wells and sakeas; the extraordinary mineral wealth of the kingdom; the defective communications; and, above all, the singular spectacle of a Cortez of three hundred and fifty gentlemen of property, almost all of them returned through the influence of the Premier. If there was a fair representation of the people without Government influence being exerted, I believe that such is the general appreciation of Narvaez' talents, and gratitude for the order and security that he has undoubtedly established throughout the realm, that a working majority would give him their support; but without this element of power, without the Government resting on the Cortez and the people, and not as now, almost entirely on the Court, or rather the Camarilla, neither Narvaez, nor any other Premier, can dare to effect the reforms the country requires; put down the myriads of *employés*, reduce the immense army, and redeem the national credit by bringing the finances into such a state that the nation could not only acknowledge their immense debt, but with ease pay the interest of it.

A Government with such a basis would create confidence in the future, and men would embark in commercial and agricultural speculations; and then, and not till then, there

would be a prospect of brighter days for that unfortunate country. (1)

The cathedral of Bayonne has a very good Gothic interior, without any choir to fill up the centre aisle, and destroy the effect. The journey from there to England may soon be accomplished. The diligences leave at seven o'clock in the evening, and arrive at Bordeaux at four o'clock the next morning. The *malle-poste* leaves at midnight, and arrives the next day at two o'clock. The route is pleasant, through a cultivated country the first part of the way, and afterwards through forests and the *landes*, where figures, like giants, may sometimes be seen stalking along on their stilts.

Bordeaux is the finest provincial town in France; the quay, the large open promenade, the fine theatre, streets, and squares; the cathedral, with its handsome *façade* and two elegant spires, and broad interior, consisting of a single nave; the old church of St. Croix, with its beautiful rich Romanesque architecture; the church of St. Michael, with its fine Gothic interior and cave full of skeletons; and, above all, the admirable kitchen and good wine, particularly grateful after a tour in Spain, make it a desirable place to rest in.

The diligence starts from Bordeaux every morning, two hours after the arrival of the Bayonne diligence, and arrives at Tours at twelve o'clock the following day. The courier takes only twenty-four hours. The route is pleasant, but not interesting, richly cultivated, and plenty of trees, but extremely flat. Angoulême, with a cathedral, the exterior of which is ornamented with Saxon arches, is a pretty little town, situated on a hill commanding an extensive view of the verdant country around—a kind of Richmond, but not so beautiful; and the views are also extensive between Angoulême and Poitiers, which has its cathedral, and the site of the celebrated battle; but, arriving there at the dawn of day, we could only observe the old-fashioned appearance of some of the houses; and the ornamental, rather than good cutlery, which they offer for sale at the hotel.

The railway is just opened from there to Paris, a journey now of only ten hours, so that Spain by this route may be reached in four days, but there are many inducements to linger. Tours is a pretty town on the

Loire, worth staying to see, and has its good Hôtel de l'Univers, on the fine promenade; an excellent street of shops; a pleasant hill on the opposite side of the river, where the English chiefly reside; and a cathedral, with a handsome Gothic *façade*, with two rather stumpy towers, and an excellent interior. The stained glass is rich, and there is a pretty little tomb of a prince and princess of France, the children of Charles VIII. and Anne de Bretagne. The ornaments are very elegant, and the boy and girl, decorated in their royal robes, are interesting. The view from the tower is fine.

We visited also the château of Blois, and, ascending the beautiful stone staircase, saw the scene of one of the darkest passages in the history of France, the murder of the Guises—and then drove to the Château de Chambord, like Blois, a fine specimen of the time of Francis I.; the towers and staircases are handsome, and the domain extensive, though not picturesque. The building is in a sad state, and only a few workmen are employed in restoring it; but they may have ample time, perhaps, to finish the repairs before the Duke returns to France. The rich plains near there bristle with castles interesting for their architecture and historical associations; among others, Chononceaux and Amboise, where poor Abd-el-Kader is confined. Orleans, and its elegant cathedral and magnificent interior, picturesque Hôtel de Ville, and associations of Jeanne d'Arc, is interesting; but there is one place the traveller, in his hurry to get to Spain, or in his haste to return home, should not fail to see, and that is the colony of Mettray, about five miles from Tours, established by the Viscomte Bretagères de Courteilles, and the Conseiller Demetz. As the question of prison discipline is one of the most interesting of the present day, I will conclude my tour with an account of this excellent institution.

Mettray is situated in a rich and well-wooded country, and is a pleasant and cheerful-looking place, without the least appearance of a prison or penitentiary; no guards, soldiers, or policemen—no locks or bars, or even enclosures, to prevent escape. A pretty church is the most conspicuous building, as it ought to be; for without religion prisons may be reformed, but not the prisoners. On each side of the little chapel, but separated from it, are two large buildings, containing the school-room, hospitals, residences of directors, kitchens, and other offices; oppo-

(1) Since the above was written, Narvaez has been dismissed, and such must be the fate of every minister dependent upon the Camarilla; but it is very probable he will soon be Premier again.

site the church is a large quadrangular court, which is used for the play-ground. In the centre of it is a basin, and at each angle a well, where the boys wash themselves. On two of the sides of this court are rows of five detached plain but neat houses, with projecting roofs. They are all of the same size and form, and are erected at an expense of about 300*l.* each, many by private individuals, whose names are inscribed on the front of them, and others by different towns in the neighbourhood. Each house accommodates a family of forty-five lads, with a master and assistants, and consists of two large rooms, which are sometimes used during the day as workshops, often as play-rooms in wet weather, and there also the boys have their meals; after supper their hammocks are let down, and each lad sleeps in his own bed, their heads being alternately in a different direction, to prevent their talking at night. The master of the family and his assistant sleep in alcoves commanding a view of each room.

There are now five hundred and sixty boys in this establishment, who have entered at different ages from five to thirteen, very few however under seven, but about half the number from that age to twelve, and none are allowed to remain beyond twenty. They have all been before the tribunals, or, as the French say, acquitted "*comme ayant agi sans discernement*;" that is to say, with so much of guilt attaching to them as to authorise the magistrates detaining them, under the sixty-sixth article of the criminal code, whenever there was any prospect of their benefiting by such detention, or probability of a continuance of vicious habits if they restored them to their companions, or homes and parents, when possessed of any.

One hundred and ten of these five hundred and sixty boys are wooden-shoemakers, joiners, farriers, locksmiths, ropemakers, leather-shoemakers, blacksmiths, tailors, masons, cartwrights, gardeners, and servants attached to the Sisters of Charity, who attend the hospitals, and preside in the kitchens; and others who, in their turns, week after week, are engaged in the services, the boys performing every kind of labour required. The remainder, about four hundred and fifty, are agriculturists, and work on fifty hectares, or one hundred and twenty-three acres of land, belonging to the establishment, and one hundred and fifty hectares more, which they farm. The land is fortunately good, and affords encouragement to the young workmen,

who, instead of acquiring a fondness for labour, might become disgusted, if their toil was thrown away on an ungrateful soil.

They have also detached farms, managed by families or colonies from the institution; and, as a reward, the best lads have this confidence reposed in them.

The boys are decently and simply clothed, not as criminals, but all in the same kind of blouse and costume, which would be easily recognized, if they endeavoured to escape. They are taught, however, to consider it a disgrace to make such an attempt, when there are no guards or bolts to prevent them. Although most of the lads are taken from central prisons and houses of correction, where there is little discipline, and in many a vicious and corrupting but attractive liberty, it is only on their first entrance that any of them ask to be restored to their former prisons, where they had fewer punishments; and scarcely any have endeavoured to escape, and those only at the commencement of their residence here, when, of course, regular labour and strict discipline would be irksome to them.

A few days' confinement in the solitary cells subdues the obstinacy of the most vicious, and soon they take to their work, and become contented and happy. They are well fed—they have meat three times a-week, and on other days, soup, vegetables, and half a pound of good bread, three times a-day.

The directors, when they founded Mettray, selected twenty-three young men of respectable farmers' families in the neighbourhood, and educated them for the important task of masters. This school is still continued as part of the establishment, and out of the numerous scholars they select the best for their officers. They have thus a constant supply of well-trained clever teachers, whose principles and character they are well acquainted with; and the connection with their neighbours has in many ways an advantageous effect.

Notwithstanding this expense, and the boys seldom staying beyond three or four years—leaving indeed when their labour is most profitable—the Government allowance of sevenpence a-day for each child is sufficient, with what they earn, to cover all the expenses of the establishment.

Each family elects, every month, two from their numbers, who are called *frères aînés*, to assist the masters; and so judiciously do they use this privilege, that it is very rarely

that the directors exercise their power of revoking their election.

Everything is managed with military regularity. A trumpet rouses them in the morning; and after dressing, quickly arranging their hammocks, saying their morning prayers, and washing at the fountains, at the sound of the second trumpet they assemble for their work; quickly and silently they obey the call, as those who are not silent, and the one who arrives the last, are marked with a bad ticket. They march to and from their work with military precision, to the sound of the trumpet, which prevents their acquiring the sluggish and indolent gait too often a characteristic of country labourers.

At this season of the year, they work from half-past five to eight o'clock, when they have half an hour for breakfast and recreation, and then work again until one o'clock, when they have an hour for dinner and play; from two to four o'clock, when in this climate every peasant reposes, they attend a class in the school-room, where they are taught, for ten hours in the week, reading, writing, and accounts; for two hours more, their religious duties; the same time is given to teaching them singing; and, as a reward for good conduct, the instruments of the brass band, which are not only a treat, but often an advantage to the boys in their future career as soldiers, or enabling them to increase their weekly gains as labourers, by assisting in the music of the parish churches.

The lads are taught sitting, so that their bodies repose while their minds are occupied; and, thus refreshed, they are enabled to return with vigour to their work at four, and continue until eight o'clock, when they go to supper; and, after their prayers and evening hymn, they have a few minutes' recreation, while their hammocks are preparing for bedtime, nine o'clock.

In the winter, they work from two to about six, in the fields, and have two hours' class in the evening; and when the weather is bad, they break stones under the awnings between the houses.

During the time allowed for play, they talk and do as they like; but their masters and *frères aînés* take care that they do not make use of gross language, swear, quarrel, or fight. I can testify that there is no restraint; for I saw them during the time of recreation, and I never heard more hearty peals of laughter on any playground. There was mirth, innocence, and happiness in the sound; and it

prepossessed me more in favour of the institution than anything the intelligent master who went round with me said. Their hours of amusement are, however, turned to account; gymnastics strengthen their bodies; they are also taught to work water-engines, and frequently they have rendered great services in extinguishing fires in their neighbourhood.

Religious instruction is carefully given them every Sunday morning, after mass, by their chaplain, and in the afternoon by one of their directors; as it is only by such instruction that they can be sensible of the errors of their previous ways. After religion, emulation is the great principle by which reform is effected. Taking places is practised in the school. Their work is often given to them by the piece, and those who have behaved well are allowed to go to the detached colonies, or are employed in the gardens, or such services of the establishment which are liked best by the boys. Occasionally they have examinations of the different workshops, and small pecuniary rewards given, which are kept for those who attain them until they leave the establishment. Emulation between families is also encouraged, rewarding those who have had no punishments during the week; and so useful is this *esprit de famille*, that some have been known to oblige their members to restore books which they had received for their good conduct when no longer deserving of them, and other families have required the expulsion of incorrigible boys, who disgraced them by their bad conduct. The greatest incitement to good behaviour is, however, the inscription on the tablet of honour. Three months' good conduct, without bad tickets, entitle them to this privilege. Very many have been inscribed on it four or five times, some more frequently, and others during the whole time of their detention. Those who behave themselves well for two years receive a ring of merit, and their names are written on tablets.

There are slight punishments for trivial offences; such as not allowing the offenders to join their companions during play hours, detaining them solitarily in the parlour to afford them the opportunity of reflecting on their conduct, and giving them at their meals nothing but dry black bread and water. The severe punishments are degradation if a *frère aîné*, or erasure for those whose names are inscribed on the table of honour, and solitary

confinement in lighted or dark cells. In the former they are employed in making the heads of nails; and, during the time they are allowed to leave their cells every day, they have to break stones.

The solitary cells are ingeniously arranged behind the chief altar of the chapel, so that when the curtain is drawn, and the doors opened, they can hear and join the service, and lessons are in that manner read to all of them at the same time. They say that the solitary confinement is much dreaded by the boys, but there was not a single cell occupied when I was there. The severest punishment, but which has only been enforced two or three times, is expulsion from the establishment, sending them back to the central prisons and houses of correction from whence they came.

What then is the result of this institution? The influence of religious exercises and instruction, and the example of reformed and older boys; the regular habits, enforced by strict discipline; the sight, perhaps, of rich crops and green fields, the work of their own hands; the love of labour thus judiciously instilled into their minds; the cultivation of honourable principles by a prudent emulation; enrolment and erasure from the tables of honour and good conduct, and more especially the division of the establishment into small families, when the masters become, as it were, fathers of the families, and naturally take more interest in the boys, and understand their characters better, than if they all lived together in one room, have had an effect exceeding the most sanguine expectations. That success has been acknowledged by the Government, and similar institutions are now formed and forming in various districts in France.

The establishment of Mettray has only been founded ten years, and notwithstanding the revolutions which have unsettled all the institutions of France, its prosperity continues to increase. Of six hundred boys who have

left, only thirty have fallen into their previous vicious career. About one hundred and thirty have entered into the army and navy. When their time of detention here expires, there is no difficulty in finding employment for all. The farmers of the neighbourhood show rather an eagerness than otherwise to get workmen from Mettray, and they may do so in perfect safety, as their character for years is written on the tables. The highest on the list on the class of work are of course the best workmen, and if the same names are found on the table of honour for good behaviour, they have the best guarantee for their future good conduct.

Of one thousand and forty boys who had entered the establishment up to January 1st, 1849, five hundred and ninety-seven could not read, and of these five hundred and sixty have learnt reading, and nearly as many writing and accounts. They leave then the institution with some education, with a knowledge of farming, gardening, or a trade, and some of them with a little knowledge of music, with their minds reformed by the habits and discipline I have described, and the constitutions of many restored after an infancy of misery and vice.

This detailed, but I fear too long, account of this institution may I hope be of some use, as undoubtedly every part of England ought to possess similar institutions. No country in the world is better provided with splendid and well-regulated charities than we are; but when we see what even the Spaniards have done at Valencia, and the French at Mettray, I think it is time for us to make greater efforts to arrest the adult convicts in their career of wickedness, and as more success may naturally be expected with the young, whose minds may not be so corrupted, not a juvenile criminal should be allowed to leave our gaols without our endeavouring, by a judicious system like this, to make him an honest and useful member of society.

APPENDIX.

APPENDIX A.

GALLERY OF VALENCIA.

THERE are many splendid works of the great Valencian masters in this museum. The first gallery is ornamented with a numerous series of paintings, by Fra Antonio de Villanueva (born at Lorca in 1714), representing the life of St. Francisco d'Assis, but few of them of any merit. The first picture I observed of great talent is a large one by Espinosa. The keeper, who is not always in the way, knows most of the paintings; he was not, however, aware that there had been more than one Espinosa in Spain. The great Valencian painter was Jacinto Geronimo, whom I have given an account of; but probably many of the paintings ascribed to him were executed by Geronimo Rodriguez, his father, who died in Valencia in 1630, or more probably his son, Miguel Geronimo, who imitated his style. There was also a third painter of that name, Miguel de Espinosa, who worked at Saragoza in the seventeenth century, but it is not probable that any of his pictures have travelled here. Several paintings of this collection bear the name of Geronimo only, and the distinction in style may be observed; the father's being more obscure, Jacinto, the son's, more vivid in colouring. This painting, by Espinosa, is No. 112. A cavalier is represented on a very heavy horse, in the act of firing a pistol at a priest, St. Luis Beltran, who had reproved him, when an image of Christ starts out of the pistol, instead of a ball. The priest, and a labourer witnessing the miracle, are finely drawn. The colouring has, I think, never been good; but the picture is much injured, and the landscape is badly painted.

No. 100, by Ribalta, is in a bad state, but the drawing is good. 145. The Adoration of the Magi, by Gaspar de la Huerta, who was born at Campillos de Altobuey, in the province of Cuenca, in 1645, and died in 1714. The Virgin and Child are beautiful, but the colouring of the painting is not good. 146. An Assumption of the Virgin, by Ribalta; the Virgin very nicely done. 167. St. Do-

minick beseeching the Virgin not to punish the people, by Vicente Salvador Gomez, a pupil of J. G. Espinosa's; the colouring is dark, but the drawing is good. 164. An Adoration of the Magi, by Padre Borrás; well drawn. 169. St. Dominick having called to life a man he was accused of murdering; this painting, by Orrente, represents the murdered man exonerating the Saint. The dead body, thus brought to life, is finely drawn, and the peasant on the left is admirable, for the correct delineation and picturesque effect, but the colouring of the painting is not good. Pedro Orrente was born at Monte Alegre, in the kingdom of Murcia, about the end of the sixteenth century, and died in 1644, at Toledo. He was a pupil of El Greco, but retained little of his master's style. He is called the Spanish Bassano, many of his paintings being in imitation of the style of the Venetian painter; but there are others much grander and better drawn than anything Bassano ever produced. Conscious of his inimitable power in delineating sheep, really almost as well as Murillo, he made few pictures without introducing them.

173. A battle and fine architectural background, by an artist from Minorca. 466, 468, 470. By Josef de Vergara, who was born at Valencia in 1726; colouring not good. 449. By Camaron, also one of the more modern school, is a better-coloured Deposition. La Madonna de la Merced, by Lopez; a group of children in this painting is beautifully painted. 414 to 420. A series of large works, by Espinosa, representing the history of the first Christian King. The drawing of these is frequently very good, but they are not well coloured, and much injured; still some parts of them are very fine. 380. A good Virgin and Child, by Camaron. 373 to 375 are by Espinosa. The Presentation at the Temple is well done, also Christ disputing with the Doctors, and St. Ann and other Saints. The colouring of these is better, and the drawing excellent. 370 is a very fine painting of St. Michael conquering the Devil, by Ribalta, in imitation of the style of Guido; expression good, and colouring excellent. 364. The Virgin of Porta Celi, by

Ribalta ; the Child, and a head to the left, very exquisite ; well drawn and nice colouring, but the features of all the figures are large and uninteresting. 350 is St. Isidoro, by Juan Ribalta, a noble figure of a peasant with a cow ; but the colouring is brown. 338. The Holy Ghost descending on the Apostles and the Madonnas, every head with a flame above it, which looks frightful ; but the figures are well drawn, particularly one to the left ; I should, however, almost doubt this painting being done by Joanes, to whom they ascribe it. It is the only large one here by this master, whose works seldom exceed three or four feet in size, which admits of their being more exquisitely finished.

297 to 314. Some curious paintings, by Padre Borrás, hard in style, but some parts of them elaborately finished. In the Christ on the Cross, observe the heads of the men ; and in 297, representing hell and purgatory, the angel, and also the figure of the Padre on his knees to him, are painted very well.

We then went into another room, where the best paintings of the Museum are collected. On the staircase are some large Espinosas, finely drawn ; some good paintings by Borrás, one very clever ; and also a Ribalta. On entering, 236, the Assumption of the Virgin rivets the attention. The exquisite faces of the angels bearing her up to heaven are truly angelic, especially of the two below looking up to the Saint ; the Virgin is also beautiful ; indeed, this is an admirable painting, the expression of all the figures perfect, and the colouring quite Raphaelesque ; the background is yellow. There can be no doubt of its being an original by Joanes ; no other Valencian painter could have produced such a painting as this or the two adjoining it, 239 and 244, also by the same master, representing two half-figures of our Saviour, with the wafer raised in the right hand. These heads are wonderfully drawn, and splendidly coloured, on a gilt ground, and so elaborately finished, that every hair of the beard may be distinguished. I have rarely seen a portrait by Raphael which exhibited such a combination of strength and beauty.

246. An Ecce Homo, by Joanes, is bloody, but the expression is fine ; and above it is a painting by his pupil, Padre Borrás, which is not to be compared to his master's. 247, the Flagellation, is by Padre Villaguera ; and 248 is a very beautiful Holy Family, by the same artist (figures full-length). A very young St. Ann, St. John and the Lamb, a fine

picture by Ribalta. A group carved in wood, and coloured, represents St. Michael destroying the Devil, by Vergara, very well executed ; but I know not whether it is by Francisco Vergara, who was born here in 1681, his nephew of the same name, born in 1713, or the son of Francisco Ignacio, born in 1715, as they were all sculptors.

264. By Ribalta, remarkable for the fine expression of St. Francis embracing Christ upon the Cross ; but the colouring is too dark. 264. A Crucifixion, by Juan Ribalta. This is almost the only one that is ascribed here to this artist, and a wonderful painting, considering the inscription on it, and Bermúdez' account of it, that he did it when he was only eighteen. It is much injured, but is well drawn, though I cannot think the colouring of it has ever been good. 267. A Virgin and Angels, by Espinosa, is also well drawn. 263, 266, 268, 269. By Ribalta, representing St. John, St. Paul, St. Bruno, and St. Peter ; the two latter the best ; the colouring better than usual ; the flesh very brown. 270. The Communion of the Magdalene, by Espinosa ; the white cloth in her hand and the head and garments of the priest are admirable. 220. The Coronation of the Virgin, by the same artist, is a sweet little painting, and well finished. 221. St. Pedro Pasqual and the Virgin, by Vicente Salvador ; the colouring is dark, the Saint and the books are very well done, but the little figure of the Virgin above badly executed. 230. Jesus bearing the Cross, by Espinosa, colouring not so good as the drawing. 233 and 234, by Padre Borrás, St. Sebastian and Christ bearing His Cross ; the latter the best, almost equal to his master, Joanes. 252. By Savignera Andrea del Sarto, style of colouring and expression but very inferior. 468 is a good Vergara.

APPENDIX B.

GALLERY AT MURCIA.

THE gallery of Don José Maria Estor contains some interesting paintings. A St. Peter and a Santiago, by El Moya, who was born at Granada in 1610, and studied in London for about six months under Vandyke. There is considerable talent in the drawing and colouring, and they are rather like the first style of Joanes ; the sky yellow. 18 and 20, and 32 and 34. Landscapes, by Rosa de Tivoli ; some of them exceedingly good. 60. An excellent Espinosa, representing the Mar-

tyrdom of St. Stephen. The Saint with his hands crossed, and raising his eyes to heaven, and the other figures preparing to stone him, and more especially the two looking on in the foreground, are very fine. 61. A large painting, by Velasquez, of Don Baltasar Marradas, on horseback, unfortunately very much injured. The head of the Don has evidently been cut out to carry away. 78 to 80. By Christoval Llorens, who flourished at Valencia towards the close of the sixteenth century, but I saw none of his works there, though I inquired for them; all these three have been taken from some altar. 78, representing St. John the Baptist, is wanting in dignity. 79. St. Joseph with the Child Jesus, is full of grace. They are all very good, and like, but not equal, to the early style of Joanes, and Bermudez I think is correct in supposing he may have been his pupil. 82. A Dead Christ, by Roelas, or, as he was sometimes called, El Clerigo Roelas, who was born about 1560, at Seville, where only his best works are seen, and admirable they are; correct in drawing and rich in colouring as the Venetian school. They are distinguished, as Bermudez says, for their dignity and truthfulness. This painting has considerable merit, especially for the fine effect of light on the body, and the colouring of the figures arranging it. 104. The Resurrection of Lazarus, by Lorenzo Alvarez. A large picture, containing seven apostles and Martha and Maria. The drawing and foreshortening very good, and the colouring excellent. 120. A good head of St. Francis, by Francisco Zurbaran, who was born at Fuente de Cantos in 1598, and died at Madrid in 1662. He is called, by Bermudez, the Spanish Caravaggio, whom he is said to have imitated. In the drawing of his figures there is seldom any similarity, but certainly more in the breadth of his colouring and the marvellous effect of his lights and shadows; some of his draperies are truly charming. 131. Jacob's Dream, by Pedro Nunez de Villavicencio, who was born in 1635 in Seville, where he died in 1700. He was a pupil and friend of Murillo's. This is a good painting, and the play of light from the angels on the face of Jacob is very beautiful. 137. A bust and hands of St. Peter, by El Greco, wonderfully drawn and well coloured. 139. St. Paul, by the same. 150. An excellent picture of the Virgin and Child, said to be by Leonardo da Vinci. The colouring is good, and it appears to me certainly of his school.

152. St. Matthew and an Angel sustaining the book on which he is writing, is a good painting by Joanes, the head very fine. 153. An Angel in Adoration, by the same master, expression and drapery excellent. 154. St. Ambrosio. 155. St. Jerome. 156. St. Athanasius. 157. St. Augustin. Very good picture, by Nicholas Borrás, and extremely like the first style of Joanes, his master. 158. A good study of a head by Alonso Cano. 159 and 160. St. John the Evangelist, and an Angel in Adoration, both good paintings, by Joanes; the latter has a gilt ground. 173. A Philosopher, by Ribera, carefully painted, especially the head, which is very fine. 174. A St. Peter, by Francisco Bayeu, who was born at Saragoza in 1734, and died at Madrid in 1795. This painting is very much in the style of Spagnoletto, but with more drapery. 175. A St. Onofre, said to be by Herrera, and 176, a St. Jerome, said to be by Annibal Carracci, but both much more like Ribera. 192. A curious Italian painting of the Entombment of Christ, by Vicente Campi, who, according to Bermudez, visited Spain. The foreshortening admirable, and the Saviour, and also the group of soldiers are very fine. 204. An Angel, by Antonio Pareda. This is not a very pleasing picture, though the colouring and drawing are very good. 206. St. John the Baptist, entirely naked, by Juan Ribalta. The drawing is fine, but the colouring too red. 207. Said to be by Cano, but more like Ribera's style. 209. A Magdalene, said to be by Cerezo, but I think it is a copy of Annibal Carracci's. 211. A Virgin, said to be by Murillo, but more like a Greco, a very different master. 221. Jacob, and his Sheep drinking, a pretty painting, but I doubt it being painted, as they say, by Murillo. 228. A St. Joseph. This did seem to me an original picture by that master; the Saint has the Infant Jesus in his right hand, and above is a glory; the Child is not pretty, but still it is a very nice painting. 250. A St. Jerome, hard but beautifully painted, by Joanes. 252. Said to be by Albert Durer, and much more like Perugino. 254. St. Paul, by Joanes, hard, but very good. 262. A very excellent picture of our Saviour, with a Cross, by Francisco Neapoli. 278. A good painting of arms, said to be by Velasquez. 293 to 307. Caprices, by Francisco Goya, painted in a sketchy but very clever style, a great effect produced by a few touches, and some of the subjects were very grotesque. 317. A Blind Man; a nice pic-

ture, said to be by Velasquez in his early days.

APPENDIX C.

GALLERY OF SEVILLE.

THE large room of the Museum of Seville contains some rubbish and many rare treasures of sculpture and painting. The St. Bruno is a beautiful figure, by Montanes; opposite to it is a good Madonna and Child, well carved, but apparently fresh painted. The St. Dominick, by Montanes, is an excellent statue, as is also the one in terra-cotta, of St. Jerome, by Torregiano, an Italian artist, who made the beautiful screens in Westminster Abbey and broke the nose of Michael Angelo. This fine figure is represented gazing on a cross in his left hand and holding a stone in his right, with which he is supposed to be in the act of striking his breast. The colouring is a light brown, very natural, and the anatomy admirable. Of the Four Cardinal Virtues, by Montanes, I was best pleased with the figure of Justice, a thin, poor, old woman, with a lash in her hand, and only two teeth left in her head, symbolical, perhaps, of the law's punishments and delays, as old any one must be before arriving at the end of a suit in Spain. The figure of Temperance, with a dove in her hand, is beautiful, and the one of Prudence very good. The St. John above it is excellent, and there is also a good Madonna and Child, by the same artist. These are certainly admirably coloured statues, such as the greatest admirers of pure marble sculpture would be delighted with.

We must not forget that the Greeks frequently painted their statues of marble, a material the Spanish sculptors made little use of, preferring generally limes, sometimes cedar-wood, and frequently clay. These sculptures reminded me of the admirable painted figures at the Sacra-monte, at Varrallo, which, however, are much inferior; but it is curious that some of the best of those are by Pelegrino Tibaldi, who worked at the Escorial, and probably on his return introduced the fashion. The Italian groups had all real draperies, which are rarely made use of in Spain, except occasionally for single figures.

The Apotheosis of St. Thomas Aquinas, a large painting at the end of the room, rivets the attention. It is truly considered the master-piece of Zurbaran. The figures are very fine, beautifully coloured, and the draperies are admirable. It exhibits the power

ful drawing of Caravaggio and the rich colouring of Titian, and is certainly a wonderful work of art. There is a very excellent portrait of a Carthusian friar on each side, and beneath the latter, two pictures, said to be by Murillo, but not good ones. St. Augustin offering his heart to the Madonna and Child, the latter piercing it with a dart. Above the large Zurbaran is the celebrated Conception, by Murillo, from the Franciscan convent, a wonderful painting, on a colossal scale; the draperies are admirable, the cherubs beautifully delineated, and undoubtedly the finest of this subject I have seen by Murillo or any other master. The true faith is, that the Virgin was born free from the taint of original sin. When knocking at a door, and the voice within cries, "Quien es?" "Who is there?" "Gente de paz," is now the reply; but it used always to be "Ave Maria purissima," and the inmates responded "Sin pecado concebida;" and this custom is not yet quite extinct. The Virgin in these subjects is represented the perfection of youth and loveliness, free from guile and passion, and in a state of ecstasy. She is dressed in spotless robes of pale blue or white, with a moon in a crescent shape under her feet, and is thus borne up to heaven, on which her eyes and very soul seem concentrated, by the most heavenly of heavenly choirs. On one side of this fine picture is a Nativity, and on the other an Adoration of the Magi, by Juan de Castillo, born in 1584, at Seville, and died in 1640, a weak artist, and yet the master of Alonso Cano and Murillo. Above these are four small paintings, said to be by Murillo, of little importance; and, above these, the Annunciation, Visitation, and in the centre the Coronation of the Virgin, also by Castillo. These pictures are well and carefully coloured, but in composition and expression are not to be compared to Murillo's, though the Coronation is undoubtedly very good. Above the latter is a fine Padre Eterno, by Zurbaran, and on each side of it a painting by the same master. Behind the statue of St. Jerome is the Martyrdom of St. Andrew, by Roelas, a very fine work of art; the figure with the guitar is exquisite. Above this is an excellent picture of the refectory of the Carthusian convent, by Zurbaran; and, by the same, the single figures of Carthusians. Zurbaran seemed to delight in their white fleecy drapery, which admitted such beautiful opportunities for delicate effects of light and shadow. The St. Hermenegild opposite

is by Herrera el Viejo; the merit of this fine painting procured his pardon from Philip IV. for a forgery he had committed. The drapery might be compared to Paul Veronese, and the Saint and some of the figures above are very graceful and yet bold. Above it is the Virgin de las Serenas, by Zurbaran, covering with her mantle the Carthusian friars, whose fleecy white garments are a fine contrast to their brown, warm, Titian-like faces. We afterwards observed a pretty little Conception, by Murillo, and a good St. Joseph and Child, by Esteban March. The San Basileo, by Herrera, is a wild grand composition, and the angel in the foreground very fine, but the colouring of this picture is not good. Above it is a very good painting of St. Bruno before Urban II., by Zurbaran, full of dignity, and carefully finished; and beneath the Herrera is the Baptism of a Convert, by Valdes. The group of a figure in crimson, with a white cloth, wiping the convert, is excellent. There is a large picture of the Last Judgment, by Martin de Vos, which is thought a great deal of here, but I did not admire it much. The Battle of Clavijo, by Juan de Varela, is fine. St. Isabella curing the Lepers, by Valdes, is an injured but excellent painting, as are also the Conception and a Crucifixion, by the same master; in the latter, the Magdalene is almost like Vandyke. In another room, amongst a quantity of rubbish, I observed some large half-circular pictures, by Juan Simo (born at Valencia, in 1697), which are not bad. In the fourth room is a fine Dead Christ, by Zurbaran, and a good San Gregorio (26), by Valdes. La Virgin de la Merced, by Murillo, is the great attraction of this room. The drapery of the Virgin is very beautiful, the cherubs charming, and the figure of St. Peter, on his knees with arms extended, very fine.

This museum contains only one painting by Velasquez, and that much injured, and in his earliest style, representing a Friar Begging. In the background, the houses seem tumbling down; and yet this miserable picture, which no one would observe, and, most probably not an original, is the only painting in this gallery of one of the finest painters in Spain, who was born here; nor did I see any of the great Valencian masters. We then came to the great attraction of Seville, the Salon of Murillo, containing eighteen paintings by that great master, and most of them admirable. 353. Over the door we entered is

beautiful St. Joseph, in a stooping attitude,
a

holding our Saviour in both his arms. 358 presents the same subject, but the figure of St. Joseph is full-length, and almost too tall; and the Child older and more beautiful than the other. Over each of the two doors, at the end of the room, is a Madonna and Child (358 and 355). Between them is a Deposition from the Cross (357), which is fine; beneath which is the exquisite little painting of the Madonna and Child, La Servilleta, so called from Murillo having painted it on a dinner napkin, to oblige the cook of the convent, who had asked for some memorial in return for his manifold culinary attentions. This is one of those Murillos which carry conviction with them as to their originality; such eyes and flesh, such warmth and sunshine, as Murillo only could have painted, and the drapery is admirable. 354. St. John and the Lamb; the saint exhibits deep religious feeling, and the Lamb is exquisite. 352. St. Francis embracing the Infant Jesus is extremely beautiful, and the expression of the Saint quite divine; the face of the Child might have been painted by Correggio. 360. St. Francis embracing our Saviour on the Cross, is wonderfully drawn, the expression admirable, and the colouring excellent, and may indeed be considered one of the finest of Murillo's paintings. 351. The Annunciation is wanting in beauty, but still fine. 350 and 349. Conceptions, and exquisitely beautiful; I like the Virgin of 350 the best, but the cherubs in both are charming. 348. St. Anthony kneeling to our Saviour, seated on his book, is extremely fine, the colouring and composition admirable, and the expression divine; the group of cherubs above exquisitely painted, and also the foot of the Saint. Saints Justa and Rufina supporting, according to the miracle, when a mighty tempest was blowing, the tower of the cathedral, is charmingly drawn, and the colouring richer than usual; the expression, particularly of the Saint on the left, is very sweet, and the crockery, cups and saucers, and jugs in the foreground are literally starting from the canvas. Murillo always called the St. Thomas (of Villanueva) Giving Alms to the Poor, his own painting. The beggars are wonderfully truthful, especially the one kneeling at the feet of St. Thomas, with a cloth around his head, which, crossing his naked back, is wrapped around his waist; and also the miserable, diseased, ill-natured-looking lad behind him. 345. The San Felix of Cantalicio is remarkably fine. The Saint

has the Child in his arms, and the Virgin is leaning forward to receive him into heaven. The colouring of the Infant, struggling in his arms, is like a Rubens; the Saint and the Virgin are both beautifully drawn and admirably coloured. The white cloth, and bread in the foreground, are very effective. The next (344), the Nativity, is very good. The last of the eighteen, San Leandro and San Buenaventura, are chiefly remarkable for the admirable painting of the drapery. Seven artists were copying in this room, but their works seemed very indifferent.

APPENDIX D.

GALLERY OF MADRID.

The Museum of Madrid is a tolerably handsome building. A paltry upper story rather spoils the *façade*, and the portico is heavy; but few capitals can boast of a better one, and the situation is fine, fronting the Prado. You enter a circular domed room, filled with modern paintings. I observed two good Goyas, 531 and 594, but I was too impatient to get amongst the treasures, to linger amidst the glare of inferior works. Doors to the right and left lead into the Spanish schools, and in these rooms there are few bad, except some very modern daubs of fruits and flowers, etc., impudently placed among the finest works in the world. There is no classification of the different schools, and indeed such an attempt would only show how many names of the great Spanish artists are wanting. The paintings of Seville, Valencia, and Castile are mingled together, and good opportunities are certainly afforded for comparing the respective merits of the different provinces. Some of them have been spoilt by repainting, and very many damaged in the cleaning, but on the whole they are less injured than I expected. When the dose is not too strong, however prejudiced for a time, the patient rallies, and in first-rate pictures there is such extraordinary vitality, that they often recover their tone, and sometimes their pristine beauty, even when there is almost reason to despair.

No. 116, represents Jacob's Dream, by Ribera; the light on the face is very fine, and the old tree wild and grand. 42. The Martyrdom of St. Bartholomew, by the same artist; powerful drawing and colouring. 43. A Holy Family, by Murillo; a homely scene, such as might be copied from many a cottage. The Child Jesus, with a bird in his hand, in Joseph's arms, playing with a charming

little dog. The Virgin spinning, looking on contentedly. 46. A very beautiful painting of the Divine Shepherd, by Murillo. 51. A very good Crucifixion, by Velasquez, almost like a Vandyke. 50. St. John the Baptist, by Murillo, a charming picture. 54. La Porciuncula, by the same master. The Saviour and the Madonna sitting in the clouds; the Virgin, very charming. The St. Francis is also a fine figure. 53. A splendid St. Bartholomew, by Ribera, the light on the garments magnificent, and the attitude noble. 45. La Virgin de los Dolores, a tolerable Morales. 47. An interesting portrait of Murillo, by his best pupil, Tobar. 52. The Conversion of St. Paul, by Murillo. The figure of our Saviour is good, but the picture is spoilt in restoring, and the light is bad. 56. A charming Annunciation, by Murillo; the Virgin and heavenly choir exquisite, and the linen in the basket well painted. 60. A fine Magdalene, by one of Murillo's scholars. 61. A large excellent painting, representing the Game de los Dados, by Villavencio, very much in the style of many of our Murillos, and admirable, both for the composition and the colouring; the ragged boy in the background is quite like Murillo. 65 is a beautiful Conception by the same master; the face of the Virgin is divine, and the cherubim exquisite. 71 and 78 are two charming Sisters, by Velasquez, almost starting from the canvas. 79 is a fine View of Saragoza, and its broken bridge, towers, and river, by Juan Baptista Del Mazo Martinez, born at Madrid in 1630, and died there in 1687, with figures in the foreground, by his master, Velasquez. It is less dark and more interesting than many other paintings in the gallery by the same master. 75. The Martyrdom of Santa Ines, by Joanes. The woman turning away in anguish is very beautiful, the colouring rich and Raphaelesque. 73. Visitation of Santa Isabel to the Virgin, by Joanes—like the last, exquisitely finished and coloured; Santa Isabel's countenance, expressive of the deepest homage, is very fine, and the hands are exquisitely finished. 83. Fine Head, by Ribalta. 87. St. Antonio and St. Paul fed by the raven, by Velasquez. When the Emperor Dacian persecuted the Christians, St. Paul fled to the Thebaid, and was fed in the wilderness by a raven, who kindly brought him every day half a loaf. St. Anthony, another of those enthusiastic monks who peopled the deserts of Thebaid, is visiting St. Paul; and the raven, whom I have often

seen in those wild districts hovering around every caravan, waiting until some exhausted camel or Bedouin became their prey, is here represented feeding the Saints with a whole loaf. There is a palm-tree in the painting, indicating that the scene is in the East, and that the Saints enjoyed the luxury of Arab fare, dates and bread. An angel is represented driving away the devil; and in another part two lions are making a grave for the Saints. The landscape is as wild as Salvator Rosa's, and it is truly an interesting and splendid painting. 88. St. John the Evangelist, by Alonso Cano; drawing excellent. 89. Presentation of the Virgin at the Temple, by Valdes Leal. The Virgin beautiful and delicately painted, a fine contrast to the Venetian colouring of the noble figures in the foreground. 95. The Israelites drinking the water from the rock by Roelas, but not good. It is at Seville Roelas must be studied. 96. A good Adoration of the Shepherds, by Orrente. 122. A fine St. Peter, by Ribera. 107. By Velasquez, a full-length figure, beaming with life. 115. Don Baltasar Carlos, son of Philip IV., an admirable full-length portrait, by Velasquez. 41. A charming Annunciation, by Murillo—the Archangel Gabriel announcing to the beautiful Virgin that she is to be the mother of our Saviour, is drawn in a bold and masterly manner, and the painting is richly coloured; the light streaming from the door above is exquisite. 117 and 114. Fine portraits, by Velasquez; the latter of the wife of Philip IV., Dona Maria Ana de Austria; but Velasquez has not dared to paint her with the laughing eye and the fondness for fun she is said to have possessed. When her grave and stately husband used to rebuke her for her laughter at the sallies of the Court jester, as beneath the dignity of her high station, she would artlessly reply that she could not help it, and that the fellow must be removed if she might not laugh at him. (1) 81. A good portrait, by the same artist, thought by some to be of Alonso Cano. 121. A powerfully drawn but horrible painting of Prometheus, by Ribera; magnificent hands. 125. A fine St. Sebastian, also by the same artist. 127. A portrait of Barbarossa, by Velasquez, characteristic of his piratical life, and very fine. 131. Another of a Captain, by Juan Baptista Mazo Martinez. This painting, with the exception of the hand, is as fine as his master's, Velasquez. 138. Los Borrachos, the celebrated

painting by Velasquez. A naked figure, seated on a barrel, representing Bacchus, with his head encircled with vine-leaves, is dull and heavy-looking. As his eyes are turned in a different direction you do not at first see that he is crowning with laurels, and admitting as a disciple, a fine figure in the foreground, drawn in a Caravaggio style. The flesh, and drapery on the knee, of this personification of the God are beautifully painted. The figure next to him, grinning over a cup of wine, is the life of the picture; the sly expression of his neighbour, and the vacant stupidity of the figure in the brown cloak, are admirable. The head also behind the last figure is cleverly painted. These are the six chief figures in the picture. The figure behind is not remarkable. One figure to the left, in the foreground, is a senseless brown mass; and the naked man, with a wreath around his head, behind the principal figure, is not interesting. The attention is riveted to the group in the centre; and certainly anything more masterly or more admirable in that style cannot be conceived; the drawing is excellent, and the effect magnificent. 129. A Head of our Saviour, by Murillo. 130. A charming Virgin, de los Dolores, by the same master. 134. A good painting of the Calling of St. Matthew, by Juan de Pareja, a slave of Velasquez, who was born in 1606, and died in 1670; he was employed to mix his master's colours, and for a long time copied his paintings without his knowledge. Having, in 1651, returned with Velasquez from Italy, he painted a small picture with more than his usual care, and put it in the way of Philip IV., who was in the habit of visiting his master. The King asked who had done it; and Pareja, throwing himself on his knees, confessed his fondness for the art, and his dread of offending Velasquez. Philip at once said, an artist of such ability must not be a slave, and his master gave him his liberty. 142. A fine painting of Philip IV., by Velasquez. 145. A View at Aranjuez, by the same artist, is very good. 148. St. Benito Abad, by Cano. 150. A remarkably fine Head of our Saviour, with the host in his hand, by Joanes. 147. A fine Head of a Sybil, by Ribera. 151. The English, under Lord Wimbleton, attacking Cadiz in 1625, by Caxes, who was born at Madrid in 1577, and died there in 1642. The figures in the foreground are powerfully drawn. 154. A very good portrait of Dona Isabel, daughter of Philip II., by Alonso Sanchez Coello, who was born at

(1) Sterling, vol. ii., p. 633.

Benyfoyro, near Valencia, at the beginning of the sixteenth century; and, after studying in Italy, lived at Madrid in the sunshine of Court favour; no less than seventeen royal persons having, according to Pacheco, favoured him with their patronage; (1) and he deserved it, for some of his portraits are equal to many by Velasquez. He died at Madrid in 1593. 177. The Count Duke Olivares, the favourite minister of Philip IV., on horseback; a splendid painting. The Count is an admirable figure; the expression of his countenance sharp and cunning, and his dress well drawn and beautifully coloured. He is seated very forward, almost on the shoulders of the horse; an enormous animal with a shining coat, which appears almost galloping out of the canvas. Landseer never painted anything nearer to reality. The landscape is wild and quite Spanish. 158. A good *Ecce Homo*, by Joanes. 159. *St. Fernando*, by Murillo. 161. A *Conception*, by Ribera; the head is like Murillo, and the cherubim are nicely coloured, though not well grouped. 165. *Christ bearing his Cross*, by Joanes; the women in the crowd beautifully painted. 163. *The Angel and St. Francis d'Assis*, by Ribalta. 166. *The Body of our Saviour*, supported by a charming angel, by Alonso Cano. 169. A splendid half-portrait of Don Luis de Castelv, by Joanes; quite equal to Titian. 173. *San Francisco de Paula*, by Murillo; a fine half-figure. 174. A repetition of this subject, by the same artist, but the composition is different, with a pretty landscape. 155. A large, splendid painting, by Velasquez, representing his studio. The Infanta Dona Margarita of Austria, with her pleasing eyes, light hair, and pale face, is decked out gaily in the centre. One of her maids of honour is on her knees, trying to amuse the child; and another very good-looking, on the other side of the Princess, is adjusting her hoop. In the foreground is a noble dog, bearing with admirable temper the teasing of a wicked little page; and near the latter, and assisting him, a hideous dwarf, the usual accompaniment of royalty in those days. Velasquez is in the background at his work, painting the portraits of Philip IV. and the Queen, which are seen reflected in a mirror; two other quiet figures are looking on at the royal games, and in the distance a door is open, admitting a gleam of light, tempered by a figure in black. Nothing can be finer than the grouping of this

picture. The colouring is in some parts coldly dark, but the aerial perspective, and the effect of light and shadow, are truly admirable. 182. *The Martyrdom of St. Andrew*, by Murillo. 186. A very fine *St. Jerome reading in the Desert*, by the same artist; the drapery and book excellent. 189. *Santiago*, also by the same. 190. *The Angel showing San Pedro Nolasco the Heavenly Jerusalem*, by Zurbaran, is remarkable for the beauty of the draperies. 179. *An Infant Christ Sleeping*, by Murillo, is very good.

In the room leading to the left from the circular saloon, at the entrance of the Museum, the paintings which appeared to me best worthy of attention are: 195. *The Forge of Vulcan*, by Velasquez. The figure working at the armour in the foreground, and the three at the anvil, are finely drawn, and admirably coloured; Vulcan, however, even in his forge, should have a dash of divinity; but Velasquez must have selected for his model of the God the meanest and most common-place mortal he could find. In the *Puerta del Sol* such a face and figure could scarcely be discovered, and certainly none such in Andalusia. As to the Apollo relating, without an atom of feeling or passion, the infidelity of his wife with Mars, such an insignificant figure never represented Divinity. It is as stiff as a painter's block, without form and without beauty, and yet from this figure flows all the light of the picture. The colouring of the flesh of the figures is good, and the background is a quiet brown.

No. 196. *St. Stephen on his way to Execution*; a hard but fine painting, by Joanes. The crowd mocking the Saint admirable for expression, drawing, and colouring. The figure of the Saint, resigned and full of religion, is beyond all praise; his feet and hands most carefully painted, and his garments equal to the magic draperies of Paul Veronese. 197 represents the *Martyrdom of the Saint*, by the same master. The Saint is on his knees, looking to heaven for support, and the savage glee of the wretch hurling the first stone is finely depicted. 199. *The Interment of the Dead Saint*, also by Joanes, is coloured like a *St. Sebastian del Piombo*. The boy with hands clasped, and the other figures weeping around the sarcophagus, are very beautiful. 198 represents Dona Maria de Austria, daughter of Philip IV., with a gown puffed out like a balloon, and hair frizzled and loaded with ornaments, making her thin sickly face still more ghastly. The drapery

(1) Sterling, 233.

and colouring of this portrait, by Velasquez, are however admirable; but our Charles had no loss in not obtaining such a bride, the object of his visit to Spain. 200. Philip IV. going out a-shooting, by Velasquez; the light on the landscape is very beautiful. 201. A good painting of the Infant Jesus and St. John, by Juan Antonio Escalante, who was born in Cordova in 1630, and died in Madrid in 1670.

288 is a beautiful Landscape, by Murillo. His vapoury style suits the calm lake and the distant rocks, and though the touch of his foliage is not very good, the effect of the light and shadow in the foreground is excellent, and the picture very pleasing. 208. Rebecca and Eliezer, by Murillo, is a charming picture. The four female figures at the broken well, with their pitchers starting out of the canvas, are all beautiful. 204. A Holy Trinity, by Ribera, exhibits great power, but it is not a pleasing composition. 211, 212, 216, and 217. Small paintings, by Murillo, representing the history of the prodigal son; 212, the departure from home, and 217, the Prodigal, on his knees, repenting, I liked the best. 219. A Conception, by Murillo; a small but charming repetition of the large painting of the same subject at Seville. 255. A foreshortened Dwarf, seated in the most unpicturesque of attitudes, by Velasquez. The ugly little monster seems opposite to you, from whatever point you look at him. 225. A wonderful fine Last Supper, by Joanes; the Apostles have all their names over them; the countenance of St. James is full of feeling, and the painting is exquisitely finished, even the hair of the beards painted like Albert Durer's. There is not one face in the composition that is not well done, but our Saviour's is the most beautiful. Joanes may truly be called the painter of Christ, for certainly in this subject he surpasses every Spanish artist. The colouring is quite Raphaellesque, and though this picture is certainly inferior in drawing and composition to the Last Supper by Leonardo da Vinci, it is nevertheless one of the best paintings of that difficult subject in the world.

226. The Divine Shepherdess, by Tobar; very much in the style of Murillo. Bermudez may well say some of this artist's paintings were for a long time taken for his master's. 227. St. Jerome in the Desert meditating on the Last Judgment, by Cano, a powerfully drawn though not a pleasing painting; the Saint is such a gaunt emaciated figure; but

the landscape in the distance is good. 229. An exquisite Conception, by Murillo; the Virgin is represented as a lovely and innocent child of about sixteen years of age. There is more of the ideal in this painting than is usually found in the works of Murillo; the style is more elevated, more divine beauty, and deeper thought and seriousness; the cherubs alone are joyous in the vapoury clouds. 230. A large painting of Philip III. on horseback, by Velasquez; a dashing bold picture, full of force and vigour, the very perfection of an equestrian statue. Philip is excellent, but the horse is perhaps too stiff. The landscape of the sea and distant rocks very good, but the colouring of the landscape is rather too grey and chalky, and the same may be said of the horse; yet still it is a magnificent painting, and finer than the pendant to it, 234, by the same master, representing Margaret of Austria, wife of Philip III. 243 is a fine Magdalene, by Ribera, with a rocky background, like Salvator Rosa's. 242. Jesus questioned by the Pharisees, by Antonio Arias, who was born at Madrid, and distinguished himself, at the age of fourteen, by his excellent paintings at Toledo; but, with all his talent, ended his days, in 1680, in a hospital at Madrid. This painting is not a bad one; the draperies are like Zurbaran's.

237 and 238. Very fair paintings, for Pachecos. 245. A good portrait of an old man, known by the name of Mœnipo, by Velasquez. 221. A fine boldly-drawn Magdalene, full of expression, by Jacinto Geronimo de Espinosa. 247 to 253. Busts, by Ribera; some very good. 254. Æsop, by Velasquez, an excellent painting; but it might be called Diogenes. 259. Our Lord on the Mount of Olives, is not good for a picture by Joanes. 268. An excellent Descent from the Cross, by the same. The Christ is admirably painted, and the female figures full of expression and beauty. It is hard, as is usual with this master, especially the landscape and sky, which have been repainted; but the colouring of the figures in the foreground is excellent. 261, 263, and 267. Fine Heads, by Ribera. 270. By Velasquez, representing the Prince Baltasar, with his dog and gun, is very well done, and the landscape is excellent. 322. Portrait of P. Cabanillas, by Murillo. 276. A pleasing rocky Landscape, by Murillo, with an effect like Claude's. 277. Philip II., by Velasquez, is good. 279. By the same master, a full-length

portrait of a Dwarf, with a noble dog almost as big as himself; the costume is splendid, and the features accurate, there can be no doubt. It makes a fine contrast to 278, above it, also by Velasquez, representing a sickly insipid Don Ferdinand of Austria, with his dog and gun. 284. *El Nino de Vallecas*, a fine piece of colouring, by the same artist. 283. A beautiful *Santa Casilda*, by Zurbaran; draperies excellent. 287. *St. Jerome meditating on the Last Judgment*, by Pareda, who was born at Valladolid in 1599, and died in 1699, and was one of the many precocious artists of Spain, astonishing Madrid with a beautiful painting of the Conception, when only eighteen years of age. This painting exhibits great power and rich Venetian colouring, but is not pleasing. 202. By Murillo, a charming picture, representing the child *St. John* giving the Infant *Jesus* a drink out of a shell, the lamb in the foreground looking on as if it would like to drink also, and above is a heavenly choir of cherubim. 291. Another hideous laughing dwarf, by Velasquez. 295. *Mercury and Argus*, by Velasquez. *Argus*, a noble figure. 299 and 303. A pair of large paintings of Philip IV. and *Dona Isabel le Bourbon*, his first wife. The King has a marshal's staff in his hand, and is mounted on a heavy but noble brown charger with white feet and face, and an eye full of life, which literally sparkles on the canvas. Velasquez is certainly the prince of equestrian portrait painters. The Queen's horse is white and old, and ambles at a ladies' pace; the cold colour of the steed forms a fine contrast to the pleasing-looking Queen's rich brown dress brocaded with gold and painted with the skill of Paul Veronese. The landscapes of both the paintings are good. 307 is a good *Virgin and Child*, by Cano. 308. *Don Baltasar Carlos*, by Velasquez, is excellent. 423. *La Virgin del Rosario*, by Murillo, full of warmth and loveliness, the drapery is also finely coloured. 310. *St. Ann teaching the Virgin to read*, by the same artist; the Child wants beauty, but the Saint is admirable. 313. An excellent Gipsy, also by him, one of the very few in Spain in the style so familiar to those who have seen the Dulwich Gallery. 315. *The Virgin and Child appearing to St. Bernard*, by Murillo. The figure of the Saint and the Virgin are very fine, and the croisier and books in the foreground are also excellent. 319. *The Surrender of Breda* is the finest of Velasquez' paintings. The Marquis Spinola, accompanied by his cap-

tains, receives the keys with true Spanish courtesy, placing his hand on the shoulder of the conquered General, as if consoling him in his misfortune. Many of the heads are splendid, but most of the bodies of the Spanish Captains are screened by Spinola's noble horse. In the corner is a portrait of Velasquez himself, with white hat and plumes. The group on the other side is eminently Flemish, men of lofty stature, but not like the aristocratic Spaniards. The landscape is delicious and characteristic of the country, but the effect of the picture is injured by a row of thirty spears, which, although well drawn, tower four feet above the heads of the Spaniards, look very stiff, and veil the beautiful view. The colouring of this painting is excellent. 275. A half-figure of the Conception, by Murillo, is very exquisite. 326. *The Virgin appearing to St. Ildefonso*, by the same master, colouring better than the composition; the angels in the corner are admirable, and the old woman with a candle is excellent. 323. *San Francisco de Paula*, a very good picture, in Murillo's early style. 324. *An Old Woman Spinning*, by the same master, is very good. 329. A half-figure of our Saviour, with the wafer in his hand, on a gold ground, by Joanes, is hard, but very clever; every hair of the head can be distinguished. 331. *St. John and St. Matthew*, by Ribalta, are very good. 332. *Don Baltasar on horseback*; the countenance of the child is like that of a man's, so serious and thoughtful. The pony is too fat, but there is a wonderful spirit and life about this portrait, his garments flying and the horse galloping out of the canvas; but the landscape is rather too blue and green. 328 and 330. *Melchisedek and Aaron*, by Joanes, on a gold ground, are excellent. 336. *St. Stephen preaching the Gospel*, by Joanes, part of the series I have mentioned, and same size. Some of the Jews seated are admirable, and the colouring, as usual, rich. 337. The same subject. The figure of the Saint more angelic, being represented, as he says, looking to the vision painted above: "I see the heavens opening, and the Son of Man sitting at the right hand of God the Father." The furious Jews are covering their ears to shield themselves from what they consider blasphemies, others are pouring anathemas upon the Saint, "gnashing on him with their teeth." It is a truly splendid painting for the composition as well as colouring. (1) 335. By Velasquez, repre-

(1) I have followed the numbers as they are placed

senting several noble ladies looking at some carpets exposed for sale, and in the foreground women are spinning; the style is sketchy, but very effective.

These are the two principal rooms of the Spanish school; a certain number of paintings is all that can be digested in sight-seeing, or I fear in description. In the same museum is a gallery for sculpture, but nothing can illustrate more strongly the division of the different provinces in Spain than the total absence of the works of the great sculptors in wood often so beautifully painted. There are tolerable heads of a man and woman, carved in pine and coloured, but nothing good, and of the really fine Spanish sculptors there is literally not one work; and the collection of antiques is but poor. The rooms are handsome, the floors paved with marble, and the lights well distributed. Of the modern sculpture there is a group of children worth observing, three playing with a goat, and one with a trumpet, another with a drum, and two playing with a bunch of grapes. There is also a good St. Jerome and a fine lion in bronze, by Piquera. There are also some very beautiful Florence pietra dura tables; and a small figure of Christ at the Column is not bad. 175 is a fine fragment. 276. A Deposition from the Cross in ivory is very beautiful. 1874. There are curious paintings in a room adjoining, of the Inquisition in all its glory. An Antinous, good, with a modern head. There are two figures in alabaster, with faces, etc., gilt, in wretched taste. A figure of Isis is well done. The Urania is a tolerable statue, if it had been well restored. A Nymph, in dark marble, and a fine colossal female figure reposing on a tomb. Castor and Pollux, very light and graceful figures. A cast of an Hermaphrodite in bronze. 365. A figure seated, with one hand over her head holding a vase, and the other with a cloth in her hand. The long rooms are full of marbles, but so indifferent and when antiques so badly restored. I saw nothing else at all worth observing.

The Italian school of paintings is in the gallery opposite the entrance of the Museum, though over the door is written, Spanish school. It is undoubtedly the finest collection of Italian paintings in the world, comprising the works of masters which are not to be found in the collections in England, and rare-
round the room, but these of course ought to have been with the Martyrdom on the other side of the door.

ly to be seen in Italy. Passing from the examination of the ancient Spanish artists, the Murillos, Velasquez, Joanes, Ribaltas, Canos, etc., to what is always acknowledged to be the best school in the world, one could not but confess that the comparison is not injurious to the Spanish. The Joanes do not equal the Raphaels nor the Leonardos, but, take them altogether, I doubt whether most persons would not be almost as much delighted with the two rooms of Spanish paintings as with the large collection of the Italian schools. There is a charm and beauty about the Murillos which make them favourites with all; and then the paintings by Velasquez are wonderful. I shall only mention those which have a high reputation, which appeared to me originals, and which are good paintings of the different masters.

629. A fine Carita Romana, by Crespi. 632. A very good Bassano; this style is so very easy to recognise; many will be observed by him which I have not mentioned. 634. A remarkably clever St. Sebastian, by Guido; the colouring of the flesh and drapery is admirable, the background is very dark. 637. A Nativity, by Barroccio; the child is in a manger, a cow's head is seen and other figures in the distance, but the only prominent figure is the Virgin, beautifully painted, on her knees before the Infant Christ. 638. A very good Descent from the Cross, by Carducci. 645. A good portrait, by Tintoretto. 643. St. John the Baptist preaching in the desert, by Caballero Maximo, very fine; the woman and child in the foreground excellent. 647. The Genius of Painting, by Guercino, a doubtful painting. 660. The Toilet of Venus, pretty good, by Albano. 664. By Andrea del Sarto, a pleasing portrait of his wife. 665. A good Bellini, representing the Virgin and Child worshipped by two saints. 666. The portrait of Mona Lisa, by Leonardo da Vinci, a sweet painting; the lady is very lovely, and her drapery and hands exquisitely finished. Doubts have been expressed of this being a Leonardo, but it appeared to me a fine one. 661. Rebecca and Eliezer, a good Paul Veronese. 670. A Conception, by Tiepolo, very spirited and clever, but the expression of the Virgin is stern and sulky-looking. 671. The Judgment of Paris, by Albano; the faces of the cherubs looking on are charming, and the Venus is admirable. 675. A Last Supper, by Bassano, very richly coloured, and, though our Saviour's head is not fine, it is one of the best paintings of

this master. 681. A very good picture of the Virgin and Child and St. John, by Andrea del Sarto. 689. A small painting of Christ bearing his Cross, by Sebastian del Piombo; the expression very beautiful, and exquisitely coloured. 711. A Sacrifice to Bacchus, by Caballero Maximo, is very good. 712. Orpheus, by Paduanino, is finely coloured and well drawn. 719. A rich and beautiful painting, by Paul Veronese, representing saints worshipping Jesus, held on an altar by the Madonna. 720. A portrait of Fiermaria, a celebrated physician of Cremona, by Anguisola, is extremely good. 723. A charming picture, by Raphael, of the Holy Family, called Agnus Dei, from the inscription in St. John's hand; Joseph is leaning over a fragment of a column, and the Madonna at the foot of a tree, a perfect Grecian beauty, has her arm around the Infant Jesus, who, with his round St. John, is looking up to her face with an arch look. The foreground is beautiful; the capital of the column, the grass, and the basket of white linen are carefully finished, and the composition and colouring of the painting excellent, but there are blues about the distant landscape which I do not think Raphael painted. 725. Christ bearing his Cross is a good Titian. 726. The Pearl, a Holy Family, by Raphael, is close adjoining, and is a still more wonderful painting. The contrast between the lovely Madonna and the old wrinkled St. Ann is charming, and nothing can be more exquisite than the artless innocence of the Saviour on the Saint's knee, seated in one of those charming attitudes which children only can assume. The background of most of the picture is a very dark rich brown, throwing out splendidly the different figures. St. John is standing, and his face in shadow, but his back, and especially his leg, are beyond all praise. The landscape and sky appear to me to have been painted over by restorers. The basket in the foreground and the grass are beautifully finished. 727. The Flight into Egypt, by Turchi; the angel might have been painted by Guercino. 631. Caballero Maximo, a St. Jerome writing, very good. 733. The Marriage of St. Catherine, by Palma Giovine, is nicely done. 741. The Virgin of the Fish, by Raphael, is an exquisite painting, so simple and classically beautiful; there is far more of mind in this composition than in the other great Raphaels of this collection. The Virgin, with a blue dress and white scarf over her head, is seated on a throne, with rich green drapery falling behind her. She has in her arms the Infant Jesus, who is attending to an angel (perhaps the most graceful figure Raphael ever painted), who is introducing the timid Tobit with the fish in his right hand. St. Jerome, with a noble face, fine beard, and crimson dress, is holding a book, as if reading from it, but the angel appears to have succeeded in drawing the attention both of the Virgin and the Saint to Tobit, who is represented with flowing locks, almost feminine in beauty. The expression of the Madonna is full of majesty and grace, and the colouring of the painting is admirable. 743. A charming picture, by Salvator Rosa. The almost too black clouds are the only indications of the wildness of this painter's usual style, otherwise this composition has all the softness of a Claude. 748. A fine representation of Lot inebriated by his daughters, and in the distance the burning cities, by Vaccaro. 751. La Virgen de la Silla, by Guido; the Child's face is good, and also one of the angels crowning the Virgin, otherwise the painting is stiff, and not pleasing. 752. The Gloria, by Titian. The Holy Trinity is represented above, and Charles I. and Philip II. and other princes and princesses of the House of Austria, are introduced, and several saints and prophets below. It is a wonderfully clever picture; the female figure and Moses and others floating in ether, powerfully drawn and superbly coloured. 739. Christ taking some Holy Fathers out of Limbo, by Sebastian del Piombo, is a very fine painting, the light on the white garments around the loins of our Saviour quite magical. 762. A Dead Christ, by Crespi, is very good. 771. A Charity, not bad for Vasari. 772. An exquisite Andrea del Sarto. The Virgin is dressed in crimson, with a blue mantle on her head, and the Child is naked, and both are looking towards the angel at their feet, holding a book, whilst Joseph, a fine figure in the foreground, is admiring his adopted son. In the distance, is a pretty landscape, and woman with a child. For colouring, drawing, and composition, one of the best paintings I have ever seen by this master. 775. St. Margaret, by Titian, a charming picture. 779. Christ bearing his Cross, by Sebastian del Piombo, very fine. 778. A Holy Family, called in the catalogue a Leonardo da Vinci; but I think it is by Luini. 784. El Pasmode Sicilia. Christ is represented sinking under the weight of the Cross, and a group of women bewailing his suffering, when he exclaims; "Weep not for me, but for your

children!" Some of these figures are excellent, and the Saviour is admirable; but the soldier drawing the cord is unnatural and exaggerated. The groups in the background are good, and also the landscape, with Calvary in the distance. With the exception of the figure, whose overstrained attitude almost spoils the whole painting, the composition is good. The colouring is excellent; there is a strength and depth, such as Raphael almost alone possessed; but I like this the least of the four great Raphaels of the gallery, and the Madonna of the Fish the best. 786. A good Adoration of the Shepherds, by Palma Vecchio. 787. A Prometheus, by Titian, a wonderfully powerful painting. 789. A good Holy Family, by Pantormo. 792. St. Bridget and her Husband offering flowers to our Saviour in the Virgin's arms, a delightful picture, by Giorgione. 794. A Holy Family, called by Raphael, but I think it more like the style of Parmigiano. 799. The Daughter of Herodias receiving from the executioner the head of St. John, by Luini. Her head is very graceful, and charmingly painted; but the present background was never done by Luini. 798. A small Holy Family, by Raphael. in his early style; the Child Jesus is mounted on the Lamb. 797. Said to represent the Marriage of Ferdinand V. and Isabella, by Lotto. 801. Venus and Adonis, by Titian, far superior to ours of the same subject, and truly an admirable painting; the colouring as fine as can be conceived, and the figures and dogs reality itself. 804. Moses saved from the waters of the Nile, by Gentileschi; the draperies and the drawing are charming, and the Egyptian on her knees very beautiful. 809. Our Saviour Appearing to the Magdalene, by Correggio. The Magdalene kneeling is a sweet figure, and her garments well painted, but not at all resembling his style. The Saviour's head is fine, and this is the only part and the colouring of the body which are like the usual manner of that great master. Some of the trees in the garden are repainted in the most detestable manner, without form or grace—badly enough to spoil the best picture in the world. 812. Adam and Eve, by Titian; very powerful, but not pleasing. 817. A splendid Crucifixion, by Barroccio, starting from the canvas, so natural and delicate is the flesh. The drawing is also very good, and the expression divine. 821. The Marquis of Vasto addressing his soldiers, by Titian; a fine figure. 825. Christ and the Centurion, by Paul Veronese; an excellent painting.

822. The Entombment of Christ, by Titian; very fine. 834. The Visitation, by Raphael. This is a charming picture, the St. Elizabeth a noble figure, with splendid drapery and turban; the Virgin graceful in the extreme, and modesty itself, concealing her pregnancy with her blue mantle. Nothing can exceed the grace of these two figures, and never was the Virgin's face painted with a more loveable mien. The landscape also is pleasing, but would have been better without the baptism of our Saviour in the river; and the Father Eternal and angels, of a miniature size, above. 836. Santiago, a fine Guido. 899. Christ disputing with the Doctors, a very excellent Paul Veronese; some of the figures noble in the extreme. 843. Venus and Adonis, is a good painting, by the same master. 851. A fine St. Margaret, by Titian. 852. Ofrenda à la Fecundidad, by Titian, an extraordinary collection of children. 854. A large painting, twelve feet by ten, by the same master, when he was ninety-two, representing Philip II., after the battle of Lepanto, making an offering to God of his son, who is in his arms; this part of this large picture is good. The rest of the composition, except the captive figure, representing Lepanto, is but poor. 855. An excellent Magdalene, by Guido. 858. A good Vanni. 861. A head of a violin player, by Bronzino. 864. A fine Bacchanalian Scene, by Titian. 865. St. Catherine praying, by the same master; well done, but vulgar. 870. A nice portrait, by Tintoretto. 871. A well-painted Madonna and Child, by Andrea del Sarto. 879. A Holy Family, by Parmegianino, beautifully coloured. 880. A good Bassano. 882. An Adoration of the Magi, by Titian. 886. A Magdalene; and 888, a Virgin and Child; both by Sasso Ferrato, and excellent. 898. Susanna and the Elders, by Paul Veronese. 905. A fine portrait, by Raphael. 909. Still finer, by the same. 906. A Lucretia, by Guido, in his pale style. 910. An immense View of Venice, by Bassano. 912 and 914. Very pretty Panninis. 914. A good Ecce Homo, by Titian. 917. The Virgin and Child, and St. Ann and a Lamb, called by Leonardo da Vinci, but it certainly appears to me a very fair Luini. 926. Alfonso, Duke of Ferrara, with his dog, a very fine portrait. 925. A Last Supper, by Carducci, exhibiting a great deal of beauty in some of the figures.

The gallery of various schools contains some good paintings. 357 is a nice portrait, by Carreno, of Charles II. 375. A Dead

Christ, by El Greco ; the Christ well done, but the angel badly drawn. Some paintings by Martin de Vos, for those who like them. After descending the stairs, we saw in the first room : 414. Jesus giving the Keys to St. Peter, by Bellini ; and a group of three female figures, two very good. 422. A Conception, by Rubens, doubtful. 424. A Virgin, by Quintin Metsys. 311. Stripping our Saviour of His clothes before binding Him to the Column, by J. G. Espinosa ; the head of Christ is wanting in dignity, but the rest of the figure is excellent. 429. A Virgin and Child, by Lucias de Leyden ; very sweet expression, though hard. 438. A good Santiago, by Ribera. 439. A Dead Christ in the arms of the Virgin, not much like the colouring of Rubens, but the effect of the white body and cloth is fine. 440. St. Roch, a good painting, by Ribera. 442. A Magdalene, by Vandyke. 449. Philip IV., a good Velasquez. 450. Dona Maria, of Austria, by the same ; fine drapery. 451. A Holy Family, by Rubens ; the St. Ann and St. Joseph are Flemish homely figures, but very well done ; the colouring and draperies excellent. 453. The Marriage at Cana, by Paul Veronese ; a brown-coloured picture, but some parts very good. 454. Old Flemish paintings of the fifteenth century. 461. A Calvary, by Daniel de Volterra, is nicely done, but wants varnish.

Second room :—475. A Magdalene, by Carabajal, who was born at Toledo in 1534, and worked in the cathedral there at the age of twenty-one. This picture is wanting in refinement and simplicity of composition, but the expression is pleasing, and the colouring rich. 480. St. Joseph and Child, by Ribera, is good. 482. Archimedes, an excellent painting, by the same master, exhibiting a splendid effect of light and shadow. 484. Ixion tied to the Wheel, also by Ribera, is very powerfully drawn. 485. The Blessing of Isaac is a magnificent picture, by the same master ; drapery like Paul Veronese ; the mother urging on her favourite child is excellent. 496. The Crowning of Christ with Thorns, is a very fine Vandyke, exhibiting great power ; the figure kneeling before Him like Caravaggio. 495. St. John and the Lamb, by Ribera.

In the doorway of the second room :—509 and 511. St. Paul and St. Peter, by El Mudo. 520. A good St. Francis, by D. Francisco Rizi, who was born in Madrid in 1595, and died in 1675, and has the credit of caring too

much for rapidity of execution, and introducing a vicious style. 626. A good Landscape, by Iriarte, who was born at Azcoitia in 1620, and died at Madrid in 1685. He was a pupil of Herrera, the elder, and almost the only good professed landscape-painter Spain has produced ; but his works are not to be compared to the landscapes of Velasquez or Murillo. 527. Portrait of the poet Gongora, by Velasquez. 531. St. Hermenegild, a very clever painting, by Herrera el Mozo, who was born in Seville in 1622. 540. Avenue at Aranjuez, by Velasquez ; trees dark, and a fine broad effect of light and shadow. 541. The Marriage of St. Catherine is a good picture, and the draperies excellent, by Mateo Cerezo, who was born at Burgos in 1635, and died at Madrid in 1685. 543. A Magdalene in Ecstasy, by Antolinez, born in Seville in 1639. 542 and 545. Cleaning, by Ribera. (This notice is put up when a painting is in the hands of the cleaner : “Pray for their safe deliverance.”) 546. The Passage of the Red Sea, by March, is very good. 550. St. Jerome, by Murillo, in his early style.

At the end of the long gallery of the Italian school is a circular room, which contains many indifferent French paintings, and some admirable works of art. The greatest treasures are eight Claudes. 1049. A Morning Scene, with the Magdalene in the foreground ; the distance very beautiful. 1080. Sunset, and the figures of the Angel and Tobit, by Courtois, in the foreground ; the sky perhaps too red, but the water excellent. 1081. A splendid painting, representing Sunrise, and a composition of architecture, trees, and sea-view ; the figures representing Sancta Paula embarking for the Holy Land, by Courtois ; a truly charming landscape. 1082 and 1086. Two smaller Claudes, Morning and Evening, figures by Filippo Laura. 942. View in the Forum Romanum, the Colosseum in the distance ; figures also by the same artist ; a charming painting. 947. A beautiful composition of Water and an Aqueduct ; figures by Courtois ; a delightful landscape. 975. A reddish Claude, with an anchorite in the foreground. These eight Claudes are all very beautiful, but 1082, 942, and 947, are as fine as any I ever saw by this great painter.

948 is a very good Bacchanalian Scene, by Nicholas Poussin. 956 and 1069. Adam and Eve, by Albert Durer, are well done. 972. Albert Durer, a portrait of himself. 976. A Landscape, by Poussin. 983. Bacchus receiving Ariadne, and Cupid in his Car, and

other figures, by Poussin. 992. A splendid Head, by Albert Durer. 989. Mount Parnassus, by Nicholas Poussin. 1009 and 1017, by Albert Durer; the last represents the three ages of woman; infancy, the young woman, and the old one, with Death at her elbow; of course, there are never any intermediate stages. 1018. Portrait, by Holbein. 1050. The Chace of Meleager, an excellent painting, by N. Poussin, less brown than usual. 1023. St. Cecilia, by the same artist. 1149 and 1150 are portraits in the passage, by El Greco.

The retiring-room for the royal family, when wearied with pictures, is very comfortably furnished, with a rich carpet and sofas, and amongst many bad French paintings there are several gems, four by Titian. A naked woman reposing on a couch, and Cupid whispering to her, while a cavalier at the organ is turning round to observe her. The same subject is repeated, without the Cupid. The beautiful woman is playing with her dog, and this painting is much better than the other; indeed, it is a first-rate Titian. In the distance, in both these paintings, is a stiff avenue of trees, with a fountain.

There is also in this room a still more exquisite picture, by Titian, of Danae. The colouring is splendid, and the contrast between youth and age admirable. These two paintings are the best of this master in the museum. There is, however, a fourth picture by Titian, Perseus and Andromeda, but it is entirely spoilt by repainting. There are also two excellent Goyas in this room. In the passage (1121) is a good Bathsheba, by Giordano. 1132 is a good painting of Time destroying Beauty, commencing with her hair, by Cessi.

In the Flemish school, to the left of the circular room, I noticed;—1200. A good Brueghel. 1199 and 1203. Portraits of the Archduke Albert and his wife, by Rubens, with landscapes. 1210. A good Fair, by Teniers. 1217. A small spirited Hunt of a Wild Boar, by Snyder. 1220. A Holy Family, and other Saints, and Landscape, by Rubens, in his best style. 1216. Contest of the Lapithæ, by the same artist, very powerfully drawn. 1222. The Triumph of Bacchus, also by Rubens. 1245. The Countess of Oxford, by Vandyke. 1257. Landscape and Figures, by Monper, very soft and beautiful. 1269. A Pastoral Subject, by Teniers. 1270. A splendid Rural Fête, by the same. 1274. The Archduke Albert in a gallery of paintings, by the same; Teniers and the Grand Duke

examining them. This is a wonderful effort of industry, the pictures are so well done. 1282. Our Charles I. on horseback, very good, by Vandyke. 1292. Adoration of the Magi, by Rubens; an immense painting, and certainly very fine. The Madonna presenting the Infant Jesus to the Kings is very beautiful; and the Magi are noble figures, with gorgeous draperies. 1295 and 1297. Excellent Brueghels. 1296. The Temptation of St. Anthony is a good Teniers. 1300. The Banquet of Tereus, by Rubens, is very fine. 1301. Marriage of St. Catherine is an excellent Jordaens. 1309 and 1311. Flight into Egypt, and Repose of the Holy Family, by Woofaerts. 1307 and 1315. Tolerable Rombouts. 1320. Mercury and Argus, very excellent, by Rubens. 1321. Fine Brueghel. 1330. The Queen Artemisa, by Rembrandt. 1345. Maria de Medicis, by Rubens. 1344 and 1354. Tolerable Boths. 1350. Don Ferdinand of Austria on horseback, by Rubens. 1361. The Sciences and the Arts, by Brueghel; a laborious painting, but very beautiful. The Judgment of Paris, by Rubens. 1379. The Incredulity of St. Thomas, by Hinthorst, is very good.

In the room to the right of the circular saloon:—1391 and 1404. Fine Snyders. 1392, 1393, and 1394. Excellent Portraits, by Vandyke. 1400. Philip II. on horseback is very fine, by Rubens. 1402. Sciences and Arts, by Brueghel. 1403. A Lady reading, by Van Eyck. 1407. Vandyke and the Earl of Bristol, Charles I.'s Ambassador at Madrid, by Vandyke. 1411 and 1412. Monkeys Feasting, by Teniers. 1415. Jesus in the House of Martha and Mary Magdalene, by Seghers. 1418. A pretty Interior, by Neefs. 1425 to 1436. Subjects taken from Tasso, by Teniers, in rather a hard style. 1443 and 1444. Good Brueghels. 1448. An admirable Teniers, representing a Village Feast; figures larger than usual. 1449. Achilles in the Court of Licomedes, disguised as a woman, discovered by Ulysses, from his caring more for a sword than jewels, a fine painting by Rubens. 1457. A beautiful Both. 1470. Another, by the same artist. 1464. A charming Interior, by Teniers, representing a Feast, called Le Roi Boit. 1467. A nice Wouvermans. 1501. A good Landscape, with figures, by Teniers. 1509. A fine St. Peter, by Rubens. From 1509 to 1514, Heads of Apostles, by Rubens. 1515. Portrait of Sir Thomas More, by the same artist. 1531 to 1536. Apostles and Saints, also by Rubens. 1546. La Virgin de

las Angustias. A Dead Christ, and the Virgin, is an exquisite Vandyke; for colouring and drawing beyond all praise. 1558. Wild Boar, by Snyders, attacked by dogs. 1567. A Surgical Operation, by Teniers. 1568. Snow-scene, by Beextrate. 1569. Smokers, by Teniers, 1571. A Private Family, by Jordaens, richly coloured. 1576. The Garden of Love, by Rubens; a splendid painting, in which are represented cavaliers, and all Rubens' favourite beauties, wives, etc. 1575. A charming Rubens, representing Rudolph of Hapsburgh, placing on his own horse a priest who was bearing the host; the landscape is beautiful. 1579. Dogs baiting a Bull, by P. de Vos, very good. 1578. Vulcan by Rubens. 1588. The Rape of Europa, by the same artist. 1602. Paysage, by Monper. 1603. A Palace near a Lake, by Brueghel. 1607. The Taking of Jesus, a splendid painting, by Vandyke; the figure of our Saviour very noble. 1615 is a good Teniers. 1617. A beautiful Interior, by Neefs.

In the passage to the third room of the Flemish school:—1646 is an interesting copy of a portrait of Queen Isabella, by Rincon, representing her as pretty, with a sweet and amiable expression. 1654. Perseus and Andromeda, by Rubens. The figure of Perseus in armour is excellent, and the face of Andromeda fine, but her figure is detestable. 1661. A very pretty Brueghel. Venus, Cupid, and Flowers. 1665. Diana and Actæon, and a pretty landscape, by Van Artois. 1662. Ceres and Pomona, by Rubens and Snyders, is a beautiful painting, 1666. Eve tempting Adam, copied by Rubens from a painting of Titian's; a beautiful painting, Adam a very fine figure. 1670. Flora, said to be by Brueghel and Rubens, but I should think the figure was by Cornelio de Vos, who painted also 1675. 1673. Adoration of the Magi, by Pietro de Lignes. 1679 and 1683. Tolerable views of Tivoli, by Both. 1680. A fine Meleager by Jordaens. 1681. A charming picture by Rubens, representing Nymphs surprised by Satyrs, an admirable painting, full of life and alarm, except one nymph, sleeping beautifully in the foreground. 1685. Nymphs and Satyrs, by Rubens, pretty, but not equal to 1681. 1689. Orpheus and Eurydice, fine. 1696. By Rubens; Juno, a dreadfully flabby figure having descended from her car, drawn by peacocks, is nursing Hercules, and, missing his mouth, creates the Milky Way. 1704. The Judgment of Paris, by Rubens, not to be compared to ours;

the divinities are all Flemish maids. 1710. The Graces, without grace (by Rubens), but beautifully coloured. 1713. The Four Elements, by Brueghel and Van Balen. 1715. Diana and Calisto, by Rubens, a splendid painting, and admirably coloured. 1720. Fortune, a graceful figure, with one foot on a sphere, and the other on the sea, and garments floating in the wind, by Rubens. 1717 and 1719. Two good female portraits, by Sir Anthony More. 1721. St. Francis d'Assis in ecstasy, is very fine, by Vandyke. 1729. A fine Snyders. 1739. A Goat suckling a young Wolf, and a pretty landscape, very good, by the same master. 1743. A beautiful Landscape with figures, by Brueghel. 1742. A Forest, water, and figures shooting, by Ansloot, very good. 1745. Animals and Fruit, by Snyders; the dog snarling at the cat excellent. 1746. A stiff Palace and Paysage, with a pretty group of figures, by Brueghel. 1751 and 1754. Good Landscapes, by Snyders. 1758. Dogs hunting Deer, by Snyders. 1767. A Both, with a fine effect of sunset, and figures representing Philip baptizing the Eunuch. 1768. A good Porbus, a portrait of Mary of Medicis. 1770. A beautiful Naval Battle, called by G. Van Eyck. 1772. A good Vandyke. 1774, 1782, 1784, and 1786. Good Boths; the rocks in the foreground of the two latter very well painted; and 1774, a Sunrise, is very beautiful. 1787. A procession at Antwerp, in honour of the Virgin, by Ansloot; descriptive of the place and costumes. 1788. St. Paul preaching, and a Landscape, by Swanefeld. 1793. A better Landscape, by ditto. 1800. Cupid on a Dolphin, by Quellyn. 1816. In the style of Both, and very good. 1820. Animals and Fruit, by Paul de Vos. 1826. A good Portrait of a Lady, by Porbus. 1829. A pleasing Sea-view, said to be by Gaspar Van Eyck.

On the upper story there is a collection of royal portraits, commencing with the Austrian dynasty; Juana and her husband, and afterwards the Bourbons, including Isabella II.; the best are duplicates of the paintings in the gallery, by Velasquez and Carreno. We were in the Museum for at least three hours every morning, for ten days together, and when we had at last got through the Dutch paintings, we were too weary to examine this collection of portraits as they deserve, few being attractive as works of art, though many are historically interesting.

APPENDIX E.

GALLERY OF VALLADOLID.

THE gallery in the church of Santa Cruz, at Valladolid, contains some good paintings and interesting sculptures. On entering there are some carved stalls, from the Franciscan convent, said to be by Berruguete, and many of the figures are good. On the staircase are two colossal statues of female saints, by Hernandez. In the upper gallery are some medallions, from the convent of the Majorada, said to be by Berruguete. In the front room : 9. By Carducci, is rather a clever picture. 10. A good Christ at the Well, by Barco, who was born at Madrid in 1645. 12 is a nice old painting. 15. San Domingo de Guzman giving bread to the poor, by Bartolomé Cardenas, who was born in Portugal, in 1547, and was a scholar of Coello's. Bermudez praises him for his composition, correct drawing, drapery, knowledge of anatomy, and his pleasing colouring. Portions of this large picture are very good.

In the second room, St. Peter in Prison, is a fine Ribera. 4 and 10. Adoration of the Kings and Shepherds, by Bartolomé Cardenas, much injured, but good. In the third room : 14 and 19. Two Bishops, from San Benito, by Alberto Perez, well drawn and nicely coloured. Fourth room : 1. A Holy Family, signed Didacus Dizaz, 1621, is excellent; the Madonna, and especially the Child in her arms, very lovely, and the St. Ann and the angels above admirable. 4. The Assumption of the Virgin, by Rubens, is very well done, and may be an original, which I think it is, though it has not quite Rubens' strength of colouring. The others assigned to that master in this room appear to me copies : certainly 5, the Adoration of the Shepherds, though 6, the Triumph of the Sacrament, is more like his style. The model of the convent of the Prado, by Palacios, is nicely made. 20 and 22, in the fifth room, two large paintings, illustrating the life of St. Domingo, by Cardenas, are good, especially his Baptism. The Pearl of the Majorada is a Holy Family, said to be by Giulio Romano, but it is not like his style, and, though the colouring is good, the drawing is very faulty. In the sixth room : St. Joachim and Child, said to be by Murillo, is a good picture, but not, I think, in any of the styles of that master. 5. An Annunciation, by Jusepe Martinez, who studied at Rome, and died in 1612; it is a good painting, but the attitude of the angel is bad. St.

Luke painting our Saviour, from the convent of the Franciscans, is well done. Seventh room, up stairs, Madonna and Child, by Martinez; the Madonna beautiful. The life of St. Jerome, in a singular old retablo, from the convent of Majorada, containing some other very ancient and curious paintings. 15. A good portrait of St. Jerome. Eighth room contains a curious collection of old paintings, from the Cartuja d'Anaja, inlaid with mother-of-pearl, in old-fashioned frames decorated in the same manner. The heads in all these paintings are remarkably fine. They represent the Passion of Our Lord; the Last Supper is very well done. In the ninth room is a carved figure of St. John, which is good. 18. An Annunciation, by Alessandro Bronzino, not badly coloured. The Temptation of St. Anthony, by El Bosco, is clever.

In the tenth room an expressive head of the Virgin is said to be by Becerra, a painter, architect, and sculptor, born at Baza in 1520, and died at Madrid in 1570. He was remarkable, especially as a sculptor, for his correct Italian taste, and was a great favourite of Philip II. A Holy Family, not bad, by Peti, who was born at Salamanca, and was a pupil of Luca Giordano. St. Bartholomew, by Ribera, much injured. A Conception, not bad. 14. Curious paintings, with heads of Saints.

The grand saloon, one hundred and twenty-seven feet long, twenty-five wide, and fifty high, contains some fine paintings. 8 and 10, by Ribera. The carved stalls from St. Benito, by Berruguete, are superb; some of the figures of Saints, indicating the particular seats of the heads of the different Benedictine convents in Spain, who assembled here occasionally in grand chapter, are excellent. In the centre of the room are two fine gilt bronze figures of the Duke and Duchess of Lerma, by Pompeo Leoni, who died at Madrid in 1610. He was born in Italy, and came into Spain with his father, Leo Leoni, who was employed by Charles V. 11. St. Francis and a brother Saint, by Rubens, exhibits fine drawing. 6. A Crucifixion, by Morales, is very good. 12. A very fine painting of the Angels bearing St. Anthony into Heaven, by Rubens. 2. A portrait of the Count Duke of Olivares, but not like the one by Velasquez at Madrid. The Assumption of the Virgin, a large painting, by Rubens. 16. St. Bruno, by Zurbaran. A Bodegan, 6, said to be by Velasquez.

It is at Valladolid that two of the best Spanish sculptors can alone be studied. Juan

de Juni was believed by Palomino to have been a Flemish artist, and Bermudez, in his dictionary, suspects he was an Italian, but in another work has no doubt he was a Castilian; (1) and from his style, and none of his works existing in Italy, which seems as if he went there to study only, I think he was a Spaniard. There is no doubt, however, that he lived at Valladolid about the middle of the sixteenth century. Bermudez may be right in suspecting him to have been a pupil of Michael Angelo, for he is distinguished beyond all others in Spain for his knowledge of anatomy, and strength and vigour carried to such an excess, that Bermudez may well say the contortions of his figures are more calculated to create terror than inspire devotional feelings.

Gregorio Hernandez, born in Galicia in 1556, passed his life in Valladolid, and was probably a pupil of Juni's, but his works possess infinitely more feeling and beauty than those of his master. Like Fra Angelico and Joanes, he used to prepare himself for his work by religious exercises, and their influence may be traced in all his works. With more vigour than Montanes, and less than his master, I think he excels them both in correctness of form, and the deep pious expression of his figures. There are some sculptures here also of Alonso Berruguete, who was born at Peredes de Nava, in Old Castile, in 1480, and studied under Michael Angelo, and, like his master, was a painter, sculptor, and architect; his carvings in the choirs are admirable, and also exhibit a very correct Italian taste.

On entering the first room, containing the sculpture, it was almost startling to see so many figures so like life. A vast space is allowed in this museum to trash, and here real treasures of art are crowded together in a manner which greatly injures their effect. The Deposition first rivets the attention. The two thieves on their crosses are by Pompeo Leoni; and all the other figures of this group and in this room are by Hernandez; the figures represented as pulling the ropes, and the one making a tomb, are very spirited. The Virgin is exquisite, the Magdalene very

(1) Sterling, 296.

fine, and the Dead Christ also admirable; altogether, this is a wonderful group. The figures representing the Baptism of Christ in the Jordan are extremely fine, both for the sculpture and colouring, and the drapery is excellent. The group representing Christ in the Sepulchre is very good. The angel at each end, and the four sleeping soldiers at each angle of the sepulchre, are grand. There are also several large figures in the room, portions of groups of the Crucifixion, very bold and like life. In the same room 1, 2, and 4 are good, by Hernandez; and there is a curious old Gothic retablo. 10, 12, and 16 are by Juan Juni. 14. St. Teresa, by Hernandez, is well executed. In the centre of the room is a Conception, by Hernandez, very beautiful. 23. A Christ on the Cross, and the two Marys, fine. 22 and 25. Madonnas, by Hernandez; the latter, with the Child, very lovely. In the third room are some curiously carved cases, which are very handsome. 2. St. Teresa, by Hernandez, is very good. Some little figures, by Berruguete, and indeed all the small sculptures in this room, are by this artist. A Christ bearing the Cross, by Hernandez, is remarkably fine; the two figures guarding him are excellent. Christ in the Sepulchre, by Juan de Juni, is splendid. Nicodemus and St. Joseph at each end are very fine; also the Magdalene and St. John supporting the Virgin and the Veronica. This is truly a magnificent group. 18. La Signora del Carmen giving the scapulary to Simon Stock, by Hernandez, colouring not so good. St. Juan, by Berruguete, is excellent. 20. St. Bruno, by Juni, is a noble statue, colouring like life. 22. Virgin and Child, by Hernandez. 23. St. Christopher, by Berruguete, is very fine. 24. St. Anthony, by Becerra, is superb. 4. St. Sebastian, by Berruguete, is very excellent. There is now no catalogue to this room, or the museum; nor could I procure a sight of the edition which has long since been exhausted. The woman who goes round with strangers seems to have committed it to memory; but I was not able to learn who the old paintings were by, and she said the catalogue is silent on the subject; another is making, and will appear perhaps in a few years.—Cosas de Espana.

THE END.



WERNER

Hoskins, G. A.

Spain, as it is

Paris 1852

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